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THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

New Series.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1835. No. I.

THE NEW TORY REFORM GOVERNMENT.

In our last month's number, we speculated upon the probability of the Tories declining to take office after all. We were, it seems, mistaken. The Tory party has not only formed itself into a government, but has called upon the country for that confidence in its administration, which the men composing it, and the measures heretofore pursued, are so eminently calculated to excite.

There is a degree of reckless desperation in this proceeding which cannot but work well and speedily for the people. Only give the Ministry rope enough, and it will hang itself, and so save the country the trouble of squeezing its neck, and putting it out of its miserable political existence for ever. It has said to the people of England:—

> "Slaves! I have set my life upon a cast,
> And I will stand the hazard of the die!"

And it is determined that the die shall be loaded with all the influence of the church, as by law established,—of the army, as by the Duke of Wellington governed,—of the king's prerogative, as by the people conferred,—and of the king's government, as by the Tories once more obtained.

But these influences will be exercised in vain. A Tory ministry can no longer either intimidate or cajole the country. That moral influence which, during the last forty years, has been gradually accumulating, and of which the people now possess an outward symbol and an efficient engine in the Reform Bill, must prove altogether too much for any Ministry that is indisposed, or reluctant to carry out practically those principles which have so widely obtained, and to which the Tories themselves have been, at length, compelled to give in their adherence.

But the most remarkable attempt, and, at the same time, the most signal failure that has been made of late years, is the document put forth by Sir Robert Peel, purporting to be an address to the constituents of Tamworth, but which, in reality, is meant to be a feeler to the constituency of England. It is intended as a blind to the majority, and as something that shall effectually open the eyes of the select few. It is as though he should say, "The devil, we are told, can quote Scripture for his own purposes—see you now, how I shall quote Reform for Tory ends, and denounce abuses in order that I may the more effectually perpetuate them."

We should have supposed it impossible that the address put forth by Sir Robert Peel could have imposed upon any human creature breathing, had we not seen, much to our surprise and mortification, that it has already produced an effect in quarters from whence we might naturally have expected some degree of suspicious vigilance. But, as we are told by Milton, that hypocrisy is the only vice which angels themselves cannot detect, so we must in charity suppose, that, in some cases, hypocrisy, being thinly enough clad, is frequently mistaken for naked truth. How else are we to palliate or excuse the avowal of the *Globe,* that this composition is "a most interesting and important document—it is a temperate, full, able, and honest explanation of the writer's sentiments, and deserves the highest praise from all parties;" and that "we must repeat the manly and candid tone of the address; we think that the Right Honorable Baronet is honorably exculpated in it!" How, also, should we have thought (if we had not known pretty well what to think before) of the *Courier,* when it makes a similar confession?

The truth is,—this address of Sir Robert Peel is not such an one as should be endured by a people to whom the king himself is accountable,—proceeding from one who is the king's servant, in trust for the people. It is a specimen of the *chiaro scuro,* which is by no means to our taste. That which it is intended to compass is clear enough; that which it contains is clouded. The goblet may be seen through, and is sufficiently brittle; but the mixture it contains is neither pellucid nor pleasing—but an abomination. Sir Robert Peel talks of carrying on the king's government with vigour and success. It is an awkward phrase,—"*the king's government,*" leading, as it does, to the conclusion, that it is something in which the people are to have no share. This insolence, so peremptorily propounded by another Sir Robert* more than a century and a half ago, will go down no longer. In fact, we have seen, and we have been told a great deal too much of the king's prerogative within the last few weeks. Let it be remembered, that there is an elder brother to that prerogative who might, under compulsion, and the blessing of providence, prove the stronger of the two.

It is easy for Sir Robert to tell us that he is no friend to abuses, and that he is no enemy to reform; but the question is, what does he consider an abuse—and what does he mean by Reform? He did not consider the Reform Bill a Bill of Reform: he did not think that Gatton and Old Sarum were abuses. We must agree upon our first principles ere we are likely to come to an amicable understanding. The *general* principles he talks of, are rather vague and unsatisfactory. They may be the principles, as we suspect they are, of General the Duke of Wellington. The abuses, of which the country complains, may be instruments of good government with him; and Reform and retrenchment, with his reading of the words, may mean the retrenchment of Reform. We have some homely sayings which may be brought in exemplification of our more obscure hints:—"What is one man's meat," it is said, "is another man's poison."—And again, "What won't poison will fatten,—and what won't fatten will fill up." That is to say, "What is one man's use is another man's abuse; and while I can keep place I'll grow fat in it—and such places as I cannot grow fat in, I'll fill up with my friends, Herries, Goulburn, and Knatchbull."

It must never be forgotten that Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, and their present pliable drudges, are the most bitter opponents of the Reform Bill in all its stages. These were the men who insulted the people of England by telling them that the old system was perfect, and that it was impossible that human wisdom could devise any theoretical form of Government which could be found to work so well as that which they conceived chance had bestowed upon them.

"So, atoms dancing round the centre
They urge, made all things at a venture."

This profound dogma, broached by the Duke of Wellington, and greedily imbibed by his followers—this dogma, borrowed from the reign of Chaos, in whose limited monarchy chance is the prime minister, is but poor evidence of the treatment which the Reform Bill is likely to meet with at the hands of the present Ministers. We are, indeed, told that they are content to abide by the letter of the Reform Bill, and that they purpose acting in its spirit. If we suspect them to have been dishonest all along, what faith can be placed in their professions that they will uphold the Reform Bill—if we consent to believe them honest, how can we suppose that they will govern in its spirit? It is too much to expect that men will carry our principles which they have denounced as ruinous; and that they will govern in a spirit which they do not feel, or understand, or sympathize with. No, we firmly believe that it is their intention to neutralize and stultify the Reform Bill at starting—if possible; if that should be found impracticable in the first instance, then to concede just as much as will save, or barely preserve, appearances; if this will not do, then, as a last resort, to lay the dust with another little sprinkle of blood, as at Manchester; merely to avert confusion, anarchy, and bloodshed. For it is impossible to conceive a measure of degradation meted out by their worst enemies, more ample than that of compelling these men to work out the Reform Bill, both letter and spirit, so far as in justice to the people it can be carried. Can we suppose, then, that they would voluntarily subject themselves to this degrading drudgery; or rather, is it not necessarily to be inferred that their ulterior designs are in direct hostility to the best interests of the nation? It is a wretched mockery on the part of Sir Robert Peel to take the word "reform" into his mouth, and to attempt to make us believe that he has not only swallowed, but digested it. Le thim be once soundly seated (which he never will be) in Downing-street, and we may venture to tell him in the language of the proverbs—"The morsel which thou hast eaten shalt thou vomit up, and lose thy sweet words:" It is, in the meanwhile, no common cause of triumph to the Reformers of England that they have compelled their adversaries to chew this obnoxious leek—that they have made them swallow this hated word, reform. It is the first decisive evidence of the recovered power of the people, that their would-be rulers must at least, although at last, *affect* to govern in accordance with their expressed wishes; and to run in the *groove*, as the *Times* call it, which the Reform Bill has laid down for them.

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* Sir Robert Filmer.—By-the-bye, is the Sir Edmund Filmer, who lately figured at one or two conservative meetings in Kent, a descendant of this wretched lick-spittle of the conservative Stuarts?

But now let us take a brief view of the address of Sir Robert Peel to his constituents, which the Tory papers have pronounced exquisite for the chasteness, perspicuity, and polished vigour of its style and diction; and which has also been declared to be a full, ample, and satisfactory exposition of the principles the new Premier means to pursue. The Right Honourable Baronet himself says "I feel it incumbent upon me to enter into a declaration of my views of public policy, as full and unreserved as I can make it, consistently with my duty as a minister of the crown." Let us see how far this sense of incumbent duty has opened the declaratory sluices of Sir Robert's well-known candour. We shall give the first paragraph which purports to be addressed to the people of Englacd—

> "I gladly avail myself also of this, a legitimate opportunity, of making a more public appeal—of addressing, through you, to that great and intelligent class of society of which you are a portion, and a fair and unexceptionable representative—to that class which is much less interested in the contentions of party than in the maintenance of order and the cause of good government,—that frank opposition of general principles and views which appears to be anxiously expected, and which it ought not to be the inclination, and cannot be the interest, of a Minister of this country to withold."

This appeal is, in point of fact, an appeal to his own party—the disguise is too glaring not to be seen through in a moment: Sir Robert says that he addresses "a great and intelligent class of society much less interested in the contention of party than in the maintenance of good order and good government''—telling his constituents in the same breath that they are "a fair and unexceptionable representative" of that class. The candour is more remarkable than the cunning in this paragraph. We believe, indeed, that he *does* address himself to those who like the (miscalled) electors of Tamworth, are still under the sway of undue influence; and whose ideas of "good-order" and of "good-government," as interpreted for them, by their representatives, are "the people kept in good order by good strong measures of government." This is a specimen of the open and manly policy of our new Premier. This sneer at the independent constituencies of England is, we presume, to be considered an earnest of his sincerity when he professes to govern in the spirit of the Reform Bill.

Sir Robert then proceeds to decline wasting a word on the merely personal concern, as to whether he was actuated by motives of ambition when he accepted office, hinting that the power and distinction it confers is not a sufficient compensation for the heavy sacrifice it involves. To this the shortest answer is—Fudge! The man who can have made up his mind to let his political character go at so heavy a sacrifice as Sir Robert has done, is just the man to feel that power and distinction are cheaply purchased at any sacrifice. But he proceeds thus—

> "The King in a crisis of great difficulty, required my services. The question I had to decide was this—shall I obey the call, or shall I shrink from the responsibility, alleging, as the reason, that I consider myself, in consequence of the Reform Bill, as labouring under a sort of mortal disqualification, which must preclude me, and all who think with me, both now and for ever, from entering into the official service of the crown? Would it, I ask, be becoming in any public man to act upon such a principle?"

We can readily conceive that an old placeman must be a long while ere he can make up his mind to the conclusion that he is labouring under a moral disqualification, which must preclude his taking a place. But it might, perhaps have struck Sir Robert that "in consequence of the Reform Bill," which he had so violently opposed as a Bill pregnant with irremediable mischief to the country; it might have struck him, we say, that he was not precisely the fittest man to administer that Bill, and its inevitable consequences; and having so struck him, his moral disqualification might have presented itself. But we are prone to believe that in Sir Robert's mental representation, the moral franchise is very low; and that every petty shop-keeper sentiment is permitted to vote.

> "Was it fit," he continues, "that I should assume that either the object or the effect of the Reform Bill has been to preclude all hope of a successful appeal to the good sense and calm judgment of the people, and so to fetter the prerogative of the Crown, that the King has no free choice among his subjects, but must select his Ministers from one section, and one section only of public men?"

It was not fit, we answer—but it was done by Sir Robert Peel himself. How often were we told that the passing of the Reform Bill would assuredly lead to these consequences. Mark, also, this second sneer at the Reformers. If the Reformers may with justice be called "one section, and one section only" of public men; why not boldly avow the principles of the vast Tory majority. Why falsify and desert his principles for a few,—principles in which the many participate. Oh! the Peel Ministry will certainly maintain the Reform Bill! Let us have more.

"But the Reform Bill, it is said, constitutes a new era, and it is the duty of a Minister to declare explicitly—first, whether he will maintain the Bill itself; and, secondly, whether he will act upon the spirit in which it was conceived.

"With respect to the Reform Bill itself, I will repeat now the declaration which I made when I entered the House of Commons as a member of the Reformed Parliament, that I consider the Reform Bill a final and irrevocable settlement of a great constitutional question—a settlement which no friend to the peace and welfare of this country would attempt to disturb either by direct or by insidious means."

Here we are again at issue with Sir Robert Peel. It is *not* a final and irrevocable settlement of a great constitutional question. It must and will be disturbed by such constitutional means as the Bill itself has furnished. The franchise must be extended. We must have household suffrage, triennial parliaments, and vote by ballot; and when we have got them, we shall doubtless have the satisfaction of beholding an equal readiness on the part of Sir Robert to undertake the King's Government under the new system, with that he has evinced to administer it under the Reform Bill. We must not hear of "final" till all be finished.

The paragraph that succeeds the one we have quoted above is devoted to an inquiry as to what is meant by the *spirit* of the Reform Bill. If this, or that, or the other be meant—knowing full well, at the same time, that nothing of that nature is meant—then he will not undertake to adopt it; but if it means a "careful review of institutions civil and ecclesiastical, undertaken in a friendly temper, combining with the maintenance of established rights the correction of proved base, and the redress of real grievances"—in that case, he concludes, "I can for myself and colleagues undertake to act in such a spirit and with such intentions."

This would seem to be plausible enough; but a question naturally arises—what degree of proof does Sir Robert Peel require ere he will consent to correct an abuse—and what reality of grievance must be made apparent before he will undertake to redress it?

Shakspeare tells us of one who would not smile "though Nestor swore the jest were laughable." There are some men, likewise, proof against proof; who would not see an old abuse any more than they would recognize an old friend—who would not redress a real grievance lest they might encourage imposition. This scepticism comes of making people beggars of justice, which they should demand as a right. The pressure from without will abate when its cause is removed, and not till then. It is useless to complain that the people will insist on having a voice in their own government. It is a hard case, perhaps, but it will be so. The men of Middlesex, we are told by the *Standard*, are "animals:"—and we suppose the same may be said of the men of all other counties; but they are ruminating animals; and sometimes, while they chew the cud of politics, they cannot be made to understand why John Bull should not be the best judge of what is good for himself. The estimation in which the Tories, through their organs, hold the people of England is the best clue to the perfect understanding of their policy and practice in governing them.

It might have been expected from a prime minister of the crown, taking office, as he himself confesses, "in a crisis of great difficulty," (there *was* a crisis, after all, it seems), that we should have been favoured with something more than a mere exposition of general principles, "necessarily vague;"—it was the more desirable, since, in that case, we should have been saved the trouble of shewing that declarations of general principles are by no means the best guarantees that particular measures will arise out of them. The most reckless profligate may subscribe to the truth and justice of a moral axiom; but it is not thence to be inferred that he purposes forthwith to "purge, live cleanly, and like a gentleman." Sir Robert Peel, in this difficult crisis, was bound to have furnished us with some—not necessarily vague but—intelligibly precise pledges of specific measures now loudly called for by the country—measures, without which the country will not rest satisfied,—measures that must not be postponed, and cannot be evaded. Let us see with what success Sir Robert Peel has endeavoured to apply his declaration of general principles, "practically to some of those questions which, of late, attracted the greatest share of public interest and attention."—

"I take, first, the inquiry into municipal corporations. It is not my intention to advise the Crown to interrupt the progress of that inquiry, nor to transfer the conduct of it from those to whom it was committed by the late government. For myself, I gave the best proof that I was not unfriendly to the principle of inquiry, by consenting to be a member of that committee of the House of Commons on which it was originally devolved. No report has yet been made by the commissioners to whom the inquiry was afterwards referred, and until that report be made, I cannot be expected to give, on the part of the government, any other pledge than that they will bestow on the suggestions it may contain, and the evidence on which they may be founded, a full and unprejudiced consideration."

Could anything have been written less, or less satisfactory, or more vague, without any necessity of being so, than this declaration? we will give the evidence on this subject "a full and unprejudiced consideration." Why not have added—only that the necessary vagueness was a necessary condition of his accepting office—"with a view to the correction of monstrous abuses, which are notorious as the sun at Midsummer." This—"I'll think about it"—"I'll not fail to bear it in mind"—kind of policy is not altogether the thing for the English people.

"I will, in the next place, address myself to the questions in which those of our fellow-countrymen, who dissent from the doctrines of the Established Church, take an especial interest. *Instead of making new professions,* I will refer to the course which I took upon those subjects when out of power. In the first place, I supported the measure brought forward by Lord Althorp, the object of which was to exempt all classes from the payment of church rates, applying in lieu thereof, out of a branch of the revenue, a certain sum for the building and repair of churches. I never expressed, nor did I entertain, the slightest objection to the principle of a bill of which Lord John Russell was the author, intended to relieve the conscientious scruples of Dissenters in respect of the ceremony of marriage. *I give no opinion now on the particular measures themselves;* they were proposed by Ministers in whom the Dissenters had confidence; they were intended to give relief, and it is sufficient for my present purpose to state that I supported the principle of them. I opposed, and I am bound to state that my opinions in that respect have undergone no change, the admission of Dissenters, as a claim of right, into the Universities; but I expressly declared that, if regulations enforced by public authorities superintending the professions of law and medicine, and the studies connected with them, had the effect of conferring advantages of the nature of civil privileges on one class of the King's subjects from which another class was excluded, those regulations ought to undergo modification, with the view of placing all the King's subjects, whatever their religious creeds, upon a footing of perfect equality with respect to any civil privilege."

And why, "instead of making new professions," does he refer "to the course which he took upon these subjects when out of power?" That course, were it ten times more liberal, does not bind him to *bring forward measures* of a similar character. The great point is, *what he will do*, not *what he has said.* "If," says Shakspeare, "to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches." Sir Robert Peel, perhaps, knows well enough what were just to be done for the relief and liberty of conscience, but we shall not see dissenters' chapels put upon an equality with churches by Sir Robert Peel, nevertheless.

"Then, as to the great question of Church Reform, on that head I have no new professions to make. I cannot give my consent to the alienation of church property in any part of the United Kingdom from strictly ecclesiastical purposes. But I repeat now the opinions that I have already expressed in Parliament in regard to the church establishment in Ireland, *that if*, by an improved distribution of the revenues of the church, its just influence *can* be extended, and the true interests of the established religion promoted, all other considerations should be made subordinate to the advancement of objects of such paramount importance. As to church property in this country, no person has expressed a more earnest wish than I have done that the question of tithe, complicated and difficult as I acknowledge to be, should, *if possible*, be satisfactorily settled, by the means of a commutation, founded upon just principles, and proposed after mature consideration."

There is a little too much of the "necessary vagueness" in these paragraphs. One thing is, however, clear enough. Sir Robert Peel will not consent to the alienation of church property; but then come two *ifs*, exceedingly useful crutches to a prime minister desirous of hobbling out of a difficulty. *If*, by an improved distribution of the revenues of the church its just influence *can* be extended, then all other considerations (of what nature?) should be made subordinate; and, again, *if* possible, the question of tithe should be satisfactorily settled. Dryden has told us that,

"Two ifs scarce make a possibility;"

and we must confess that Sir Robert Peel is not likely to falsify the assertion. We can see no beneficial possibility lurking behind his two great hulking ifs, that seem placed as sentinels for the purpose of protecting the "necessary vagueness" from the slight "pressure from within," of meaning.

"With regard to alterations in the laws which govern our Ecclesiastical Establishment, I have no recent opportunity of giving that grave consideration to a subject of the deepest interest which could alone justify me in making any public declaration of opinion. It is a subject which must undergo the fullest deliberation, and into that deliberation the Government will enter with the sincerest desire to remove every abuse that can impair the efficiency of the Establishment, to extend the sphere of its usefulness, and to strengthen and confirm its just claims upon the respect and affections of the people."

One might reasonably enough have supposed that Sir Robert Peel had afforded himself many opportunities of gravely considering a subject which is not altogether so new as his tenure of the premiership. The plain and simple construction of the paragraph is this:— "I must see in what direction the wind blows before I consent to become a church weathercock."

We have given these few specimens of the manly, straight-forward, statesman-like manifesto, so extravagantly extolled by the Tory party. All that need be said of its author at present is, that the people of England have nothing to expect from him, or from the declarations of principle he puts forth; but we suppose that he acts under orders. The tool is worthy of the workman, and the workman of the tool.

Turning away from the paltry performance which we have been too long considering, let us advert for one moment to the ensuing elections. It seems pretty clear that the Tories cannot succeed in obtaining such an accession of strength as will enable them to get together a House of Commons opposed to reform; what, then, they cannot hope to do with the elections, they may hope to effect in the House itself. "If we cannot mystify the electors, we may humbug their representatives." But they will find the moral influence too strong for them. The old tactics will not do under the new regime. Far more unpopular both with the House and with the country than their predecessors, they will be unable to offer any thing that will mitigate their relentless impracticability. They will find that they cannot stand still—they will feel that they will not go on, and at last that they must go out.

And here, for the more speedy bringing about of this consummation so devoutly to be wished, we cannot but express our regret that the foolish misunderstanding between Lord Brougham and Durham should have been suffered to be kept open so long. We have received a pamphlet printed for private circulation in Paris, written by Sir Arthur Brooke Faulkner, which contains many sensible and well-timed remarks upon this point. We have the less hesitation in transferring a few passages to our magazine, that they may be considered "as good as manuscript." Sir Arthur, it seems, is a personal friend of Lord Brougham, and took the liberty of addressing a letter of remonstrance, some passages of which he gives in his pamphlet. We select the following as the most important:

"What, in the name of Heaven, is to become of us? Of all the political enigmas of our time, that which baffles and confounds me most is, why you and Lord Durham should have had this *split*—you, the idolized Reformer of the people up to the day of, I was going to say your elevation, but more properly your *depresssion* to the woolsack; for, sure I am, the position was a millstone about your neck, and as so effectually hampering your talents was, more than any other, the position which your enemies ought to have desired for you. What difference of so very mortal a nature, after all, is there between Lord Durham's opinions and yours? The one offers to go a little slower, the other a little quicker. But are you not both yoked in the same harness—both staunch Reformers? And when you had gone on a little together, might you not have got, possibly after a little plunging and kicking at first, down to a medium pace that would, at least, have saved us from the duke? Instead of this, your differences have only supplied a plea to your foes to attack the honesty of your principles, presuming even to class you with the ambitious, vulgar herd of trimmers, who mount on the shoulders of the people, without the least retrospect, or regard to so many years of your public services, as the worshipped reformer of abuses, and the uncompromising opponent of oppression. You know how many VITAL measures depend upon the cordial, united, determined, and unflinching co-operation of the friends of the people—namely, the Reform of the House of Incurables, to the level of whose inanity the press would invalid you, and to whom, if the Duke can only hold out, you may expect the accession of a fresh batch of truckling upstarts:—In the next place, the expulsion of their Reverences from the

House—vote by ballot—short Parliaments—removal of the taxes on knowledge, &c. &c. Are we then, for want of your healing explanation, to lose such services as yours? Many of my friends here ask "If Lord Brougham be honestly affected to the popular cause, why is he absent from 'the people' at so *critical* a moment of their fate?—If England expects every man to do his duty, how can he spare him, of all men—how can he defraud her of his help?'—With a great deal more to the same effect, dictated, no doubt, by the tone of the times."

The following remarks are not unworthy of consideration, when it is remembered that the kind of justice here contended for on behalf of Lord Brougham is not such as he has met too much of lately :—

"Who can tell what *peculiar difficulties* may have beset the late Chancellor, to render a cautious expression of his opinions, touching the rapidity of the reforming process, not only expedient, but the soundest discretion and the best policy for the country, to save us from the very CRISIS whose doubtful issue is now so fearfully impending over our heads? Why not give him credit for good intentions, as far forth as long-tried character is an earnest of such? You cannot surely have suffered yourself to be warped by the aspersions of a hireling mendacity, against a life so indefatigably spent for a quarter of a century in the people's cause, that one of our poets has said he laboured enough to wear out twenty bodies. If a man cannot stand upon his general character, and a life of services and sacrifices, against calumny, from which no virtue is secure; if so long-tried a public servant may not be silent against the ferocious attacks of notorious venality, and smile at the dagger of the purchased libeller, the purest men must be deterred from the service of their country. I can imagine a Tory *cunningly* affecting the Liberal, though contrary to the whole evidence of his life, for the purpose of more effectively serving the Tory cause. This is the every-day *tactique* of the vulgarest traitor. But for a Liberal to affect the Tory, contrary not only to the whole tenor of his life, but to his best interests, as a cunning way of serving the Tories, is something *de trop* for a hoax—it is making Lord Brougham outdo cunning Isaac himself."

We conclude by giving one more extract from the pamphlet before us. It is well worthy to be borne in mind by every Reformer in England: "Forewarned, fore-armed," and it will not be for lack of sufficiently emphatic warnings, if the people once more consent to be branded by the iron heel of the Duke of Wellington :—

"While there is undivided unity in the enemy's camp, it behoves us not to suffer petty divisions to weaken us. They are his (the Duke of Wellington's) strength, and well does he know how to profit by them. Besides, he is in the "forlorn hope," and we may calculate upon a proportionate measure of that daring and perseverance for which his character is, I rather think, somewhat fuller security than for his conversion to a reformer. It is his *last* throw. Such a man could never have taken office at such a moment without a determined design of sapping the bulwarks of the Reform Bill. To my fellow-countrymen I would say, whether this man be first minister or second, whoever of his associates come into power, whatever their ostensible policy, he is still the presiding genius. Let us, then, reject his promises, and despise his gifts; if not, the wooden horse is already within the walls. We have more to dread in Sinon than in the whole force of the Greeks. We can have no good hope in any man's entire abandonment of his principles; and an entire and unreserved change of the whole *morale* of this individual is necessary to render him a trust-worthy apostle of his new profession. Where, in history, have we one instance of such political conversion, and how many others must have been "obedient to the heavenly vision," before his Cabinet can satisfy the people? Look to his past measures, and opinions, and speeches; his sayings and his doings in the Cabinet and out; and if character is to go for any thing, let us ponder on what we have to expect from so sudden a transformation beyond the grand climateric. If we are not under the spell of the "Weird Sisters," we ought to have a pretty shrewd guess of what is to be hoped from a chief actor at the Holy Alliance, the defender of the Pension-List, the stickler for Mother Church, the tooth-and-nail adversary of the Reform Bill to the eleventh hour, the advocate of rotten boroughs, the chief mourner for Don Miguel and the King of Holland, the traducer of the Dissenters, the opponent of the Irish Temporalities Bill, the Irish tithe coercer, the enemy of Corporation Reform and Negro Emancipation, the eulogist of Austria, &c. &c. Can we suppose that the man who has given us one *coup de grâce* will not repeat the stroke if he can? And, if at such a time as this, when by ordinary firmness we may give him an easy overthrow, we are slack, and split upon punctilios, and squabble with our best friends, and so surrender to the wily] adversary the "'vantage ground, what may not be feared when he has had time to fortify that ground, and to swell the number of his forces by deserters from our camp?"

PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF MR. WATKINS TOTTLE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Matrimony is proverbially a serious undertaking. Like an overweening predilection for brandy and water, it is a misfortune into which a man easily falls, and from which he finds it remarkably difficult to extricate himself. It is no use telling a man who is timorous on these points that it is but one plunge, and all is over. They say the same thing at the Old Bailey, and the unfortunate victims derive about as much comfort from the assurance in the one case as in the other.

Mr. Watkins Tottle was a rather uncommon compound of strong uxorious inclinations, and an unparalleled degree of anti-connubial timidity. He was about fifty years of age; stood four feet six inches and three-quarters in his socks—for he never stood in stockings at all—plump, clean, and rosy. He looked something like a vignette to one of Richardson's novels, and had a clean cravatish formality of manner, and kitchen-pokerness of carriage, which Sir Charles Grandison himself might have envied. He lived on an annuity, which was well adapted to the individual who received it, in one respect—it was rather small. He received it in periodical payments on every alternate Monday; but he ran himself out about a day after the expiration of the first week as regularly as an eight-day clock, and then, to make the comparison complete, his landlady wound him up, and he went on with a regular tick.

Mr. Watkins Tottle had long lived in a state of single blessedness, as bachelors say, or single cursedness, as spinsters think, but the idea of matrimony had never ceased to haunt him. Wrapt in profound reveries on this never-failing theme, fancy transformed his small parlour in Cecil-street into a neat house in the suburbs—the half-hundred weight of coals under the kitchen-stairs suddenly sprang up into three tons of the best Walls-End—his small French bedstead was converted into a regular matrimonial four-poster—and on the empty chair on the opposite side of the fire-place imagination seated a beautiful young lady with a very little independence or will of her own, and a very large independence under a will of her father's.

"Who's there?" inquired Mr. Watkins Tottle, as a gentle tap at his room-door disturbed these meditations one evening.

"Tottle, my dear fellow, how *do* you do?" said a short elderly gentleman with a gruffish voice, bursting into the room, and replying to the question by asking another, and then they shook hands with a great deal of solemnity.

"Told you I should drop in some evening," said the short gentleman, as he delivered his hat into Tottle's hand, after a little struggling and dodging.

"Delighted to see you, I'm sure," said Mr. Watkins Tottle, wishing internally that his visitor had "dropped in" to the Thames at the bottom of the street, instead of dropping into his parlour. The fortnight was nearly up, and Watkins was hard up.

"How is Mrs. Gabriel Parsons?" inquired Tottle.

"Quite well, thank you," replied Mr. Gabriel Parsons, for that was the name the short gentleman revelled in. Here there was a pause; the short gentleman looked at the left hob of the fire-place, and Mr. Watkins Tottle stared vacancy out of countenance.

"Quite well," repeated the short gentleman when five minutes had expired. "I may say remarkably well," and he rubbed the palms of his hands together as hard as if he were going to strike a light by friction.

"What will you take?" inquired Tottle, with the desperate suddenness of a man who knew that unless the visitor took his leave he stood very little chance of taking any thing else.

"Oh, I don't know.—Have you any whiskey?"

"Why," replied Tottle very slowly, for all this was gaining time, "I *had* some capital, and remarkably strong whiskey last week; but it's all gone—and, therefore, its strength——"

"Is much beyond proof; or, in other words, impossible to be proved," said the short gentleman; and he laughed very heartily, and seemed quite glad the whiskey had been drank. Mr. Tottle smiled—but it was the smile of despair. When Mr. Gabriel Parsons had done laughing, he delicately insinuated that, in the absence of whiskey, he would not be averse to brandy. And Mr. Watkins Tottle, lighting a flat candle very ostentatiously, and displaying an immense key, which belonged to the street door—but which, for the sake of appearances, occasionally did duty in an imaginary wine-cellar, left the room to intreat his landlady to charge their glasses, and charge them in the bill. The application was successful—the spirits were speedily called;—not from "the vasty deep," but the adjacent wine-vaults. The two short gentlemen mixed their grog; and then sat cosily down before the fire—a pair of shorts, airing themselves.

"Tottle," said Mr. Gabriel Parsons, "you know my way—off-hand, open, say what I mean, and mean what I say, damn reserve, and can't bear affectation. One is a bad domino which only hides what good-people have about 'em, without making the bad look better; and the other is much about the same thing as pinking a white cotton stocking to make it look like a silk one.—Now, listen to what I'm going to say."

Here the little gentlemen paused, and took a long pull at his brandy-and-water. Mr. Watkins Tottle took a sip of his, stirred the fire, and assumed an air of profound attention.

"It's no use humming and ha'ing about the matter," resumed the short gentleman.—"You want to get married—don't you?"

"Why"—replied Mr. Watkins Tottle, evasively; for he trembled violently, and felt a sudden tingling throughout his whole frame—"why—I should certainly—at least, I *think* I should like it."

"Won't do," said the short gentleman.—"Plain and free—or there's an end of the matter. Do you want money?"

"You know I do."

"You admire the sex?"

"I do."

"And you'd like to be married?"

"Certainly."

"Then you shall be.—There's an end of that." And thus saying, Mr. Gabriel Parsons took a pinch of snuff, and mixed another glass.

"Let me entreat you to be more explanatory," said Tottle.—"Really, as the party principally interested, I cannot consent to be disposed of in this way."

"I'll tell you," replied Mr. Gabriel Parsons, warming with the subject, and the brandy-and-water.—"I know a lady—she's stopping with my wife now—who is just the thing for you.—Well-educated; talks French; plays the piano; knows a good deal about flowers and shells—and all that sort of thing; and has five hundred a year, with an uncontrolled power of disposing of it by her last will and testament."

"I'll pay my addresses to her," said Mr. Watkins Tottle.—"She isn't *very* young—is she?"

"Not very; just the thing for you.—I've said that already."

"What coloured hair has the lady?" inquired Mr. Watkins Tottle.

"Egad! I hardly recollect," replied Gabriel, with great coolness. "Perhaps I ought to have observed, at first, she wears a front."

"A what!" ejaculated Tottle.

"One of those things with curls along here," said Parsons, drawing a straight line across his forehead, just over his eyes, in illustration of his meaning.—"I know the front's black; I can't speak quite positively about her own hair; because, unless one walks behind her, and catches a glimpse of it under her bonnet, one seldom sees it; but I should say that it was *rather* lighter than the front—just a shade of a greyish tinge perhaps."

Mr. Watkins Tottle, looked as if he had certain misgivings of mind. Mr. Gabriel Parsons perceived it, and thought it would be safe to begin the next attack without delay.

"Were you ever in love, Tottle?" he enquired. Mr. Watkins Tottle blushed up to the eyes, and down to the chin, and exhibited a most pleasing combination of colours, as he confessed the soft impeachment.

"I suppose you popped the question more than once, when you were a young——, I beg your pardon—a younger—man," said Parsons.

"Never in my life," replied his friend, apparently indignant at being suspected of such an act. "Never! the fact is, that I entertain, as you know, peculiar opinions on these subjects. I am not afraid of ladies, young or old—far from it; but I think that in compliance with the custom of the present day, they allow too much freedom of speech and manner to marriageable men. Now the fact is, that any thing like this easy freedom, I never could acquire; and as I am always afraid of going too far, I am generally, I dare say, considered formal and cold."

"I shouldn't wonder if you were," replied Parsons, gravely; "I shouldn't wonder. However, you'll be all right in this case; for the strictness and delicacy of this lady's ideas, greatly exceed your own. Lord bless you, why when she came to our house, there was an old portrait of some man or other, with two large black staring eyes, hanging up in her bed-room; she positively refused to go to bed there till it was taken down, considering it decidedly improper."

"I think so too," said Mr. Watkins Tottle; "certainly."

"And then the other night—never laughed so much in my life," resumed Mr. Gabriel Parsons; "I had driven home in a strong easterly wind, and caught a devil of a face-ache. Well; as Fanny — that's Mrs. Parsons, you know—and this friend of hers, and I, and Frank Ross, were playing a rubber, I said, jokingly, that when I went to bed I should wrap my head up in Fanny's flannel petticoat. She instantly threw up her cards and left the room."

"Quite right," said Mr. Watkins Tottle, "she couldn't possibly have behaved in a more dignified manner. What did you do?"

"Do?—Frank took dummy; and I won sixpence."

"But didn't you apologize for hurting her feelings?"

"Devil a bit. Next morning at breakfast we talked it over. She contended that any reference to a flannel petticoat was highly improper;—men ought not to be supposed to know that such things were. I pleaded my coverture; being a married man."

"And what did the lady say to that?" enquired Tottle; deeply interested.

"Changed her ground, and said that Frank being a single man, its impropriety was obvious."

"Noble-minded creature!" exclaimed the enraptured Tottle.

"Oh! both Fanny and I, said at once, that she was regularly cut out for you."

A gleam of placid satisfaction shone on the circular face of Mr. Watkins Tottle, as he heard the prophecy.

"There's one thing I can't understand," said Mr. Gabriel Parsons, as he rose to depart, "I cannot for the life and soul of me, imagine how the deuce you'll ever manage to come together. The lady would certainly go into convulsions if the subject were mentioned." And Mr. Gabriel Parsons sat down again, and laughed till he was weak. Tottle owed him money: so he had a perfect right to laugh at his expense.

Mr. Watkins Tottle, feared in his own mind, that this was another characteristic which he had in common with this modern Lucretia. He, however, accepted the invitation to dine with the Parsons' on the next day but one, with great firmness; and looked forward to the introduction, when again left alone, with tolerable composure.

The sun that rose on the next day but one, had never beheld a sprucer personage on the outside of the Norwood-stage than Mr. Watkins Tottle, and when the coach drew up before a cardboard-looking house with disguised chimnies, and a lawn like a large sheet of green letter paper, he certainly had never lighted to his place of destination a gentleman who felt more awkward or uncomfortable.

The coach stopped and Mr. Watkins Tottle jumped—we beg his pardon—alighted with great dignity. "All right!" said he, and away went the coach up the hill with that beautiful equanimity of pace for which "short" stages are generally remarkable.

Mr. Watkins Tottle gave a faultering jerk to the handle of the garden-gate bell, in shape something like a gigantic note of admiration, and he stood for some minutes like the Duke of Wellington waiting in vain for a *peal*. He essayed a more energetic tug, and his previous nervousness was not at all diminished by hearing the bell ringing like a fire alarum.

"Is Mr. Parsons at home?" inquired Tottle of the man who opened the gate. He could hardly hear himself speak, for the bell had not yet done tolling.

"Here I am," shouted a voice on the lawn,—and there was Mr. Gabriel Parsons in a flannel jacket, running backwards and forwards from a wicket to two hats piled on each other, and then from the two hats to the wicket, in the most violent manner, while another gentleman with his coat off was getting down the area of the house, after a ball. When the gentleman without the coat had found it—which he did in less than ten minutes—he ran back to the hats, and Mr. Gabriel Parsons pulled up. Then the gentleman without the coat called out "play" very loudly and bowled; Mr. Gabriel Parsons knocked the ball several yards and took another run. Then the other gentleman aimed at the wicket, and didn't hit it; and Mr. Gabriel Parsons having finished running on his own account, laid down the bat and ran after the ball which went into a neighbouring field. They called this cricket.

"Tottle, will you 'go in?'" inquired Mr. Gabriel Parsons, as he approached him, wiping the perspiration off his face.

Mr. Watkins Tottle declined the offer, the bare idea of accepting which, made him even warmer than his friend.

"Then we'll go into the house as it's past four, and I shall have to wash my hands before dinner," said Mr. Gabriel Parsons. "Here, I hate ceremony you know—Timson that is Tottle—Tottle that's Timson, bred for the church, which I fear will never be bread for him," and he chuckled at the old joke. Mr. Timson bowed carelessly; Mr. Watkins Tottle bowed stiffly, and Mr. Gabriel Parsons led the way to the house. He was a rich sugar-baker, and mistook rudeness for honesty, and abrupt bluntness for an open and candid manner; many besides Gabriel mistake bluntness for sincerity.

Mrs. Gabriel Parsons received the visitors most graciously on the steps, and preceded them to the drawing-room. On the sofa was seated a lady of very prim appearance, and remarkably inanimate. She was just one of those persons at whose age it is impossible to make any reasonable guess—her features might have been remarkably pretty when she was younger, and they might always have presented the same appearance. Her complexion—with a slight trace of powder here and there—was as clear as that of a well-made wax doll, and her face as expressive. She was handsomely dressed, and was winding up a gold watch for effect.

"Miss Lillerton, my dear, this is our friend Mr. Watkins Tottle; a very old acquaintance I assure you," said Mrs. Parsons, presenting the Strephon of Cecil-street, Strand. The lady rose, and made a deep curtsey; Mr. Watkins Tottle made a serio-comic bow.

"Splendid, majestic creature!" thought Watkins Tottle. She was his *beau idéal* of a desirable female.

Mr. Timson advanced, and Mr. Watkins Tottle began to hate him. Men generally discover a rival instinctively, and Mr. Watkins Tottle felt that his hate was deserved.

"May I beg," said the reverend gentleman—"May I beg to call upon you, Miss Lillerton, for some trifling donation to my soup, coals, and blanket distribution society?"

"Put my name down for two sovereigns, if you please," responded the automaton-like Miss Lillerton.

"You are truly charitable, madam," said the Reverend Mr. Timson, "and we know that charity will cover a multitude of sins. Let me beg you to understand that I do not say this from the supposition that you have many sins which require palliation; believe me when I say that I never yet met any one who had fewer to atone for than Miss Lillerton."

Something like a bad imitation of animation lighted up the lady's face, as she acknowledged the compliment. Watkins Tottle incurred the sin of wishing that the ashes of the Rev. Charles Timson were quietly deposited in the churchyard of his curacy, wherever it might be.

"I'll tell you what," interrupted Parsons, who had just appeared with clean hands, and a black coat, "it's my private opinion Timson, that your 'distribution society' is rather a humbug."

"You are so severe," replied Timson, with a christian smile;—he disliked Parsons, but liked his dinners.

"So positively unjust," said Miss Lillerton.

"Certainly," observed Tottle. The lady looked up; her eyes met those of Mr. Watkins Tottle. She withdrew them in a sweet confusion, and Watkins Tottle did the same—the confusion was mutual.

"Why," urged Mr. Parsons, pursuing his objections, "what on earth is the use of giving a man coals who has nothing to cook; or giving him blankets when he hasn't a bed; or giving him soup, when he requires substantial food—like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt. Why not give 'em a trifle of money, as I do, when I think they deserve it, and let them purchase what they think best. Why?—because your subscribers wouldn't see their names flourishing in print on the church-door—that's the reason."

"Really, Mr. Parsons, I hope you don't mean to insinuate that I wish to see my name in print, on the church-door," interrupted Miss Lillerton, indignantly.

"I hope not," said Mr. Watkins Tottle, putting in another word, and getting another glance.

"Certainly not," replied Parsons. "I dare say you wouldn't mind seeing it in writing though, in the church register—eh?"

"Register! What register?" enquired the lady, gravely.

"Why, the register of marriages, to be sure," replied Parsons, chuckling at the sally, and glancing at Tottle. Mr. Watkins Tottle thought he should have fainted for very shame, and it is quite impossible to imagine what effect the joke would have had upon the lady, if dinner had not been that moment announced. Mr. Watkins Tottle, with an unprecedented effort of gallantry, offered the tip of his little finger; Miss Lillerton accepted it gracefully, with maiden modesty; and they proceeded in due state to the dinner table, where they were soon deposited side by side. The room was very snug, the dinner very good, and the little party in tolerable spirits. The conversation became pretty general, and when Mr. Watkins Tottle had extracted one or two cold observations from his neighbour, and taken wine with her, he began to acquire confidence rapidly. The cloth was removed; Mrs. Gabriel Parsons drank four glasses of port, on the plea of her being a nurse just then, and Miss Lillerton took about the same number of sips, on the plea of her not wanting any at all. At length the ladies retired, to the great gratification of Mr. Gabriel Parsons, who had been coughing, and frowning at his wife, for half an hour previously—signals which Mrs. Parsons never happened to observe, until she had been pressed to take her ordinary quantum, which, to avoid giving trouble, she always did at once.

"What do you think of her?" enquired Mr. Gabriel Parsons of Mr. Watkins Tottle, in an under tone.

"I doat on her with enthusiasm already," replied Mr. Watkins Tottle.

"Gentlemen, pray let us drink 'the ladies,'" said the Reverend Mr. Timson.

"The ladies!" said Mr. Watkins Tottle, emptying his glass. In the fullness of his confidence he felt as if he could make love to a dozen ladies, off hand.

"Ah!" said Mr. Gabriel Parsons, "I remember when I was a younger man—fill your glass, Timson."

"I have this moment emptied it."

"Then fill again."

"I will," said Timson, readily suiting the action to the word.

"I remember," resumed Mr. Gabriel Parsons, "when I was a younger man, with what a strange compound of feelings I used to drink that toast, and how I used to think that every woman was an angel—quite a superior being."

"Was that before you were married?" mildly inquired Mr. Watkins Tottle.

"Oh! certainly," replied Mr. Gabriel Parsons, I have never thought so since; and a precious milksop I must have been, ever to have thought so at all. Why, you know, I married Fanny under the oddest, and most ridiculous circumstances possible."

"What were they, if one may inquire?" asked Timson, who had heard the story, on an average twice a week for the last six months. Mr. Watkins Tottle listened attentively, in the hope of picking up some suggestion that might be useful to him in his new undertaking.

"I spent my wedding-night in a back-kitchen chimney," said Parsons, by way of a beginning.

"In a back-kitchen chimney!" ejaculated Watkins Tottle. "How dreadful!"

"Yes, it wasn't very pleasant," replied the small host. "The fact is, that Fanny's father and mother liked me well enough as an individual, but had a decided objection to my becoming a husband. You see I hadn't got any money in those days, and they had; and so they wanted Fanny to pick up somebody else. However, we managed to discover the state of each other's affections somehow. I used to meet her at some mutual friends' parties; at first we danced together, and talked, and flirted, and all that sort of thing; then I used to like nothing so well as sitting by her side—we didn't talk so much then, but I remember I used to have a great notion of looking at her out of the extreme corner of my left eye, and then I got very miserable and sentimental, and began to write verses, and use macassar. At last I couldn't bear it any longer, and after I had walked up and down the sunny side of Oxford-street, in tight boots for a week—and a devilish hot summer it was too—in the hope of meeting her, I sat down and wrote a letter, and begged her to manage to see me clandestinely, for I wanted to hear her decision from her own mouth. I said I had discovered, to my perfect satisfaction, that I couldn't live without her, and that if she didn't have me, I had made up my mind to take prussic acid, or take to drinking, or emigrate so as to take myself off in some way or other. Well, I borrowed a pound, and bribed the housemaid to give her the note which she did."

"And what was the reply?" enquired Timson, who had found before, that encouraging the repetition of old stories, is sure to end in a general invitation.

"Oh, the usual way you know—Fanny expressed herself very miserable; hinted at the possibility of an early grave; said that nothing should induce her to swerve from the duty she owed her parents; and implored me to forget her, and find out somebody more deserving; and all that sort of thing. She said, she could on no account think of meeting me unknown to her pa and ma; and entreated me, as she should be in a particular part of Kensington Gardens at eleven o'clock next morning, not to attempt to meet her there."

"You didn't go, of course?" said Watkins Tottle.

"Didn't I?—Of course I did. There she was, with the identical housemaid in perspective, in order that there might be no interruption. We walked about for a couple of hours; made ourselves delightfully miserable; and were regularly engaged. Then we began to 'correspond'—that is to say, we used to exchange about four letters a day: what we used to say in 'em, I can't imagine. And I used to have an interview in the kitchen, or in the cellar, or some such place, every evening. Well, things went on in this way for some time; and we got fonder of each other every day. At last, as our love was raised to such a pitch, and as my salary had been raised too shortly before, we determined on a secret marriage. Fanny arranged to sleep at a friend's the night before; we were to be married early in the morning, and then we were to return to her home and be pathetic. She was to fall at the old gentleman's feet, and bathe his boots with her tears; and I was to hug the old lady, and call her 'mother,' and use my pocket-handkerchief as much as possible. Married we were the next morning; two girls—friends of Fanny's—acting as bride's-maids; and a man, who was hired for five shillings and a pint of porter, officiating as father. Now, the old lady unfortunately put off her return from Ramsgate, where she had been paying a visit, until the next morning; and as we placed great reliance upon her, we agreed to postpone our confession for four-and-twenty hours. My newly-made wife returned home, and I spent my wedding-day in strolling about Hampstead-heath, and damning my father-in-law. Of course I went to comfort my dear little wife at night as much as I could, with the assurance that our troubles would soon be over. I opened the garden-gate, of which I had a key, and was shewn by the servant to our old place of meeting—a back kitchen, with a stone-floor, and a dresser, upon which, in the absence of chairs, we used to sit, and make love."

"Make love upon a kitchen-dresser!" interrupted Mr. Watkins Tottle, whose ideas of decorum were greatly outraged.

"Ah!—on a kitchen-dresser!" replied Parsons.—"And let me tell you, old fellow, that, if you were really over head-and-ears in love, and had no other place to make love in, you'd be devilish glad to avail yourself of such an opportunity. However, let me see;—where was I?"

"On the dresser," suggested Timson.

"Oh—ah! Well, here I found poor Fanny—quite disconsolate, and uncomfortable. The old boy had been very cross all day, which made her feel still more lonely; and she was quite out of spirits. So I put a good face upon the matter, and laughed it off, and said we should enjoy the pleasures of a matrimonial life more by contrast; and, at length, poor Fanny brightened up a little. I stopped there till about eleven o'clock; and, just as I was taking my leave for the fourteenth time, the girl came running down stairs, without her shoes, in a great fright, to tell us that the old villain—God forgive me for calling him so! for he's dead and gone now—prompted I suppose by the prince of darkness, was coming down to draw his own beer for supper—a thing he had not done before for six months, to my certain knowledge; for the cask stood in that very back kitchen. If he discovered me there, explanation would have been out of the question; for he was so outrageously violent, when at all excited, that he never would have listened to me. There was only one thing to be done.—The chimney was a very wide one: it had been originally built for an oven; went up perpendicularly for a few feet, and then shot backward, and formed a sort of small cavern. My hopes and fortune—the means of our joint existence almost—were at stake. I scrambled in like a squirrel; coiled myself up in this recess-place; and, as Fanny and the girl replaced the deal chimney-board, I could see the light of the candle which my unconscious father-in-law carried in his hand. I heard him draw the beer; and I never heard beer run so slowly. He was just leaving the kitchen, and I was preparing to descend, when down came the infernal chimney-board with a tremendous crash. He stopped, and put down the candle and the jug of beer on the dresser: he was a nervous old fellow; and any unexpected noise annoyed him. He, coolly observed that the fire-place was never used, and sending the frightened servant into the next kitchen for a hammer and nails, actually nailed up the board, and locked the door on the outside. So there was I, on my wedding night, in the light kerseymere trousers, fancy waistcoat, and blue coat, that I had been married in in the morning, in a back-kitchen chimney, the bottom of which was nailed up, and the top of which had been formerly raised some fifteen feet, to prevent the smoke from annoying the neighbours. And there," added Mr. Gabriel Parsons, as he passed the bottle—" there I remained till half-past seven o'clock next morning, when the housemaid's sweetheart, who was a carpenter, unshelled me. The old dog had nailed me up so securely, that, to this very hour, I firmly believe no one but a carpenter could ever have got me out."

" And what did Mrs. Parsons's father say, when he found you were married?" enquired Watkins Tottle, who, although he never saw a joke, was not satisfied unless he heard a story to the very end.

" Why, the affair of the chimney so tickled his fancy that he pardoned us off-hand, and allowed us something to live upon, till he went the way of all flesh. I spent the next night in his second-floor front much more comfortably than I did the preceding one; for, as you will probably guess——"

" Please Sir, missis has made tea," said a middle-aged female servant, bobbing into the room.

" That's the very housemaid that figures in my story," said Mr. Gabriel Parsons.—" She went into Fanny's service when we were first married, and has been with us ever since; but I don't think she has felt one atom of respect for me since the morning she saw me released, when she went into violent laughing hysterics, to which she has been subject ever since. Now, shall we join the ladies?"

" If you please," said Mr. Watkins Tottle.

" By all means," added the obsequious Mr. Timson; and the trio made for the drawing-room accordingly.

Tea being concluded, and the toast and cups having been duly handed, and occasionally upset, by Mr. Watkins Tottle, a rubber was proposed' They cut for partners—Mr. and Mrs. Parsons; and Mr. Watkins Tottle and Miss Lillerton. Mr. Timson being a clergyman, and having conscientious scruples on the subject of card-playing, drank brandy-and-water, and kept up a running spar with Mr. Watkins Tottle. The evening went off well; Mr. Watkins Tottle was in high spirits, having some reason to be gratified with his reception by Miss Lillerton; and before he left, a small party was made up to visit the Beulah Spa on the following Saturday.

" It's all right I think," said Mr. Gabriel Parsons to Mr. Watkins Tottle, as he opened the garden-gate for him.

" I hope so," he replied, squeezing his friend's hand.

" You'll be down by the first coach on Saturday," said Mr. Gabriel Parsons.

" Certainly," replied Mr. Watkins Tottle. " Undoubtedly."

But fortune had decreed that Mr. Watkins Tottle should not be down by the first coach on Saturday. His adventures on that day, however, and the success of his wooing, are subjects which must be reserved for another chapter. BOZ.

THREE DAYS ON THE ORINOCO, AND A JOURNEY OVER THE LLANOS OF CUMANA.

Circumstances, which it is not necessary here to detail, induced me to visit New Spain in the year 1823. The scenes of lawless violence, of human nature in its most disgusting shapes, which on every side met my sight, it is not my intention to narrate. That the Spaniards had been, for many generations, hard task-masters, and cruel and grievous oppressors, few, even amongst themselves, will deny; but the miseries they had so long inflicted upon the various races under their control have been retaliated ten-fold. The rancour, the hatred pent up for so many ages, broke out with a fury too often indiscriminate in the search of its victims. These cruelties were not inflicted so much by the patient though cunning Indian, as by the mixed races descended from Europeans and natives, from natives and blacks, the Zambos and Mestizos, in whom a development of fierce passions took place, which, during that turbulent period, when the strong hand was the lawgiver, had unlimited scope for the exercise of its bloodthirsty ferocity. Rapine, murder, sacrilege, were of daily, nay hourly occurrence. The transition from one state of society to another produced effects resembling those of the irruption of a mountain-lake upon some quiet valley. It swept away every thing that was fair and beautiful, covering the surface with broken, soiled, and detached fragments, accompanied by the *débris* of its own turbid stream. That a better and more healthy order of things may arise from amidst these ruins, no one more sincerely wishes than I do. This is, however, a consummation even yet remote; the elements of social order have been so completely broken up, that, as the storm subsides, little else than wrecks are yet to be seen; and a long series of anarchy and confusion will devastate, and almost depopulate, some of the very fairest portions of creation.

On my arrival at Vera Cruz, I had suffered a very severe attack of yellow fever, which reduced me to a state of deplorable weakness. When I had to some degree recovered, I left the pestilential shores, and proceeded to the table-land, formed by the northern extension of the Cordilleras, intersecting the centre of Mexico. In these delightful regions I spent several months, surrounded by scenery of the most magnificent description, The whole treasures of the vegetable world were profusely lavished around me—the productions of all climates and seasons were within my reach—the banana, cacao, the cotton-tree, the sugar-cane, the oak, the indigo, maize, wheat, coffee, manioc, the potatoe, of a species growing to an immense size, oranges, citrons, apples, gooseberries, the agave, and the pine. In this glorious table-land I completely recovered my health, and prepared for a visit to the more remote missions on the Orinoco and its tributary streams, a proceeding of infinite peril, but one with which my visit was intimately connected.

Descending from the high land, I again sought the marshy shores of the Caribbean Sea, and, after a variety of accidents by "flood and field," was landed in December, 1824, at Cumana from a small vessel loaded with tobacco and maize. Our passage had been anything but agreeable; the captain, as he was styled, being a fierce-looking Creole, who apparently moved about from point to point, with many objects in view beyond the mere carriage of his cargo. I was, however, put on shore safely enough, with two Zambos as attendants. Hitherto, in many trying situations, I had found them brave and faithful, and I had determined on carrying them with me throughout the whole of my intended journey. It was the more fortunate I had brought them with me from a distance, as this placed a sort of barrier between them and their fellows, many of whom were moving about the town and the surrounding district, subsisting by robbery —too often, when resisted, accompanied by murder.

I seemed destined to be plagued with sickness. On my passage I had been seized with intermittent fever, not severe, but the fits coming on at very inopportune times, and gradually weakening me, I was naturally desirous of getting rid of it before I proceeded to a district, which, at least, was not very likely to prove curative. In fact, the course of the Orinoco has ever been notorious for engendering low fevers; and a knowledge of this protracted my stay at Cumana much beyond what I had originally intended. It was not till the beginning of March that I thought myself sufficiently invigorated to start; during that period I had liberally dosed myself with Angostura bark and cinchona; and, though my attacks were become irregular, and often, very long intervals passed between them, still they did occasionally come on. I trusted, however, to the excitement of the journey, and to the hope of gaining the Orinoco about the commencement of the rainy season, which would enable me to make rapid progress; and, at the same time, be much more salubrious than earlier in the season.

After having completed all my preparations, I set out on the 8th of March, attended by my two Zambos, an Indian guide, and eight mules, carrying luggage and water. On the first day we cleared the mountain range separating us from the Llanos of Cumana. Few sights are more imposing than that presented by the uniform aspect of these vast savannahs, unbroken for nearly 300 miles by any eminence sufficiently lofty to arrest the eye as it wanders over a brown, and apparently barren waste, till it joins the horizon. During the first day's progress, this monotony was broken by here and there a solitary palm erecting itself high over the waste, indicating the bed of a small spring—now, however, perfectly dry; and by the occasional passage of herds of cattle, which were slowly retiring to the less parched borders of the wilderness. It was the middle of the dry season, vegetation was totally checked, whilst the remains of the plants which a few weeks before had covered the surface of the earth, had become so many sources of dust. There was no wind; but little currents of air were incessantly playing along the scorched ground, raising low clouds of dust, which were exceedingly annoying. The *mirage* too often presented strange appearances to us; but my guide was too well experienced to allow me to deceive myself with regard to them. The heat was most oppressive; the sun of this torrid region, its heat reflected from the bare surface, unmitigated by the shelter of a cloud, and unsoftened by the presence of any distinguishable moisture, was almost overpowering. After a time the solitary trees too left us, and we appeared moving over a track of country utterly deserted by all living beings. Nothing produced more weariness than the interminable prospect before us; the horizon seemed to mock us, ever keeping at the same precise distance; there was nothing, therefore, save our own weariness to note our progress. On the afternoon of the third day a grove of palm-trees in a circular form, appeared in the distance. The aching of our tired vision was at once relieved, and we set off, men and mules, whose instinct was as easily roused as our own wishes, at an increased pace. We were doomed to considerable disappointment. The effect of the *mirage* had brought the trees much nearer in appearance than they were in reality, and it was not before we had toiled on for nearly four hours that we approached them.

An accident happened to me here which had very nearly proved fatal, both in its immediate and remote consequences. Almost maddened by thirst and a violent irritation of the skin, brought on by being constantly covered with the fine vegetable dust in incessant motion over the desert, and which, from its stimulating effects, must have contained a large portion of some very active rubefacient plant, I rushed forward in advance of my company, and penetrating the circle of the grove, and forcing my way through a sauso hedge, I found myself standing by a muddy-looking and stagnant pool. Without waiting to examine whether it would be safe to venture, I hastily stripped off a portion of my dress, and plunged into it. I sunk in a mixture of mud and water nearly breast high, and was congratulating myself on my comfortable position—which, however, had nothing very particular to recommend it, as the fluid had a temperature but little less than that of the atmosphere—when I suddenly felt a very smart shock on my knee, as if I had been struck by a musket-ball. I gazed about me with great surprise, expecting to see some maroon robber eying me from the thicket. I had, however, heard no report as of the discharge of fire-arms, and I could see nothing to warrant my suspicions. Again I felt the same shock, but to a much more painful degree, extending along the whole of one leg and thigh: so powerful was its impression, that I had great difficulty in supporting myself, calling aloud to hurry on my attendants. I endeavoured to scramble out, but found myself almost benumbed by a succession of intense shocks, now extending themselves over both extremities and the lower parts of my body. Not only did I feel benumbed and in exquisite pain, but it seemed to me as if I was held tightly in the grasp of some animal. It struck me I must have been seized by an alligator, which I had disturbed in its retreat, when my attention was called to a portion of the body of a monstrous snake of a livid colour, which was gradually enfolding me in its horrid coil. I again called out in a voice of desperation for assistance. The Indian approached hastily, and seeing the predicament in which I was placed, threw me in the noose of an agave rope, which I had hardly power to hold, so completely was I paralyzed. The two Zambos now came up, and assisted him in extricating me from my perilous situation; but so completely exhausted and in such dreadful pain, that I verily believed I was dying. For a length of time I lay panting, momentarily expecting to breath my last. It was not till the night was far advanced that I could stand at all; and even then I tottered about as weak as an infant. I found, as soon I was capable of inquiring, that I had incautiously and unknowingly jumped into a small lake, inhabited by the gymnotus or electrical eel, which infests many of the streams and pools in the Llanos and their borders. These fish, which here grow to the length of five or six feet, are the curse of the neighbourhood near which they harbour, not unfrequently proving fatal to horses and mules that have to ford the rivers. So powerful is the shock they are capable of giving, that had I been more extensively covered by the folds of the one by which I had been attacked, it is very probable I should at once have sunk under its influence, and perished.

The following morning I had a violent paroxysm of fever, brought on, doubtless, by my fright and imprudent immersion. This detained us two days, as I found myself incapable of sitting on a mule till it was passed away. I was much weakened by this misfortune, and the remainder of the way was got over by riding. We now occasionally fell in with the Caribbee missions, located in various places of the Llanos, and now and then with the hacienda of some large cattle proprietor, generally placed either on the bank of a small stream tributary to Rio Pao—now, however, nearly, if not quite dry; or on some brackish spring, which served to keep in luxuriant vegetation, palms, mimosæ, and various grasses. We were every where received with cordial hospitality, and every thing done to assist and refresh me. The country now became more broken; an appearance, something resembling a fog bank, indicated we were rapidly approaching the slight elevations bordering the Rio Pao, and extending to the Orinoco. As we entered on this region, it looked like paradise to me, so completely was I wearied in body and depressed in mind, by the passage of the Llanos. I looked eagerly forward to embarking on the river, believing that the breezes flowing along its course would do something towards ridding me of my ague. Having forded the Pao with some difficulty, which we found swarming with crocodiles, we at length came in sight of the mighty Orinoco, looking like an arm of the sea, and descended to its shores, intending to cross it to the small town of Muitaca, on its southern bank. After some delay, a boat descending the river to Angostura, loaded with produce from the higher regions, took us on board, and shooting obliquely across the stream, deposited us at our place of destination. Here I was again compelled to wait for a time, in consequence of my deranged health: the place was tolerably salubrious, and the delay did not much disturb me, as several weeks were yet wanting to the season when the navigation of the river was most free. I took all the means in my power to entirely free myself from illness, which interfered very materially with my progress, and still more materially with my comfort. I remained till the middle of April, making short excursions amongst the Sierras, occupying the immense delta formed by the bend of the river northwards.

At length, having again partially subdued my fever-fits, I embarked on board a large boat, which was carrying various articles of European manufacture, chiefly to the scattered settlements now much disorganized on the higher Orinoco and its tributaries. This was precisely the conveyance I wanted, as it was the intention of the padrone to touch at most of the villages, whether Indian or not, for the purpose of disposing of his cargo. He was a man apparently singularly fitted for the station he held. The banks of the river, and indeed the whole fastnesses wherever they were habitable, were infested by roving hordes of desperadoes—whom crimes of a blacker nature then usual had driven for a time from the pale of society—or by convicted felons, whom the disturbed state of the surrounding provinces had permitted to escape punishment. With the chief haunts of these the padrone seemed quite familiar; indeed it was not very unlikely but that he himself had formed not long before a part of these hordes. He was a negro of giant proportions, admirably formed, and presenting as fine and muscular a frame as I ever saw. His bold bearing was more effective in consequence of several deep cuts which his half-covered chest exposed to view, and by a resolute and determined expression of countenance, showing plainly enough that few dangers could daunt, and still fewer feelings interfere, with thecommission of deeds of the most desperate character.

For the personal safety of myself and attendants, and for the protection of the property I embarked, I had no fear. I had become familiarized with recklessness. I had found that men of the fiercest natures and most lawless habits were faithful in the performance of voluntary agreements, and more particulary in cases where unlimited confidence was reposed in them. I left Muitaca, therefore, with a confident spirit, fearing nothing but my troublesome disease. The crew consisted of eight men of various races and colours, but all stout, athletic, and determined-looking fellows, fit mates for their leader. To these were added my two Zambos, the Indian remaining in the town—where he had met with several persons of his own tribe—and with whom he intended to proceed to some settlements existing far away towards the south.

We started on the 20th of April, expecting the rainy season to be fairly set in before we reached any of the dangerous parts of the stream. What a glorious—what a magnificent river is the Orinoco! no man who has seen its mightiness can look back to it without feelings almost approaching to awe. The immense mass of waters which flows along its channel—the incredible nature of the many strange sights it develops—the striking scenery through which it takes its course—combine to leave an impression on the mind, which no subsequent wanderings can ever efface. It was now near the end of the dry season—the current was at its lowest ebb—leaving broad spaces of bare beech glistening beneath the torrid sun. These were bounded by thick hedges of sauso, through which were openings made by the innumerable animals seeking it for prey or to quench their thirst. To compare great things with small, it looked like a large canal with a towing-path on each side. Nothing was more surprising than the vast numbers of crocodiles which we daily saw, basking themselves on the shores—a number, too, which would be increased threefold at the commencement of the inundations; the dry season having on them a similar effect to the cold of winter upon hybernating animals in temperate climates. It is a very singular fact, that when these monsters have once tasted human flesh, they ever after show a ferocity much greater than ordinary, and a disposition to seek the same food, which under ordinary circumstances is not seen. Whether it is that they find it a more palatable prey, or whether when they have once discovered their power over man, they are more disposed to exercise it, I do not know; certain however it is, that every village and town on the borders of the river are infested by one or more crocodiles of the largest size and fiercest habits, which during the period when it overflows its usual boundaries, and covers a great part of the streets and quays, never fail to carry off and devour several of the careless inhabitants.

For a fortnight we continued our upward course without meeting with the slightest accident. We had touched at many points on both banks—had ascended to some height, several of the smaller rivers debouching into the principal current—had carried on a brisk trade, which had much lightened our boat—had undergone two or three narrow escapes from being plundered or worse—when on the evening of the 10th of May we fastened the vessel to a small granite rock, rising abruptly above the surface of the river, about four hundred yards from the northern shore. We had selected this because to a certain extent it removed us from the jaguars, which had lately plagued us night after night when we had taken our position on land, or within a moderate distance of it. The atmosphere had been gradually losing its blue tint, and becoming of a greyish hue—slight showers of rain had occasionally fallen—thunder had been heard daily—all indicating that the wet season was about to set in. The river had already felt its influence—it was slowly rising—more rain having doubtless fallen higher up towards its source. We were anchored a short distance below the junction of the Rio Capanaparo. This was much more swollen, and was rising rapidly, and had already reached an elevation sufficient to overflow partially its banks. The scenery at this point was uncommonly beautiful; to the south lofty hills appeared; the whole intermediate space to which was covered by a sea of foliage, already showing the effects of the rain. On the north, the angle formed by the two rivers was sprinkled over by huge blocks of granite, amongst which were growing some large zamang trees, mingled with palms, and losing themselves in a thick forest at a little distance. About a mile beyond, the river was a sheet of foam, traversing a low ledge of rocks—the sound of which came to us like distant thunder. Flocks of flamingoes, spoonbills, herons, with a few golden manakis, kept the air alive, as they were slowly seeking their roosting places.

Every evening we had been most miserably tormented by millions of stinging insects, which were issuing from the earth in countless swarms, as it became moistened by the occasional showers. No precaution we could take had been sufficient to defend ourselves from their incessant attacks. As these pests were most numerous in the lower portion of the air—that in immediate contact with the earth or the water—we had, when practicable, elevated our sleeping places as high as possible. For this purpose I had constructed a hammock of strips of manatee leather; and this I had generally slung either on the branch of some tree or on two oars. After arranging every thing on board, the greater part of the crew and myself swam on shore for the purpose of collecting fuel. Some time was spent by the men in this labour, whilst I strolled about as far as the nature of the ground would permit. Before returning on board, I scrambled upon one of the rocks, for the sake of enjoying a more extensive look out; when I reached its summit, for it was barely thirty feet high, I found that by a little stretching I could touch the extreme branches of a noble zamang-tree, whose round head and silvery and feathery-looking leaves had attracted the admiration of the whole party. By a still greater effort I managed to pull within my grasp a stronger branch, and swinging myself from the rock, after a good deal of struggling I landed safely in the midst of the thicker and stronger portions. Calling my Zambos, I desired them to swim on board, and bring me my hammock, which I at once had resolved to suspend in the tree. During their absence I selected two forked arms, as suitable places for attaching it to, and pleased myself with the anticipations of a delicious night's repose, free from the bites of musquitos and the alarm of jaguars. They had some difficulty in getting the cot within arm's length, but we did succeed; and after desiring them to come in the morning to assist me in my descent, I dismissed them to sleep in the boat. Some time was spent in arranging my bed, slinging it by means of a rope to the points I had selected; this being effected, I at once stretched myself out and prepared for rest. We had had a toilsome day, and as I freely entered into all the labours and perils of my companions, I felt much fatigued. The distant sound of the rapids, the hum of a myriad of insects, the remote calls of the monkeys and jaguars, the flapping of the wings of various flocks of birds, as they were leaving the river, produced, if I may so term it, a noisy silence favourable to repose. I must, indeed, have gone to sleep almost immediately, for my memory can recall nothing but a brief duration of such sounds.

When I awoke in the morning I was much surprised at the manifest lateness of the hour, as it had been proposed to start early. The sun was not visible, in consequence of the haziness of the atmosphere; but from the nature of the light, I was certain that it must be at the earliest the middle of the forenoon. It must have rained heavily in the night, for I was drenched to the skin, whilst my leathern domicile had yielded, in consequence of the soaking it had undergone, and I found myself in a deep and slippery sack. I was chilled and stiff, and made instant efforts to free myself from my by no means pleasant trap. This was a work of no little labour; however, it engaged my attention so completely, that I had not even found time to look abroad; but when I did so, what a strange, dreadful, and perplexing scene presented itself! The promontory on which my habitation was fixed was now a sheet of water, which extended far—far as the eye could reach, till it was lost in the gloom of the forest. The rapids had disappeared; the solitary rock, to which the boat had been moored, was no where to be seen, and the boat itself was gone. In the first moments of my astonishment, I bitterly upbraided my companions, accusing them of treachery and desertion. Calmer reflection soon satisfied me that in so doing I erred; the rivers had doubtless risen rapidly during the night, when it was most probable all were soundly sleeping, had loosened the rope securing them to their anchorage, and drifted them down the current, where their surprise, it was not unlikely, would equal my own on discovering their change of situation. This view of matters was at all events very consolotary; I felt convinced that in a few hours they would beat their way back to where I had been left, never calculating what a great alteration had been produced by the inundation upon the land-marks, which might have enabled them to find me. The situation, indeed, was not very favourable for cool consideration. After having soothed myself with the hopes of a speedy release, I set about examining my prison-house. It was spacious enough; the tree was one of the largest of its kind, and a regiment of cavalry might have been sheltered beneath its capacious head; but it afforded nothing edible. Had I got into a banana, or bread-fruit tree, I might have done better; but here nothing but the extreme twigs offered any chance of a meal.

I have said that I awoke stiff and chilled, and my efforts, for a while, were directed to shaking off these feelings by passing rapidly from one portion of the tree to another. In doing this I had reached a point where a longer space than usual separated the boughs; busily engaged in attending to my steps, my attention was aroused by a very loud hiss; hastily raising my head, I found myself within a foot of a full-grown iguana, whose eyes of living flame, erected crest, and extended pouch so frightened me that it was by the merest chance imaginable I did not fall. From a child I had had a peculiar dread of the lizard tribe, the newt and the little brown lizard, so common in most parts of England, had ever been objects of singular aversion to me, and the feat of all others amongst boys I could never manage, was to permit one of these animals to creep up the sleeve. I retreated, therefore, with great precipitation till I had removed myself as far apart as possible from my frightful neighbour. I knew the thing to be perfectly innoxious, yet I shrank from it as if it had been the most deadly creature in existence. To my still greater discomfiture I soon discovered that the one I had stumbled upon had a companion of equally monstrous proportions with itself. My peregrinations, limited as they had been before, were now still more confined. With a fear I could not overcome, I watched the motions of these two reptiles with a sort of fascination, and as they moved about, flourishing their immense tails, I carefully kept myself from all chance of contact with them. To increase my miseries a violent ague fit came on, attended with most excruciating head-ache and pains in all my limbs. Shivering so violently that I could hardly support myself, I crouched down in the fork of two large branches, and resting my head on my knees, abandoned myself to all the horrors of my situation. The expectations which I had reasonably formed faded from my mind, and as I looked abroad, and saw the waste of waters around me, swarming, as I well knew they did, with so many ferocious creatures, and upon the surrounding forests, at this time totally impassable, an utter despair gradually cowed and overwhelmed a courage, which had borne me safely through many scenes of most imminent peril. The very strangeness of the circumstances under which I was placed had at first rather excited than depressed me; but now, labouring under the attack of fever, I sunk down into total dejection.

The iguanas seemed to be aware of my present helplessness, as they approached nearer and nearer, swelling out their pouches and hissing, as if they intended to attack me. The metallic lustre of their bodies, their vast length, their fiery eyes, and their erect crests, appeared to my disturbed imagination the very impersonification of all that was horrible. As I remained perfectly motionless, their boldness increased, branch after branch was passed, till now they had advanced within a quarter of a yard of me. By a desperate effort of volition I struck the foremost on the head, with almost convulsive energy, with my hand. This demonstration sufficed for the present to scare them away, and was besides of infinite service, by shewing me the power I possessed over them. My attention, too, was roused by the singular agility with which such large animals traversed the tree. The effort I had made had in some degree rallied my spirits; and shaking off the torpor which had crept over me, I again began to examine the capabilities of my situation. Nothing could, by any stretch of fancy, be made more dreary; my fever fit was abating and leaving me hungry and weak. Many hours had passed away. I looked eagerly forth in the vain hope of descrying the returning boat. I mounted still higher, but nothing partaking in any thing of humanity was to be seen. No boat but my own, even supposing any should pass down or up the river, was likely to avail me. The inhabited spots were principally on the other side; while the vast breadth of the stream, enlarged as it now was, would prevent all hope of my being heard or seen in my leafy home. My sole hope was therefore fixed on the return of my own people; the doubt was whether or not they would be able to find my locality. The junction of the Rio Capanaparo would be their only guide, and this was rendered to some degree doubtful by the inundation having extended itself so widely, as to render the precise current somewhat difficult to hit upon. Evening was already approaching; heavy showers of rain fell at intervals, accompanied by loud peals of thunder. I gave up all expectation of relief for the present day, and endeavoured to allay the gnawing hunger now distressing me, by chewing the leaves and twigs of the zamang.

Since my display of strength, the iguanas had preserved a very respectful distance, confining themselves to one side of the tree. My disgust towards them was abated—their sight had become familiarized to me. Vast flocks of zamuro vultures winged their way over my head. Herds of chigures were swimming about in the shallow waters, their presence rousing into action numberless alligators, to whom they formed apparently the principal food. These were closely pursued too by several jaguars, to whose force they fell easy victims. Troops of herons and flamingoes were wading about beneath me; a vast number of turtles almost covered the surface of the main river as far as the eye could reach, swimming against its stream; proceeding probably to deposit their eggs, or having deposited them, returning to their usual haunts. Long files of monkeys were slinging themselves from tree to tree, howling in concert, or playing the most grotesque antics, whilst a shoal of porpoises came floundering amongst the broken rocks, speedily putting to flight both jaguars and crocodiles. Such sights, under more favourable circumstances, would have afforded me much gratification. I was so insignificant in my present position, and so screened from observation, that every thing went on about me as if the place had been tenanted by nothing save natures so congenial to it.

As evening advanced these gradually disappeared, and other races took place of them. Immense bats wheeled about me, and myriads of noctilucous insects one by one exhibited their light, till the whole forest resembled a fairy revel. The hum of mosquitoes, zancudos, and hosts of ephemeridæ, wakening into their brief life, sounded continuously, softening, nay, almost drowning the cries of larger animals now seeking their night's resting-place. From these, my elevated station happily, as I believed, freed me of all danger. The smooth and lofty stem of the mimosa was little likely to be scaled—it stood so far detached from its neighbours that I thought it totally impossible any exertion of strength or agility would be great enough to reach it; and I prepared, as the shades of evening were closing around me, to pass the night in the best way circumstances would allow. I cut several strong sticks with a large pocket knife I luckily had about me, and which indeed was my sole weapon of offence or defence; with these I stretched out my hammock, so as to prevent the chance of its closing around me. It presented few inducements for repose, but still I could lay myself out in it—the uneasy postures I had been forced to assume had wearied my limbs, and my mental energies were still more exhausted. I was very wet, but as there were no means of remedying this, I rolled my cloak about me and committed myself for the night to the cot.

I sunk to sleep directly, in which state I continued till the first dawn of morning, when I was disturbed by the rustling caused by my fellow-lodgers, who were early astir, and feeding on the leaves and what insects they could catch. I really almost envied their lot—as with such manifest enjoyment they moved hither and thither, satisfying their limited wants, and provided with abundant means to live happily in their native dwelling. The rush of the mighty waters came to my drowsy sense, and I looked wistfully abroad in confident expectation of seeing the vessel. Disappointment, however, met me there; nor, indeed, was my view very extended—a dense mist covered the whole landscape, which was gradually thickening, till in a brief time it entirely enveloped every thing with so impervious a veil, that even the nearest trees were but dimly visible. These fogs at this season I too well knew were often of considerable duration; it swept and eddyed round me, so loaded with moisture as to produce considerable sound as it was whirled amongst the branches. All hope was now gone—should my companions return in search of me, nothing but an ocean of mist could be seen, and this would as effectually exclude a discovery of me, as if I were deeply buried beneath the waters. I might have exhausted myself by vain shouts and cries, but that I felt how perfectly useless they must be. What was a solitary human voice, with the clang, of the whole living world around me, with the noise of the mighty Orinoco?—an infant's whisper amidst the wildest hurricane—a dying groan amongst the storm-driven breakers.

The night had been fair, judging at least, from the dryness of my dress, but the vapour speedily deposited sufficient moisture to render me damp and uncomfortable. Another severe fever fit came on, in consequence of my continued exposure, and the absence of those means which were essential for keeping it in check. As I lay shivering and in great agony, I again lost all confidence—all hope. Naturally possessing to a considerable degree both active and passive courage, I had generally believed it impossible that any coincidence of common dangers should daunt me. But the fate which now was impending over me, joined to my enfeebled health, for a time overcame my spirits, and I lay perfectly still, filled with the gloomiest ideas. The ague-fits lasted commonly nearly two hours—the one on this miserable morning was more protracted, or it appeared to me to be so. As the pain and shivering slowly removed, the low and near growl of a jaguar excited my attention. I raised myself partially for the purpose of reconnoitering, but the denseness of the fog prevented me seeing clearly even as far as the confines of my habitation. A sudden rush through the air, and a loud crash amongst the extreme branches of the tree, instantly roused me to prepare to meet a more pressing danger. Snatching one of the rods I had cut on the previous night, I scrambled out of my hammock and sheltered myself behind it. Looking towards the point where the struggling continued, I dimly saw a large tiger or jaguar, making the most violent efforts to gain a lodgment. He had, however, miscalculated his leap, for crash after crash the branches yielded to his weight, and spite of every exertion, he at last completely lost his hold and tumbled down a clear height of at least fifty feet. Had he fallen on a hard surface, it is most probable he would have been killed on the spot; as it was, I had hopes the splash he made in the water would bring about him crocodiles sufficient to devour him; and I flattered myself such was the case, for after a good deal of splashing and growling all became quiet.

I have before said, that after an ague-fit I was very hungry: but now, after a total abstinence from all nutrition for forty hours, my desire for food became almost maddening. There were but few articles which mankind has called edible, but of which I had partaken. Amongst others, the flesh of the iguana, which was, next that of the armadillo, most esteemed by the natives in Orinoco, had frequently afforded me a very palatable dish. It had, however, been brought to me divested of the most disgusting forms of the animal itself. But now, as I eyed them, the alternative rose within my mind of speedy starvation or eating the frightful creatures. Hunger is but a little respecter of external appearances, and I was already devizing means to secure one of the lizards. This, however, I could clearly see would be a matter of no very easy attainment; their extreme agility, and their great strength, which would no doubt be called into vigorous action for self-defence, rendered it apparent that nothing but stratagem would enable me to contend with them. They had been as much frightened by the attack of the tiger as myself, and since then had betaken themselves to the most inaccessible parts of the tree. I should therefore, at least, have to wait till their alarm had subsided, and till they descended within my reach.

The mist was now clearing away; an under-current of air sweeping over the surface of the river and the lake beneath me exposed them again to my view. Gazing upon the rock which my evil stars had induced me ascend, I became sensible that it had now an occupant; and that in the shape of a large jaguar—whether it was the same individual that had already attempted my fastness, I had no means of determining. However that might be, it was evident enough that it was meditating the best means of reaching either me or the iguanas. He was crouched upon the highest point of the grey rock, distant about six feet from the nearest branches, and perhaps ten or twelve from the bole—a distance quite within the range of a spring. The perpendicular height of the waving boughs above him with the uncertainty of retaining his hold amongst them, seemed to have determined him to make his attempt upon the latter. From the advantage of my position, I had little fear as to the result, and congratulating myself on having discovered my enemy before he had made nearer advances, I descended as rapidly as my stiffened limbs would permit, to meet him before he had succeeded in getting amongst the branches, where in my present enfeebled state the contest would be much more doubtful. Arming myself again with the stoutest of the sticks, and grasping my open knife in my left hand, I stationed myself where the trunk first divided itself, waiting the attack. My motions had been closely watched by the jaguar; he was much below me, so that if he should succeed in fixing himself on the stem, I should have him at great advantage during his necessary slow ascent along its smooth bark. Curling up his body he prepared to spring, and in half a second he was clinging about ten feet below the point where I stood. Drawing up his hind-legs and fixing his claws firmly, he raised his fore-paws cautiously, and commenced his approach. My intention was to permit him to come almost close to me before I opposed him. I had supposed that I could easily dislodge him; but when I saw how firmly he held himself, I at once became aware this would be more difficult than I had anticipated. Step after step, growling fiercely, he came on; his hot breath steamed up in my face, whilst his eyes like living emeralds glared upon me, evidently aware of my hostile intentions. The situation in which I found myself was not peculiarly fitted for observation, still I was confident in my resources, and I could not but admire the strength and elegance of his frame. He was a large-sized male, and as the muscles of the loins and hind-quarters were brought into full play, the fine contour of his body was fully shewn. Already his paws were within reach of my hand, and it behoved me to try my means against him. Laying my knife in a wide fork of the tree, I raised my club and struck him with my whole force on the muzzle. A deep growl answered me, but he retained his hold, and continued his advance with the same cautious footing. He did not, however, seem by any means emboldened by this salute, and slightly altered his course for the purpose of avoiding me. This change was so far advantageous to him that it removed his head to a point where, in consequence of the projection of an arm of the tree, I was unable to hit him where my light weapon could alone be available. To have battered his body would have a been loss of time, which was becoming every moment more valuable. I now endeavoured, by fixing the end of my pole in the angle of his jaw, to force him down by mere strength. This for a few minutes retarded his progress, and gave him great pain. He was rendered only more fierce by this means, and drawing up his body till he was nearly round, prepared for an advance which would have placed a branch within reach of his paw, which if attained, would have at once enabled him to compete with me on more equal footing. Finding my pole insufficient to repel him, I laid it down, and seizing my knife, stooped down on one knee, hoping to strike him in the eye, in the expectation that the blade was strong enough to penetrate the bone separating the orbit from the brain. My situation was becoming momentarily more critical, for if I failed in the direction of my blow, the character of the contest would be changed, and would have to be carried on in a way that might speedily prove fatal to me. His huge fore-foot was now resting in immediate contact with my knee; he was steadily drawing up his trunk, when stooping over him, I plunged my knife into his eye. A roar of anguish broke from him, and loosing his claws, he endeavoured to strike me. He did, however, no farther injury than slightly scratching my arm; and, withdrawing my hand, I prepared to repeat the blow. It did not appear that the wound I had inflicted was of a very serious nature beyond depriving him of the vision of one eye. He retreated a little, and I was now in hopes that he would relinquish his attack, as it often happens that when foiled at first they retire. He now changed his course, still persevering in his intention, and wound partly round the tree before he again made any effort to climb higher. Laying down the knife, I again seized my staff, and fixing it firmly in the socket of the injured eye, I exercised my whole strength in a vigorous push. This was to some extent successful, for he receded a few feet, leaving deep indentations by his claws as he was forced downwards. He was now fairly at bay, and my confidence was completely restored. His position, and the mode of his clinging to the bark, prevented him from hindering my efforts to repel him. He growled incessantly, partly from rage, but partly too from pain, and a pause of a few minutes now took place. I kept my eye warily fixed upon his motions. Suddenly fixing his hind claws firmly, and giving a hideous snarl, he endeavoured to make a spring upon a projecting branch. His rage had overcome his cautious instinct. Aiming a blow at his muzzle, which took full effect, and the check given to his impetus by the attachment of his nails to the bark, he lost his footing, and fell into the shallows. Here his fate was quickly decided. The noise of the combat had attracted the attention of many of the denizens of the wilderness, and, amongst others, several large crocodiles had stationed themselves, as if watching the issue, at a little distance from the tree. By these he was instantly attacked, and almost as instantly devoured, much, I have no hesitation in saying, to my satisfaction.

I was now enabled to look around me. The mist still hung in a dense mass, totally obscuring the light of day. It had become raised about a hundred yards above the surface of the waters, impending over them like a moving sea. I looked about for my reptile-companions, but they were nowhere to be seen. During my struggle with the jaguar they had contrived either to escape, or so to hide themselves as to elude the most anxious scrutiny. Strange as it may sound, I felt their removal keenly. The solitariness of my situation seemed more perfect, and I should have hailed their sight as the mariner hails the buoy which tells him he is near safe anchorage. This was quite independent of all feeling that I might possibly have converted them to an article of food, as the mental excitement I had undergone had for the time freed me from the pains of hunger. The loss I felt was that of living companionship—strange as that companionship had been. Gone, indeed, I satisfied myself they were, after a minute search throughout the vast extent of the head of the zamang.

All the violent craving for food shortly returned—the innutritious nature of the twigs and the leaves did but little to allay it. The mere bulk served to assuage the painful gnawing sensation in my stomach, but no more. If I dared to descend, it was probable I might succeed in catching a tortoise, crowds of which were still floating beneath me. This, however, was fraught with such imminent peril, that as yet it appeared to me madness to attempt it. I might perhaps swing myself from the tree down upon the summit of the rock; but if, in doing this, I should lose my footing, and be precipitated into the water, my doom was certain; beside that danger, in my present enfeebled condition, all hope of return to the tree were vain; and there at least I was safe from many attacks which would doubtless be made upon me should my locality be transferred to the block of granite.

Notwithstanding the forlorn and miserable prospect of a life which at best could not long continue, I still clung to it. I had almost given up all expectation that the boat would return; I did not think it possible that she could have drifted so far but that long ago she might have worked back. My hopes of delivery were as baseless as those of the drowning man who catches at straws on the surface of the wave which will shortly overwhelm him; yet still I did hope, though my hopes took no definite shape. The elasticity of my mind as yet prevented it sinking into permanent despair. There were indeed moments when the whole horror of my fate came heavily upon me, but I had hitherto succeeded in shaking such ideas from me. I now cut a long pole, on the top of which I suspended part of my linen as a sort of signal-staff, should any boat pass within sight. This was however soon rendered useless for such a purpose by a heavy fall of rain, which caused it to hang motionless. It had one good effect—its singularity freed me from several flocks of vultures which had from time to time settled upon the tree, and whose croaking and harsh guttural sounds had much annoyed me.

Day was fast waning; at intervals I was distressed by vehement hunger, alternating with a deadly nausea; and again and again I minutely examined every accessible portion of the tree, hoping to find something, however disgusting it might be, on which I could feed. Nothing could be found—the waters had driven away all the smaller animals that might have come within my reach. The isolated position of the mimosa removed it too far from any other tree for the monkeys—thousands of which were sporting within sight—to get into it, or possibly I might have secured one of them.

As night approached, the solitude, in the absence of light, became much more oppressive. Its advent was ushered in by no star, the grey mist shutting out from view every thing above a particular elevation; but the sounds that issued from all sides were sufficient indications of its near presence. Darkness was fast closing around me, and the third night of my strange imprisonment found me again extended in my hammock. Sleep had forsaken me—the hours crept slowly on—acute pains shot through my limbs—disturbed visions chased one another through my mind—strange noises issued at times from the woods, as if the whole population was aroused by broad day; again they died away, and the deep silence was rendered still more impressive by the rushing whisper of the swoln river. It appeared to my longing wishes as if morning would never dawn; and even when it did, how could its light benefit me? The night-wind was gradually dispersing the fog, and at length the nebulous sky of the tropics came dimly into sight. As I lay gazing upon it, meteor after meteor gleamed across it, whilst the rolling of distant thunder served only to remind me of the extent of my misery. The first streak of day-light was just brightening the horizon, when a sound, differing widely from those which had been heard, struck upon my ear. To my wishful fancy it resembled the booming of fire-arms over the wide waters. It died away; it came again and again. I was no longer in doubt that such was its nature—but whence proceeding? Could it be that my late companions were anxiously seeking me? I feared not, as it came apparently directly across the river; and, at length, I concluded that some petty, though bloody hostilities, were carrying on in the villages on the southern bank.

A troubled sleep closed my eyelids; and when I again awoke, the sun had risen above the trees, bounding the horizon. I crawled from my cot; and the effects of illness, continued mental excitement, and famine were visibly depicted in my weakness, as I found some difficulty in supporting myself amongst the branches. The feeling of hunger was gone for the present, and had given place to a sense of complete exhaustion. I reached a point which had formed my seat on the previous day, and abandoned myself to more settled despondency than I had as yet yielded to. How long I had continued in this state of living death I know not, when my faculties were suddenly roused by the report of a musket ringing upon my ear. In whatever shape humanity might approach, I should welcome it.

Rising up, hastily, I answered by a shout; which, however, met with no echo. Another shot, but more distant; and the revulsion of my thronging hopes nearly produced fainting. Again, the sound came close upon me; when, rounding one of the rocks, a small canoe, rowed by my faithful Zambos, with the padrone in the stern, rushed upon my ravished sight. They were looking eagerly round, occasionally discharging a musket. So much was I bewildered by the certainty of the scene, that I even neglected to hail them as they glided about a hundred yards from me; and when I did strive to call out, my voice was nearly choked with emotion, so that at first they did not hear me. As their distance from me was rapidly increasing, I became fully roused, and shouting with all my might, or rather screaming, I was answered by a loud and joyful halloo. The canoe was instantly put back; and, after considerable efforts, I found myself on board, shaking hands with the brave fellows, in whose eyes tears of gladness were glistening; nor were my own unmoistened.

Their desertion had been quite unwitting. The boat had been drifted down the river; nor did they awake till she ran foul in a grove of palms, and injured herself so materially, that the whole of the following day was spent in repairing her. They had hurried their return, but had been impeded by adverse winds, and by the rising current. The mist had much perplexed them on the second day; and, as soon as it had partially cleared away, the captain, with the Zambos, had put off in the canoe, in order that they might make rapid way, and search more closely the shores, leaving the crew to bring up the vessel more leisurely.

They offered me for food the flesh of an iguana, as the greatest delicacy they possessed; but the remembrance of the two that had been fellow-occupants of the zamang-tree, prevented me tasting it, and I proceeded slowly to satisfy myself with dried beef. In a few hours we joined the boat, with shouts of gladness. I was infinitely gratified by the attachment shewn to me by the men. Their anxiety for my safety had been extreme; and they had toiled laboriously to rescue me under circumstances which might have almost justified my abandonment.

The shock of these events had been too great for me; the bodily exposure, the mental torture I had undergone—when the excitement was passed away—left me seriously ill. Till our arrival on the evening of the following day at Carichana, I was attended most sedulously by the whole crew in turns. There I landed, intending to remain whilst the vessel proceeded up the river; and to join them on their return, and again pursue my journey to the extreme navigable parts of the Orinoco. For many days I was in a state of great danger. Under the care of a native doctor, my recovery went on slowly; and nearly six weeks elapsed before I felt myself capable of rejoining my companions, who had made their voyage, and had now been waiting for me nearly a fortnight. The mighty stream had now attained its greatest elevation; and, as we glided over its agitated surface, the cool breezes operated most beneficially upon me, and, upon reaching Atures, I had regained my lost health and strength. G—*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF POVERTY.*

It is curious to reflect on the little influence the writings of moral philosophers have had upon the lives and actions of the great bulk of society. Their multiplied labours appear not to have been felt beyond the closet; and mankind have gone on committing follies and crimes, of every shade and character, much to their own injury, and greatly to the perplexity of law-makers and law-administrators. Religion, too, with its hundred ways of touching and purifying the human heart, seems to have been almost as little efficacious in checking its baser impulses. At the present day, it is a favourite argument, that ignorance and an absence of literature are the grand sources of the social evils—which are acknowledged to be pressing upon large masses of our population. It is urged by those who take this view of the subject, that people cannot be expected either to be wise or virtuous if they can neither read, nor write, nor cast up an account. It would, perhaps, be as well to ask, what is read by the lower classes of the community—when they can read? Now, it happened, some fifteen or twenty years ago, that the government of the day immortalized itself by encouraging a system of espionage alike dishonourable and foolish. Compassion for a large, a misguided body of men, led us to mingle occasionally amongst them; and we have reason to believe that to some extent we were successful in giving a better tone to their social and political feelings. In this particular instance, we were interested in knowing what writings were chiefly circulated amongst the people; and, with scarcely a single exception, we found that their text-book was Paine's clever Treatise, joined to two or three inflammatory and dangerous pamphlets. Here was a good gift abused, and learning acting as a poison upon some hundreds of families!

Has the diffussion of what is commonly called education benefitted the poor? This is the question—and an important one it is; because it is upon the soundness of this portion of the social union that the safety of the whole state depends. The question admits, to a certain extent, of an answer. We have lying before us several works, bearing the stamp of authenticity, and purporting to be accounts of the existing moral and social conditions of several millions of our fellow-citizens. We select the manufacturers for our present article;

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* "Report of the Ministry to the Poor—commenced in Manchester, 1833."

"Analysis of the Evidence taken before the Factory Commissioners—read before the Manchester Statistical Society, 1834."

"An Inquiry into the Manufacturing Population," &c.—Ridgway, 1831.

"Moral and Physical Condition of the Working Classes, employed in the Cotton Manufactories in Manchester."—Ridgway, 1832.

"The Manufacturing Population of England—its Moral, Social, and Physical Conditions," &c.—Baldwin and Cradock, 1833.

because, as a body, they are universally acknowledged to be far more intelligent than the agriculturists, and because less is generally known about them.

The "Report of the Ministry to the Poor in Manchester," is a very curious, and a very valuable document. We know, too, that its statements are strictly accurate; and that the individual, who ably discharges the arduous duties of minister, is incapable of misrepresenting or exaggerating the state of things with which he has become acquainted.

Our remarks and extracts must be prefaced by a statement shewing that the manufacturers enjoy the means of education in abundance, and that many of them are educated. From a very accurate examination of Sunday-schools, and their average number of attendants, it appears that at the present time upwards of forty thousand children are receiving instruction in the Sunday-schools alone of Manchester. When it is considered that these children are chiefly those of the lower orders of the inhabitants, it is obvious that the majority of families amongst them must be more or less imbued with learning; that is, a capability of reading and writing. That this is the fact, appears from a statement furnished by a Mr. Ashton, who reports that above one-half of the people engaged in his mills can both read and write.

Such being the case, let us now examine what are the moral and social conditions, or what is the philosophy of home amongst these people.

"I have been told," (says Mr. Ashworth, p. 14), "and I have heard it with sorrow, that the cruel and barbarous sports of bear-bating, dog-fighting, and other inhuman sports, are carried on in the vicinity of the town; and I have several times seen pitched battles between man and man, when hundreds and thousands have been drawn from their work to witness scenes of inhumanity and vice, which have again led to drunkenness, fighting, obscenity, and misery. The wide open fields at the outskirts of the town, and places in the town less frequented by the walks of man, are on the Lord's day occupied by herds of boys and young men, and even by men more advanced in life, gaming. The dram-shops, tom-and-jerry shops, and public-houses, swarm the Lord's day over (except an hour or two in service time), and overflow at night by the addition of these gamblers, and multitudes of females, lost to all sense of shame, and totally destitute of every virtue that makes woman lovely and respectable. If," (he continues, page 6), "I were to form a judgment of the whole town, from the families I have visited, I would say, divide the working classes into three parts. Two of these parts have the means of making a comfortable living, their wages being sufficient to provide them with plenty of food and clothing, and every thing needful to make a family comfortable, if well laid out. But I am sorry to say, that a large number of these are as destitute of clothes, furniture, bedding, and occasionally of provisions, as the poorest families in the town. They drink more money than would amply provide them with every necessary for their families. So great," he concludes his Report, "is the depravity of large numbers in Manchester, that it exceeds aught I ever saw before, and, after all, I hope not for much good being done."

Here, then, we have the evidence and opinions of a man who has laboured amongst the people he describes—who has visited their homes—and, as far as his power and abilities extended, has done all that he could to amend and enlighten them. Yet we find that he is so shocked and disheartened at the depravity and utter demoralization which he has witnessed, that he declares his conviction to be, that "not much good can be done."

This hardness of heart—this extent of wickedness and social degradation, does not arise from want of education; that is, such education as is generally afforded to the poor; for we find that most of these people could read at least. Mr. Ashworth says, page 9,—"I have began to take out with me religious tracts, which have been read with much pleasure, and have been lent by one neighbour to another;"—and further, "the tracts are read and well liked." Here, then, is proof positive that the deplorable state of things is not attributable to what many people call the origin of evil—namely, ignorance of the elements of learning.

One of the greatest curses attendant upon the present condition of the lower classes of our population, is the spending of their wages in drink. It is lamentable to consider what an amount of misery and of privation is suffered for the sake of a momentary stimulus. Amongst the manufacturers, indeed, one almost ceases to wonder that they do drink, as the nature of their employment, and the protracted hours of labour, induce a feeling of physical exhaustion, which leads them to the readiest means of relief. In doing so, they err, indeed, most widely; but with morals so depraved as we find them, we feel little, or rather no surprise, that those hot-beds of crime and immorality—the gin-shops, are perpetually crowded. The reasoning of Maggie Mucklebackit, in Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary," is singularly applicable,—"Ay—ay—its easy for your honour, and the like o' you gentlefolks, to say sae, that hae stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and claithes, and sit dry and canny by the fire-side; but an ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claise, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart, whilk is warst ava', wi just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be glad to buy a dram wi't, to be eilding and claise, and a supper and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning?" Maggie's speech, though highly descriptive, and though speaking the language of millions, is incorrect both in a moral and physical point of view, but it would make an excellent heading to a discourse on temperance.

It seems strange, indeed, that any great body of people should thus voluntarily become the agents of their own misery, as it does not appear that the manufacturers have the excuse of extreme poverty, which, above all things, has a tendency to make men reckless. In the analysis of the evidence taken before the Factory Commissioners, it is stated that the average weekly wages of all persons employed, is 10s. 5d. It must be remembered, that this rate of wages is not eaned solely by the head of a family; but that, generally speaking, there are two or more workers in every household, and that children are employed from nine years of age upwards.

This is a rate of wages decidedly sufficient to furnish the labourers with every comfort, and with many of the luxuries of life; and yet Mr. Ashworth states that vast numbers of these are destitute of clothes, bedding, furniture, and frequently in want of provisions; and the same evidence is afforded by the other writers. Thus we see that the philosophy of poverty is to be poor, and to waste their means in drunkenness.

The houses of the majority of this class of people appear to be destitute not only of every comfort and convenience, but all their social and religious duties are apparently badly performed. "The fact is," says the Enquiry, "that the licentiousness which prevails amongst the dense population of manufacturing towns, is carried to a degree which it is appalling to contemplate. In addition to overt acts of vice, there is a coarseness and grossness of feeling, and an habitual indecency of conversation, which we would fain hope are not the prevailing characteristics of our country. The effect of this upon the minds of the young will readily be conceived; and is it likely that any instruction, or education, or Sunday-schools, or sermons, can counteract the baneful influence of the moral depravity which reigns around them?

> 'Nil dictu visuque fœdum hæc limine tangat
> Intra quæ puer est.'"

In corroboration of this, Mr. Ashworth says, "that the depravity of great numbers in Manchester exceeds aught I ever saw." And the "Analysis," an apology in fact for the operatives, states that factory girls make good wives to factory men, *only they are ignorant of domestic economy.*" We would beg leave to hint to the compilers of this Analysis, that without "domestic economy" there can be little virtue in a wife, and that she is sure to drive her husband and herself into vice and recklessness.

Such being the social condition of these people, it can, perhaps, be hardly needful to say, that their religious duties are neglected, and that vast numbers among them have never sought, or have ceased to seek, opportunities of moral and religious instruction. One of the books before us says—"With unfeigned regret we are, therefore, compelled to add, that the standard of morality is exceedingly debased, and that religious observances amongst the operative population of Manchester are neglected. With rare exception, the adults in a population of nearly one hundred thousand either spend the Sabbath in supine sloth, in sensuality, or in listless inactivity."

It is very commonly and very strongly urged, that the mal-administration of the poor laws has been one leading cause of the immorality of our labouring population. It is very true that a vast amount of social evils have attended upon a want of correct data in administering relief to the helpless and indigent; and in some cases it would almost appear that immorality has proceeded *pari passu* with this mal-practice. This, too, has been aided in rural districts by the breaking up of small farms, and the consequent loss of a large body of small landholders and landowners, that not long ago formed one of the most valuable portions of the community.

This assertion as to the demoralizing agency of the poor laws, can in very few instances be brought to bear upon the degraded condition of the population in our large manufacturing towns; because these laws are generally administered by men of intelligence, and with the strictest regard to the interests of the rate-payers. Thus, in Lancashire, with its immense and moveable population—with its acknowledged moral, social, and religious depravity, the poor rate is less, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, than in any other county in England, amounting only to 4s. 8d. per head; whilst in some of the agricultural counties it amounts to 16s., 17s., or even 20s. 11d. per head.

The "philosophy of poverty" would thus appear to consist of depravity, irreligion, and unlicensed wickedness. It is clear, from the foregoing details, that it is not the absence of education, or of the teachings of a pure religion, to which this state of things can be imputed—it is clear too that it does not arise from utter and hopeless poverty, nor from the mal-administration of the poor laws. From whence, then, does such a philosophy originate? We are unwilling to believe that it can be the spontaneous production of the civilized mind. It is a state of things almost as debased as that which we find even amongst the most barbarous of mankind, and yet it is the condition of a large proportion of our fellow-citizens.

We will not stay to discuss the question, but rather proceed to point out such remedial measures as seem likely to introduce a better philosophy than that at present governing these masses of the community.

The grand error has lain in the kind and degree of education conferred upon the poor. As it is likely that further educational grants will be given by parliament, and some general scheme will be concocted for national instruction, the kind of education to be pursued will be of immense importance to the future welfare of our country.

First, then, what is now called education—that is, the education of the poor, to which our observations refer—does not in any degree merit the name. It has been well remarked, that the error of this age is to substitute knowledge for wisdom, to educate the head, and to forget that there is a more important education necessary for the heart—or, in other words, that the intellect is cultivated, and that morals are neglected. This is strictly true; and since education has made such rapid progress, the morality of the people has undergone a decided change for the worse. We do not wish the corollary to be drawn from this, that intellectual education, *per se*, has done all the mischief; what we mean to assert is, that it is a kind of education, neither fitted for the wants nor the improvement of the poor, and that they have thus been left exposed to mischievous agencies, both moral, religious, and political.

What benefit, we would ask, does the labouring man derive from learning to read and to write?—many, is the answer. No doubt he does—he *may* read his Bible—and he *may* find a source of perpetual amusement in books. So he may—but does he? The facts we have previously stated are the best and most conclusive answer.

The majority of a nation must, in all ages and in all stages of civilization, be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and must always, to a greater or a less extent, be poor, and dependant upon their own exertions for subsistence. What then should be taught to this majority—because the end and aim of all education ought to be to make men good and wise; that is, to enable them to perform their duties as husbands, fathers, and citizens—not surely to read and to write alone, unless it can be demonstrated that reading and writing are, as a matter of course, followed by the morals of public and of private life.

A child, for example, is sent to a primary school every day, or to a Sunday school once a week; here it is placed, probably, in a numerous class, and the attention of its teacher exclusively devoted to its progress in reading. It leaves the school, perhaps, knowing something more than it did, and it goes home; what does it find there? drunkenness, irreligion, and immorality. Will any man assert that what it has learnt will guard it from the pestilence of example?

If our population is to be improved by education, education must be more comprehensive than it is at present, it must go on both at home and at school. The adult population is as much or more in want of moral education than its children; and no intellectual education given to the latter ever can, or ever will, prove a blessing, inasmuch as it fails in the only point on which all instruction for the poor should turn. We raise no barrier by teaching a child to read, against those daily and hourly influences, which are acting upon it at home, and which influences form and determine character, Nay, it is full as likely to turn its capacity for reading into a channel that can only hasten its moral, social, and political degradation.

Instead, therefore, of looking for moral, social, and political improvement from teaching the children of this generation the mere elements of learning, a system of home visitation, of moral culture, assiduously and pertinaciously applied, of religious instruction carried into the midst of their households, and of lessons of domestic economy, illustrated by their own misery, should be universally adopted. It is to these points that all our efforts should be directed, and without attention to these, schools may be built, money lavished, and learning given, but we shall never make our population wiser men, or better citizens.

What, then, it may be asked, are our people to be left in the stolid ignorance of barbarism—would you cease to teach them to read? By no means; but we enter our protest against this species of instruction being called educating the people.

The "philosophy of poverty" should consist of morality, religion, and content. We may educate poverty, we may give to it political rights; but we shall never improve its condition, without this philosophy is made habitual to it. G.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

[A granitic rock on the western bank of the Rio Temi attracted their attention. It is called the Piedra de la Guahiba, or Piedra de la Madre and commemorates one of those acts of oppression of which Europeans are guilty in all countries whenever they come into contact with savages. In 1797, the missionary of San Fernando had led his people to the banks of the Rio Guaviare, on a hostile excursion. In an Indian hut they found a Guahiba woman with three children, occupied in preparing Cassava flour; she and her little ones attempted to escape, but were seized and carried away. The unhappy female repeatedly fled with her children from the village, but was always traced by her Christian countrymen. At length the friar, after causing her to be severely beaten, resolved to separate her from her family, and sent her up the Atabipo towards the missions of the Rio Negro. Ignorant of the fate intended her, but judging by the directions of the sun, that her persecutors were carrying her far from her native country, she burst her fetters, leaped from the boat, and swam to the left bank of the river. She landed on a rock, but the president of the establishment ordered the Indians to row to the shore and lay hands on her. She was brought back in the evening, stretched upon the bare stone (the Piedra de la Madre), scourged with straps of manatee leather, which are the ordinary whips of the country, and then dragged to the mission of Javita, her hands bound behind her back. It was the rainy season, the night was excessively dark, forests believed to be impenetrable stretched from that station to San Fernando over an extent of eighty-six miles, and the only communication between these places was by the river; yet the Guahiba mother, breaking her bonds and eluding the vigilance of her guards, escaped under cover of night, and on the fourth morning was seen at the village, hovering round the hut which contained her children. On this journey she must have undergone dangers, hardships, and privations from which the most robust man would have shrunk. And the result of all this courage and devotion was—her removal to one of the missions on the upper Orinoco, where despairing of ever seeing her beloved children, and refusing all kinds of nourishment, she miserably perished —a victim to the barbarity and bigotry of wretches calling themselves Christians.—*Humboldt's Travels.*]

Amidst the rich banana trees,
  Within the verdant shade,
Where sun-bright palms a canopy
  Of gorgeous beauty made;

The Indian mother's palm-thatch'd hut,
  In rustic beauty stood,
Shelter'd o'er head by quivering leaves,
  Screen'd by the neighb'ring wood.

Within her quiet, happy home,
  Three cherub children dwelt;
High swell'd with joy the mother's heart,
  When at her feet they knelt.

Shrieks—shrieks—wild shrieks are in the air,
  Fierce, fast devouring flame,
Is scorching up that Eden bower,
  Its joys—its loves—its name.

Fiercer than elemental war
  Man's passions stalk behind;
High rings the stern unpitying shout,
  "Kill, kill, or firmly bind."

With bloody sword, with waving torch,
With slaughter drunk or mad,
Their leader urges on the fight,
In priestly garments clad.

Oh God! was this thy chosen one?
Was this thy servant good?
Whose dark, relentless bigotry,
Would plant thy word in blood?

With hurried speed, in terror wild,
With retroverted eye,
The Indian mother rushes forth,
With rapid steps to fly.

But not alone the mother came—
Two children on her hung;
A third dragg'd onwards by her side,
Within her tunic slung.

Vain—vain her flight; far fleeter steps
Are pressing close behind:
Again the same wild shout arose,
"Kill! Kill! or firmly bind."

Seiz'd, bound—and with her little ones,
Allow'd no sign, no word,
Their cries fell bitter on her soul,
Her inmost spirit stirr'd.

Far down the Orinoco's stream,
Fetter'd, both hand and foot,
Far from her happy sun-bright home,
Far from her palm-built hut—

Away they sail'd—hope sunk—it died—
Onward the light bark sweeps;
When night's dark gloom o'ershadows them,
Something beside her creeps.

It is her child—her youngest one,
Seeking its mother's breast,
On which to lay its wearied head,
Its wonted place of rest.

Fast were her hands—she could not clasp
The cherub—but it crept
Close and more close—it threw its arms
About her neck, and slept.

Night pass'd—morn dawn'd—from fetters freed,
She moves her limbs at last,
Her trembling, bleeding, tortur'd arms,
Are round her darling's cast,

Watch'd, guarded day and night, she dwelt,
Amidst her captors stern,
Who strove by blows, by stripes, by chains,
Their faith—to make her learn.

Her palm-built hut—her once blest home
  Rose brightly on her mind;
With woman's skill she 'scap'd her guards,
  That happy home to find.

In vain—in vain—by bloodhounds trac'd
  Through forest and o'er plain,
Herself—her little ones were found—
  Once more to fly—in vain.

They stretched her on the granite rock,
  They scourg'd her writhing frame—
And scornful jest and mockery
  Were lavish'd on her shame.

The mother's rock was spotted o'er
  With drops of crimson blood;
Her piercing shrieks—her anguish'd groans
  Rose wildly o'er the flood.

Oh, Heaven! were these thy messengers,
  Man's sinful soul to save;
Whose piety had led them forth
  To cross the boundless wave?

They told of love—of charity—
  Yet treated men as slaves:
They made that paradise a hell
  Thick strown with tear-worn graves.

No: no!—thy heavenly mission breath'd
  Of joy, of hope, of love:
Of holy calm, of happiness,
  Of endless peace above.

How sacred is a mother's love!
  Yet savage hearts are found
Would strive to break the life-link'd chain,
  By which her soul is bound—

Would burst the rivet—break the spell
  Which clasps a mother's heart;
The heart may break—but mother's love
  Of life itself—is part.

They dragg'd her from her little ones,
  Though fast they weeping clung—
Though drops of tear-chok'd agony
  Upon her forehead hung.

Far—far away they carried her—
  Long sail'd, the victim-bark;
They left her 'midst unforded streams,
  'Midst swamps and forests dark.

Yet scarce had night commenc'd its reign
  She broke her bonds and fled—
She plung'd 'midst dangers yet undar'd,
  'Midst scenes of fear and dread.

Oh, Indian mother! did the beasts
  Thy sacred errand know?
Oh, Indian mother! did the streams
  Dry up their wonted flow?

How didst thou live in those wild haunts?
  Thy food did angels bring?
Or did the God thy faith ador'd
  Round thee his mantle fling?

Safely thou pass'd a wilderness
  Man since has never trod,
Supported by a mother's love,
  Upheld by mercy's God.

Again they found thee near the hut
  Which held thy precious ones;
Again blows, stripes, and chains were tried,
  To still thy anxious moans.

Oh, mother! broken, bud-stript flower!
  Was this thy sole reward
For untold dangers overcome?
  For all thy perils dared?

Robb'd of her treasured loves—her joys—
  Despair froze up her tears;
It iced the very springs of life,
  Blasting both hopes and fears.

Heart-broken—withering—dying fast
  With spirit unsubdued,
Firmly she shuts her parched lips,
  Refuses drink, or food.

Bleeding—fast fetter'd—far away
  Beyond her children's cry,
High tow'rds the Orinoco's source,
  They bore her—but to die!

For, passive—listless—stirless now,
  With closing, sunken eyes—
With thin, attenuate, woe-worn frame,
  The Indian mother lies.

Deserted by her savage guards,
  Left all alone to die;
Half-buried 'mongst the sedgy reeds,
  Watch'd by no human eye—

Rous'd by the river's rush, the voice
  Of whispering tuneful trees;
Or by the coolness freshly brought
  Upon the passing breeze;—

She looks around—a quiet smile
  Upon her pale cheeks play'd;
Perchance, she dreamed that in her home
  Her dying limbs were laid.

P. G.

COTTAGE ARCHITECTURE AND COTTAGES.*

We wish that some of our architects, amongst whom there are many men of talent, would turn their attention from torturing Vitruvius and Palladio, and from constructing mock-heroic monstrosities, to the advancement of the social and domestic improvement of their humble fellow-countrymen, by teaching the owners of property and the builders of poor men's cottages the best modes of erecting them. The bizarre taste shewn in many modern erections of great pretensions, is a woeful proof of the declension of this branch of the fine arts. Petruchio's observation on the sleeve of his wife's gown might be well applied to some of the proudest ornaments of our existing race of architects:—

> "A house! why, 'tis like a demi-cannon—
> What up and down—carved like an apple tart—
> Here nip and snip, and cut and slish and slash."

If, as we have heard some architects urge, nothing but these miserable affairs will take with the public, we heartily wish the public had them thrust down its throat as a gentle alterative to correct its taste.

We have before us a little book on the building of cottages suited for the habitation of the labouring classes, in which the subject is treated as it ought to be, and in which due stress is laid upon the influence that the wretched cabins which disgrace many of our rural districts produce on the morals and habits of their occupiers. This view of the homes of the poor has been strongly and forcibly urged upon the attention of the public in Mr. Gaskell's work on the manufacturing population, and we cannot do better than quote one or two of his remarks preparatory to what we have to say:—

"The owners of cottage property in towns seldom lay out any money upon it; and seem, indeed, only anxious that it should be tenantable at all, long enough to reimburse them for their first outlay; hence in a few years these houses become ruinous to a degree. One of the circumstances in which they are especially defective is that of drainage and water-closets. No alternative is left to the inhabitants, therefore, but fouling the streets with all kinds of excrementitious matter, and this leads to a violation of all those decencies which shed a protection over family morals.

"It very frequently happens, too, that one tenement is held by several families; one room, or, at most, two, being generally looked upon as affording sufficient convenience for all the household purposes of four or five individuals. The demoralising effects of this utter absence of social and domestic privacy must be seen before they can be thoroughly understood, or their extent appreciated. By laying bare all the wants and actions of the sexes it strips them of outward regard for decency—modesty is annihilated—and father and mother, brother and sister, male and female lodger, do not scruple to commit acts in the presence of each other which even savages hide from the eyes of their fellows!"

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* Essay on the Construction of Cottages for the Labouring Classes, &c., for which the premium of the Highland Society of Scotland was voted. By George Smith, Architect, Edinburgh. Blackie and Son, Glasgow.

The demoralizing agency of defective cottage arrangement is one great cause of the low condition of the morals of the inhabitants of our large towns. Ranges of houses are run up, far too large for the occupancy of a single family, or so small and so completely disfurnished of conveniences, that domestic privacy cannot exist; and this gives rise to a coarseness of feeling and acting, which is one great step towards vice; for, let philosophers and political economists say what they will, coarseness of manners inevitably leads to coarseness of acting—*Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros.*

This mode of cottage building in large and crowded towns has the excuse by the owners of property, that land is too valuable to be thinly covered; and the builder who heaps up a crumbling mass of brick and mortar goes, we suppose, upon the principle that society is comfort—and acts accordingly. But, in retired rural districts, land is cheap enough, and stone, or wood, and labour are quite as cheap; and yet what primitive affairs are thousands of our cottage houses! Even in England, a vast improvement remains to be made in the residences of the agricultural labourers; and in Ireland, the very mention of a cottar's cabin at once conveys to the mind a picture of all that is filthy and disgraceful; nor are things any great degree better among the peasantry of Scotland. The houses called Hinds' houses are wretched hovels, and are scarcely fit for lodging pigs or donkies; such dwellings have rarely more than a single room, however large the family, and have neither ceiling nor floor, so that the cattle are, in a general way, actually better lodged than their keepers.

It has always appeared to us extraordinary, that the owners of property, especially in rural districts, were so blind to the obvious moral evils which inevitably flow from the disgraceful system of lodging their labourers. It has not, in many instances, the excuses of economy, and thus, in place of seeing an orderly and neat arrangement of cottages, we often see a set of dirty, unhealthy, and barbarous looking huts, fitter for New-Zealanders than for Englishmen in the nineteenth century; nay, we do not hesitate to say, that we could find thousands of cottages which our Saxon forefathers would have thought unworthy of being the winter homes for their herds of swine.

The effects produced upon the moral and social condition of the degraded and pauperized agricultural labourer by giving him a decent home, have been abundantly exemplified. Mr. Marriage, a practical man, built several cottages some years ago, and a vast amendment soon took place in the conditions of the tenant. He says, "they soon appreciated the comfort and accommodation they experienced; the women were enabled to keep their houses clean, and the husbands, finding comfortable homes to go to, repaired to them on leaving their work."

"In the construction of cottages (says Mr. Smith), economy and domestic convenience in the arrangement, with strength in the quality of the materials, must be the chief points kept in view, and from these will spring cleanliness, comfort, and convenience." After this, he proceeds to give a series of plans, elevations, and estimates, plain, simple, and understandable. Designs would be out of place here; and we only recommend both poor men and rich men to examine those in the book before us.

There was one point in which cottages are frequently very defective, and that is the free admission of light and air. People, not many years ago, seemed to have a most unnatural horror of the free breath of heaven, and hence the occasional devastations of fevers, plagues, and other contagious and epidemic diseases. Recently a great improvement has taken place in this respect, and if the window duties were removed, we should see still further changes. The chancellor of the Exchequer and a man's health and purse are here at issue, and the tax-gatherer shuts out God's provident gifts.

> "Formerly (says Mr. Smith) the old farm cottages in Scotland were very defective in these respects. They had small windows, and these were not made to open; therefore the only ventillation was by the door and windows. But these wretched hovels are now giving place to more substantial dwellings, brought about, in a great measure, by the patriotic and well-directed exertions of the Highland Society.
>
> "In many districts the cottagers now vie with each other in comfort and cleanliness; we now see whitened walls, half covered with honeysuckles and roses, and a neat garden, either in the front or rear, where ornament is blended with utility.
>
> "The Scotch agricultural labourer deserves well of his country—he is, in general, frugal, industrious, and contented—he is a stranger, not only to the luxuries but often to the moderate comforts of life; yet in this humble condition he has not lost that spirit of independence, which has so long distinguished him; and his chief ambition seems to be to rear his family for the village school, where they receive the blessings of that education, which afford the first elements of their independence; for in the parish schools the sons and daughters of the peasantry inhale with their early breath the principles of devotion—they are trained up in the discharge of every moral and religious duty—and are thus prepared to follow the simple rural life of their fathers."

Not only would the agricultural labourer be thus a contented citizen, and a moral and religious man in Scotland—he would, if properly treated and encouraged, be so every where. But when he is ground down by fiscal exaction—demoralized by defective administration of poor laws—and then treated worse than a serf or a slave, we know what a degraded being he may become. And what a picture does the agricultural population of England at this moment present! We challenge the social history of any country in Europe to present so rapid a declension in the scale of moral and social refinement as that of Great Britain. Formerly her cottage homes were her almost peculiar boast, and her brave and bold yeomanry formed one of the most valuable and important links of the social union. Hardly a vestige remains—and it seems to have been the aim of legislators and the owners of property to root out the very existence of the independent labourer. In the eight counties of Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Essex, Huntingdon, Lincoln, Norfolk, Rutland, and Suffolk a diminution of no less than 20,064 houses took place from the year 1690 to that of 1801. This is a fact which speaks volumes. It tells that the hand of ruthless appropriation has driven away thousands of happy and contented families—that it has quenched the fire upon thousands of hearths—that the small proprietor has been forced from his useful position—that the poor man has been robbed of his garden and his cow—and finally it brings to light a vast and dangerous mass of population and discontent—exposed to the influences of demagogues—and the teachings of an impure religion.

Well may the cheek of the patriot glow when he stands upon the quays of Liverpool or Glasgow, and sees thousands and thousands of his countrymen proceeding into voluntary exile, in order to escape the pressure of home misery. Well may his heart burn within him when he recognizes in these pilgrim-bands the very essence and sinews of a nation's strength—the provident and thrifty labourer and his family—who is carrying his industry and his hard-won earnings to some land where poor laws and corn laws—where taxes upon every article of production and consumption have no existence, and where he hopes to find a field for his labour; as this is all that he wants—and this merry England denies him. This alienation from their native soil we consider as an evil of the first magnitude. It has arisen from the labourers having been deprived of the little plots of land they once enjoyed, and which raised them above the condition of mere hirelings. Thus being deprived of every extraneous resource, and left dependent on the varying labour-market, they were prepared to sink at once into the slough of despond spread around them by the operation of the poor laws. And now when the evil has become too heavy to be borne, and steps are taking to amend this state of things, the sufferings of the stranded victims are becoming awful. Accounts reach us daily of the most heart-rending scenes; and the cry is gone forth—"Give us land—give us land—and save us from the workhouse."

Yes, we say, give them land—restore the means of helping themselves—save them from the workhouse—the lowest degradation to which a freeman can be subjected—and we shall hear no more of Emigration Committees, which are the foulest proofs of the unhealthy condition of the social union.

The construction of cottages in general is exceedingly defective as to fire-places, and we are sorry that Mr. Smith's book passes over the matter lightly. A great deal of fuel is wasted in ordinary grates, and the flues are almost invariably short and direct, and serve only as outlets for heat, instead of serving for its diffusion, as well as the carrying away of smoke. Mr. Smith indulges in some sensible observations enough on the applicability of coal-gas to the purpose of heating cottages, but he forgets that coal-gas, to be made economically, must be made on a large scale, and that consequently, in country districts, it does not deserve the name of domestic fuel. In large towns a good deal might be done with it, and we have no doubt that before long some scheme will come into notice that will make it available.

We must conclude our observations by again urging upon the attention of the owners of property, the importance of well-built cottages, both to the value of their property and to the moral and social amelioration of the working man. How little the subject is undertood by the best meaning men, is obvious from an inspection we made not long ago of some improved cottages, built on the estate of a nobleman, equally distinguished for his public and private virtues. Nothing could be prettier or more picturesque than these, but they were wanting in all the real utilities and comforts which ought to distinguish the cottager's dwelling. Our views we explained to the noble individual, and the suites of three rooms opening into each other by archways, have been converted into snug three-roomed cottages; pig-styes have been added, and convenient out-houses for coals, wood, and tools; and the inhabitants are as they ought to be, frugal, decent in their behaviour, attached to their landlord, eschewers of beer-shops, and know nothing of parochial relief.

P—a—.

ADAM AND EVE'S EVENING PRAYER.

Father Omnipotent! shrin'd in silvery light
 Gently the moon glides through the vault of Heav'n,
She shines serenely pure—fair queen of night—
 God the Creator! she by Thee is giv'n.

Father Omnipotent! through night's silent hour
 The trembling starlights gem the face of heav'n,
O'er all the earth thine influence, Lord, they pour—
 God the Creator! they by Thee are giv'n.

Father Omnipotent! in this breathing shrine,
 Within this temple made by earth and Heav'n,
Lowly we bend and praise Thy name Divine—
 God the Creator! for Thy mercies giv'n.

Father Omnipotent! hallow'd be Thy name!
 The sun, the moon, the stars, that shine in Heav'n,
Thy goodness and Thy love alike proclaim—
 God the Creator! all by Thee are giv'n.

Father Omnipotent! hear our evening prayer!
 Night's shadowy wings are spread o'er earth and Heav'n—
Lord God Supreme! keep us within Thy care—
 Thy grace, Thy blessings unto us be giv'n.

P. G.

THE MAROON PARTY;*

A WEST-INDIAN SKETCH.

THE morning gun, which in this, as well as in every West-India island, announces day-break, had just been discharged at the seaport of Port of Spain; as its echoes died away on the surface of the gulf of Paria, and amongst the circumjacent mountains, I started from my sleep, threw off my light covering, and dressed myself in jeans, the general morning dress in this island. The business of the toilet briefly dispatched, I hasted to the King's wharf, to meet a party who were going to make a sailing and maroon tour along the shores, and amid the mountains of the north of this island.

I met my associates on the wharf, and we embarked on board a beautiful Bermudian cutter, called "The Flying-fish." Our party consisted of five persons. The first was a Mr. Aikin, an amateur draughtsman, and a very talented fellow.

The second person of our party was a Monsieur Du Bois, a Creole of French extraction; he conceived Voltaire was a great philosopher, and that Shakspeare, or, as he pronounced it, Shack-es-pierre, was an inspired barbarian. Mr. Du Bois was in no way a remarkable specimen of his nation, save that he was passionately fond of hunting, shooting, and fishing.

Thirdly, there was with us a certain Javinia, F. Goodenough; he was a native of New England, and cared little for Old England. He believed that the Americans are the only free people on earth—that Dr. Franklin was the inventor of electric conductors, and a great swimmer, and that General Jackson is the most wonderful warrior that ever was seen since the days of Alexander the Great.

The fourth person was Horace Rattoon. Natural history was his favourite pursuit, to study which he would plunge in the midst of the forest, armed with a gun, and furnished with a few instruments and drugs for the purpose of skinning and preserving birds, snakes, &c.; there a single wild cotton-tree, with its endless variety of mosses, wild pines, and parasites, would afford him study for a day. It was to him a living volume of botany; his food during these solitary excursions was a piece of sweetened chocolate, a roll or two of which, on these occasions, he always carried with him; his drink was of the forest stream, and, when that was not to be had, the water of *vitis indica,* or the wild pine, quenched his thirst—at night he would make a fire to keep off insects and reptiles; and under the shelter of an ajoupa, or even without any shelter save the thick foliage of the woods,

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* It was formerly the custom in Jamaica to make parties of pleasure, whose object was a ramble into the woods to visit the mountanious residence of the maroons. These parties took, during their stay, what in England is called "*gipsey-meals,*" and reposed a day or two amongst the maroon villages, subsequently the word "maroon-party" was used to designate any party of persons joining in making rough pedestrian excursions into the woods, or to other retired places for recreation.

He would sleep as soundly on a few palm-leaves as on the best mattress. In his wanderings he has collected a considerable quantity of objects of natural history. I made the fifth of the party.

The light morning-breeze springing up, we got under sail, and gently glided towards "the Five Islands." These are situated some two miles from the shore, and about eight from the Port of Spain. The scenery along the coast is beautiful, consisting of an intermixture of morass, covered with mangroves, pasture, and cane-fields, until the view is bounded by a range of mountains. We were soon off the plantation called Peru, the property of the Devenish family—the father of which, though an Irishman, resided here while the island belonged to the Spaniards. It was on this plantation that Abercrombie landed when he took the colony. When the Spanish governor Chacon, heard of this landing, and was advised to prepare for resistance, it is said he exclaimed, "*Por il amor de la santissima madre de Dios dexen los Ingleses quietos ó nos hacien pedazos*"—For the love of the holy mother of God, let the English alone, or we shall be cut to pieces.)

The following anecdote is likewise reported of this valiant gentleman: one day he was sitting in a gallery, in company with Admiral Apodaca, when a man was assassinated in the street before his face; shocked at the event, this august personage immediately fell on his knees, and, with tears in his eyes, began vigorously to pray for the soul of the deceased! Had it not been for the interference of the admiral, the assassin would have escaped.

When the British soldiers landed on the island, they broke open the boiling-house and distillery, and made grog in a most original manner, and on a very extensive scale. They rolled out three hogsheads of sugar, and seven puncheons of rum, which they emptied into a well of water, drew up the mixture in buckets-full, and drank it. This ingenious mode of making grog was introduced by the regiment under the command of Colonel Picton—the immortal Picton of Waterloo. During his government, he endeavoured to make the colonial department reimburse the proprietor of the plantation for the damage sustained on the landing of his regiment: this he was not able to accomplish. Sir Thomas Picton was one of the most able governors this island ever had. His way of treating debtors that had the means, but wanted the will to pay, was original; instead of undergoing the heavy delay of a Spanish law process, creditors were in the habit of going to Governor Picton; he would summon the debtor before him, and ask him if the plaintiff's claim was just; if the defendant answered in the affirmative, Picton rejoined, "Pay him Sir, immediately;" perhaps the defendant would remark that he had not the money at the moment—"When will you have it, Sir?"—"This day week:" here the governor would say, addressing the plaintiff, "Here is your money"—at the same time paying him himself, and then turning to the defendant, he would add, "Take care, Sir, that you produce the money within ten days;"—this was enough; for few men would venture to trifle with the governor. He had the art of making himself loved and respected by the honest members of the community, and feared by the worthless.

The breeze which had been but light through the morning, now completely died away; and our sails flapped idly against the masts and yards. It was about ten o'clock—the period when the heat is most intolerable; after this, the ardent solar rays are rendered more supportable by the trade-winds, which generally vary from south-east to north-east; these are much less constant than is supposed. Our party assembled on the aft-part of the cutter, under an awning, where breakfast was provided, which consisted of chocolate, bread, some caribed snappers, or red fish, and avocado pears,* or, as they are commonly called, "vegetable marrow." During breakfast we were much amused by listening to a dialogue on the subject of religion between Cuffy and one of the negro sailors called Abdalla; the former was a creole and a Methodist, the latter a Mandingo, and, like all his countrymen, a Mahometan. Cuffy was labouring hard for the conversion of the other, and, I am sorry to say, took an unjustifiable method to effect his purpose, considering his manœuvres in the light of what are called *pious frauds*. He did not scruple to abandon arguments in favour of Christianity by appealing to Abdalla's faith in the marvellous; and related several extraordinary miracles that he protested to have witnessed. Wishing to impress on the Mahometan's mind the necessity of keeping the fourth commandment, he told him, that one Sunday he (Cuffy) visited a friend who was cutting down a tree in his grounds; he remonstrated in vain against this impiety; the other proceeded in his labour, but was converted by the following incident:—Just as he gave the tree the *coup de grace*, much louder than the creaking noise which accompanies the falling of a tree, the friends heard the said tree call out the words, "Oh Lord, Oh!" The next marvellous anecdote of Cuffy's was of a more positive kind. He related that, some years since, he was attached to a plantation in Naparima. An accident happening to a part of the frame of the sugar-mill in the middle of crop, the manager, not to lose time, ordered some of the negroes, and two yoke of oxen, to go into the woods the next morning, although Sunday, for the purpose of bringing home some timber; but the cattle well knowing they were included in the exemption from labour, "struck work."—In vain the negroes applied whip and goad to stimulate the animals; they would not move.—"D——n the oxen!" cried the manager; "why won't they draw?"—No sooner had he said this, than—according to Cuffy—one of them (a black Porto Rico oxen) spoke, and said in reply to the impious manager, ''Cause Gor-amighty make week wid seben days for work, and one for rest.'"—"Seben days for work, and one day for rest!" rejoined Abdallah, with an incredulous air.—"I nebber ben sabby (I never knew) dat week hab eight days before!"—"You dam Willyforce nigger!" rejoined Cuffy, losing at once his temper and religious scruples at hearing his veracity impeached.—"You dam Willyforce nigger!—you tink cattle sabby reckon good as Cristin."

Of all people I ever met, West India negroes have the art of telling lies with the greatest gravity. Shortly after my first taking up my residence in a distant part of the island, I observed that whenever I had poultry for dinner, the liver was missing; and asking the cook (an African) one day the reason of this, he gravely told me, that the poultry in this part of the country had no livers!

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* The fruit of the Lauris Persea.

After we had finished breakfast a slight breeze sprung up, and under easy sail we glided along the coast. St. James's barracks had a beautiful appearance from where we then were; they are splendid buildings, but unfortunately placed in a most unhealthy situation. Many a brave fellow's valuable life has been sacrificed to the miasma of the Cocorite swamps situate in their neighbourhood. It is lamentable to reflect that a set of buildings, costing some hundred thousand dollars, should be erected on so insalubrious a site, when the medical gentlemen of this island, or even any of its intelligent inhabitants, could have pointed out a situation as healthy as any in the country, and one of much greater convenience for barracks than the present head-quarters of diseases, called St. James; but such was the reckless waste of public money in those days. A mile lower down the coast are other proofs of the inattention of the engineer department in placing military buildings in improper situations. The arsenal, and establishments connected with it, stand in one of the most pestilential spots in the island. As we sailed along the singular opening between two ridges of the mountains, the valley of Diego Martin presented itself to us in great beauty. This fine tract of country was formerly granted by the king of Spain to an Englishman called James Martin, whose name it still bears.

We came to anchor in the bay of the principal of the Five Islands. This contains about three acres of land, on which is situated a pleasant rural-looking house, belonging to Herbert Mackworth, Esq., the "alguazil mayor,' of Trinidad (a situation resembling the high-sheriff of an English county). The Five Islands are his undisputed property—I say undisputed; for some years he applied to the governor for a grant of these islands. Sir R. Woodford referred him to the Colonial-office. On renewing the application in that quarter, Mr. Mackworth was informed that the Secretary for the Colonies knew nothing of the islands requested, as they were not noticed in the official map of the colony. Nothing further was said. Mr. M. conceiving silence gives consent, erected his present dwelling on one of the islands. A situation more beautiful, healthy, tranquil, and picturesque can scarcely be imagined. The house is built on an islet in a delightful part of the Gulf, about two miles from the shore, where the scenery is strikingly grand. A distant view of the Bocas and Spanish main finish the panorama.

Going on shore, we found that Mr. Mackworth and his family were in town; and after climbing about the islet, Mr. Du Bois proposed killing some birds, but it was intimated that the proprietor discouraged shooting any of the beautiful feathered tribe that visit his isolated domain with the exception of the pelicans, which commit sad ravages on the fish in the little bay. Du Bois, merely to gratify the cruel love of destroying, the characteristic of your *true sportsman*, killed three pelicans. These birds have too rank and fishey a taste to be good food. Two he threw away, the third Rattoon begged to be allowed to skin and stuff. Examine a dead pelican, or the drawing of one, and you will pronounce it a disproportionate and uncouth, if not a downright ugly-looking bird; and yet in his proper station, standing sentinel on a rock or mangrove branch, with his sullen look, his enormous pouch half filled with fish, and his keen grey eye watching his prey in the flood, his appearance harmonizes well with the surrounding scenery, and possesses an interest which he loses in any other situation.

Embarking, we set sail towards Gasparié—this is an island evidently of volcanic formation, as the naked eye may discover from the sea that its superficial soil is spread over a stratum of lava. The water is so clear that though deep enough to float the largest ship in the navy, we could plainly discern at the bottom the guns of the Santa Maria; for here it was that, when the English attacked this island, the brave Admiral Apodaca gallantly saved his four ships from falling into the hands of the British, by setting fire to them without discharging a gun,* and then boasted of having saved the image of San Jago of Campostella, his patron saint.

This is the chief station of the Trinidad whalers. I have been informed by several persons connected with this fishery that the leviathan may here be seen and even heard eating a kind of sea-weed that grows on the rocks† beneath the Gulf.

As we sailed along, a whale of about seventy feet in length made his appearance near us, and after blowing a mass of steam and water from his nostrils, with a deep roar sunk again. In about half a minute he re-appeared so near our vessel that we could discern his disproportionately small eyes. The enormous creature gambolled about our cutter as though it mistook it for one of its companions of the deep—now would it blow its cloud a-head of us with the force of a steam-engine discharging its vapour, and sink. Anon it appeared on our side—again under our stern it would shew its enormous form—its awkward evolutions, although harmless, and doubtless playful, were by no means agreeable to us. Du Bois having charged his gun with a ball, the next time he appeared, fired on him. I imagine he felt the shot on his blubber-defended back, as much as a tortoise feels a musquito sting. However, conceiving I suppose this to be a civil hint that his amiable visits were not desirable, he left us, much to our satisfaction. The great quantity of these fish found here, induced the Spaniards to call this *Golfo de Ballena*, or the Gulf of Whales. Whalers here find the sharks strong rivals in their trade—no sooner is a fish harpooned than a countless mass of these ravenous monsters attack it. In vain the people attempt to drive them off, so daring are those wolves of the deep that they will tear off large pieces of blubbler, while the men are belabouring them with their oars; nor is what they devour all the whaler loses—they will snatch large mouthsful of blubber, swim a few paces, then with doglike-greediness, let them drop and return for more. It is supposed that the sharks eat and destroy as much as the whalers get. The flesh of the calf or young whale, is said to be excellent—it forms no inconsiderable part of the food of the poor of Bermuda, where however it is not sold—when a whale is cut up there, every one takes as much of the eatable part as he chooses. I once tried to eat it myself, but found or fancied it tasted of oil.

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* El San Vincent (a superb three decker), 84; El Gallardo, 74; El Arrogante, 74; El San Ceuslia, a frigate, 40 guns: these were burnt by the Spaniards, but El San Damasia, a 74, was captured without resistance—the English had four ships.

† I have since heard this from a person of veracity of the whales of Bermuda as well as those of Trinidad.

While on this subject I shall relate a circumstance which took place some twenty years since in Port of Spain :—

" The silver moon (according to the most approved novelist phraseology) had gained her zenith and the busy hum of man was hushed." Nothing was heard except the cicada's whizzing sound, which has gained him the appellation of razor-grinder ; the buz of insects, which, as Bryan Edwards remarks, makes a " pleasing noise ;" the chanting of about a thousand cocks, which here crow through the night ; and the noise of about four hundred dogs, which kept up a continued chorus of barking, seemingly vying with each other which should yell loudest and longest. However, save these slight annoyances, " all was tranquil" in Port of Spain.

All at once was heard a booming, lowing, moaning—in short, an indescribable noise, which awoke all the inhabitants. The noise was of so remarkable a character as to defy conjecture. What was it? no one could explain the mystery. Some thought it the rumbling noise which precedes an earthquake ; yet it had not a subterraneous sound. Others expected that it was the bursting of the *soufriere*, or great volcano of St. Vincent ; but the noise was not so distant. The Moco negroes declared that it was the great *Jombé*. The Coromantiens thought it their god *Aecompong*. The Mandingoes said the sound was caused by their great king, Yoseph ben Mahomed, who always travelled with a band of one thousand musicians, playing on elephant's tusks ; whilst all the politicians conceived it could be nothing less than the West India fleet engaging a French squadron. In fact, Port of Spain never was in such a state of alarm before : save in 1808, when it was destroyed by fire ; and in 1805, when Nelson, entering the Gulf in pursuit of the combined fleets, was mistaken for the enemy, and the island placed under martial law.

The terrible noise continued, and many were the vows of repentance made in the fright of the moment ; in vain, such as pretended not to care for the mysterious sounds, attempted to sleep. Sangarée and mosquito doses* were employed as composing draughts without effect. Some Chinese, inhabiting the island, swallowed and smoked opium, yet they could not sleep. The noise seemed to say, like the ominous voice in Macbeth, " SLEEP NO MORE !"

The marks of twilight at length became visible over the eastern hills ; and from the sea-fort was heard a report, which, for a moment, drowned the unknown sound ; namely, the morning gun was fired ; and, as if in reply, the cracked bell of the old Catholic church announced that it was time to say mass.

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* Grog taken at bed-time.

The alarm created by the mysterious noise, which still continued, was so great, that terror, taking devotion's mien, induced an unusual concourse to flock to the sacred edifice. In the streets adjoining might be seen throngs of all colours rushing to church, most of them followed by little negroes bearing stools; many of them carrying prayer books upside down. As they approached the church, the noise grew louder; it sounded like the lowing that one might imagine an ox, as big as the Tamana mountain, would send forth.

But lo! on reaching the place of devotion the alarm was at once explained, for on the beach, within a few yards of the church, was found laying a large black substance, which, on examining, every body was of opinion was "very like a whale." It had perhaps been pursued by thrashers, until it got too near the shore, and the receding tide had left it "high and dry."

As the royal claim for whales found on the coast is unknown in this island, here was a prize for all who wanted blubber, oil, whalebone, or such of the flesh as is good to eat.

Many, laughing at their former alarm, now commenced the attack, all was bustle—

"The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand."

Axes, adzes, cutlasses, and large knives were put in requisition. In short, the whole of the lower order of the populace commenced hacking and hewing away at the fish.

The creature had ceased to bellow; and, from the large mass of blubber taken from him, they thought he was mere "dead stock." "Why don't you *hanchor* him?" said the mate of a London ship, who had been in the Greenland trade, "you don't *hact* according to *Oil*" (he was a Cockney).

This advice was lost on those to whom it was addressed. Each was too busy on his own account to think of doing anything for the public good. "Why don't you run a harpoon in him, and belay it with a lanyard to that house?" said the mate.

The only one who noticed this advice was a black man, who, like the whale, was *half seas over* (for the tide had risen), and he replied with a proverb, giving it a new reading, "every one for *myself*."

Gradually the water came up, yet the dissection proceeded, when, unexpectedly, there

"Rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave."

In fact, to the astonishment of all, the whale, with about twenty persons on his back, by a sudden effort launched itself into the middle of the Gulf. The involuntary passengers most lustily bawling and wailing, and the unfeeling spectators on shore giving them three cheers as they were going off.

After getting into sufficient depth of water, the fish sunk, leaving his *blubber*ing tormentors to the care of the sharks and baracootas. Fortunately the crew, that performed this unprecedented voyage, were all picked up without serious accident.

The negroes made a song about it, of which the following is a specimen:—

"Who hearee tell such a tale afore,
Of big fish left in a lurch,
No somebody sawy a whale afore,
Take path for go in a church."

Although the current was against us, we had a breeze which quickly carried us to the Bocas or Dragon's Mouths. This is a scene of peculiar grandeur, the two points of land, one of Trinidad, the other of the Spanish Main, strongly resembling each other, being lofty mountains of similar forms, covered with forests, and distant from each other about fourteen miles. Between them are three small bold islands, looking, as some one has said, like sentinels to guard the peaceful gulph from the rude assaults of the Atlantic billows, or by a more poetical stretch of the imagination, we might suppose them to be three of the mountains pitched about by the Titans in their war with Jove. Between them run the long and narrow watery roads called Boca de Monos (monkey's mouth), Boca de Huevos (egg's mouth), Boca de Navios (ship's mouth), from the name of the respective islets; and outside, between the island Chacachacareo* and the Main is the noble passage called the Grand Boca (Boca Grande), beyond those singular passages the ocean sullenly roars—inside slumbers the "peaceful gulf" as it was well denominated in some old charts. Between those islands run strong, deep, but smooth and silent streams. There is something indescribably awful in sailing between those lofty mountains, whose height make the passage look narrow, and give to the noblest ship an appearance of insignificance. The first of these mouths is seldom attempted but by small vessels; the second used to be considered a safe entrance into the gulf by ships of any size, until the earthquake of 1825; it is an extraordinary fact, that immediately after that event, the first ship attempting to pass into the gulf this way, met with a counter-current, that nearly carried her on the rocks—she narrowly escaped destruction;—and, the very next ship, a fine new vessel, called the Naparima, was lost there. Many other wrecks have been subsequently made here, and many vessels have had narrow escapes. These circumstances have induced the underwriters at Lloyd's to forbid the ships entering the gulf, except at the passage called Navios, or between Chacachacareo and the Main. The fact of the second passage being safe previous to, and a perilous one after, the earthquake, I can vouch for; yet it is singular, that an earthquake that did no other damage than cracking a few walls, and injuring the tower of a church, built on infirm land, should have influenced the currents of the ocean.

5 o'clock, P. M. Through the day we had "light winds inclining to calms," as midshipmen's journals say; the breeze however now freshened. We attempted to pass through the small Boca, although the current was against us. The "Flying-fish" stemmed the stream beautifully, and in about fifteen minutes we were within a hundred

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* So called by the Indians from a bird peculiar to this island, whose notes resemble the sound of this word.

yards of achieving the passage out of the Gulf, when gradually the wind slackened. Of this we had intimation by perceiving that the cutter made little advance: in a minute or two she was only able to keep her way, the current sending her back as fast as the wind propelled her forward. "Out with the sweeps," cried the skipper; Goodenough took charge of the helm, and the captain and all the sailors went to the sweeps (long oars). All would not do—the light air subsided into a calm, and, in spite of the efforts of the sweeps we were entering into the Gulf stern foremost. Our voyage was one of pleasure—we therefore cared little for returning to the Gulf; but it vexed all the seamen on board to see the cutter "progress backward" (as Goodenough called it); however there was no danger in this, and in a few minutes we found ourselves on the inner-side of the Dragon's Mouth, in safe anchorage.

'Let go the throat-haulyards—down with the gaf-topsail—let go the anchor," sung the skipper; these orders were executed, and we went to dinner.

The principal dishes that composed our repast were a morocaye, a species of tortoise, equal, or superior to green turtle; a groper, a delicious fish, perhaps the finest in the West Indies, especially when stewed with claret; it is a fish, the growth of which is unlimited; some are taken that scarce weigh half a pound, and others of enormous size. In 1812, one was brought to the fish-market at Port of Spain, weighing nine hundred pounds! When very large they are called "Jew-fish."

We were scarcely seated at dinner, when our attention was rivetted by a new and most extraordinary phenomenon—it was no other than a concert; but the most original and singular of any that I ever heard. It was indeed one, that I should have scarcely ventured to describe; but that an account of similar music occurs in White's Voyage to Cochin China."

Immediately under our vessel we heard a commencement of wild and pleasing sounds, similar to those which we could imagine might proceed from a thousand Œolian harps, beginning in slow tones, but gradually swelling into an uninterrupted stream of harmony; to this might be added the booming of Chinese gongs, mellowed by distance—then again was heard to join sounds like the chorus of many human voices, chanting from the height of treble to a deep bass; indeed it is useless to attempt a description, for I am not able to find any satisfactory similitude to it, either in nature or art. During the time we heard this submarine concert, we felt, or thought we felt, a slight vibration of the vessel.

We paused at first from our meal, and each looked in the other's face with a vague inquiry. No one could afford information, until a seaman, who had formerly been a fisherman, informed us that it was caused by a shoal of trumpet-fish. Long after this little voyage was performed, I obtained a specimen of the vocal residents of the deep. Might not some similar vocal-fish have caused the fable of the syrens? The trumpet-fish is about thrice the thickness of a man's thumb, twenty-two inches long, including a singular kind of supplementary tail, or membrane growing out of its tail, about the thickness of strong twine, but tapering to a fine thread; this, I believe, to be the continuation of the vertebræ; it is about five inches in length. Its most remarkable peculiarity is its long bill, which justifies its appellation—this is about four inches long; but whether the sounds we heard were caused by the fishes fastening to the vessel, or, as some say, they possess the sonorous power independent of adhering to an object, and can utter sounds by elevating their trumpets above the surface of the water, I will leave naturalists to decide. In about fifteen minutes, the singular "sea song" died away.

The sun had sunk amidst splendid clouds beyond the mountains of Paria; the brief twilight of a climate within ten degrees of the equator succeeded; shortly after, the dark and tranquil waters of the Gulph glittered with the reflection of the full moon. Two small sloops entered the first Boca, and passed us as we were at anchor. As a brisk southern breeze had risen, round their bows and in their wakes were seen the phosphoric particles, which some nights render the waters here so luminous that vessels seem to sail amid a liquid fire. Several fishermen were employed at their avocation by torchlight. Altogether we had before us a delightful night-scene, which, by the light of a lantern, Aikin was sketching. Du Bois, meanwhile, was reading aloud, although for his own amusement, "Casimir Delavigne's Messiniennes," after the usual French fashion, in a chaunting tone, and making a long pause in every sixth and twelfth syllable:—

"A vous puissants du *monde*—à vous rois de la *terre;*
Qui tenez dans vos *mains*—et la paix et la *guerre!*"

Goodenough spent the evening smoking cigars, and singing some two or three hundred sublimely-ridiculous stanzas, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." More nonsense has been sung to this tune than to any other ever composed. Rattoon and myself walked the deck during the evening to enjoy the fine scenery. At an early hour we betook ourselves to our mattrasses under the awning; the heat prevented our sleeping in the cabin. Next morning we found that we had passed through the Bocas in the night, and were in the main ocean. *Tobago* loomed faintly through the mist of twilight, looking like a long tube* on the horizon; and, as the rays of the sun began to illumine the east, more faintly still might be seen the lofty eminences of Grenada, while, closer on our starboard, appeared the gloomy northern mountains of Trinidad, covered with a thick mass of vegetation, composed of giant forest-trees, each of which supports such countless numbers of tendrils, parasites, &c., that the gigantic tree itself is almost as hidden as a king in his coronation robes. Below, the earth is covered with a quantity of dense underwood, as if vegetation was determined to render it impracticable for man to pass over those mountains. When viewed at a distance, this superabundance of vegetation gives the northern shores a sombre aspect, but on approaching, they look grand, and even sublime.

The turbulence of the billows was so great, that the whole of our party, except the American, experienced that heaving sensation of the stomach and swimming of the head, which is caused by sea-sickness; a malady which, although laughed at by those who do not feel it, is by far more, for the time, insupportable than even the yellow fever. We felt no consolation when the captain said that the sea-sickness was extremely healthful; nor were we at all inclined to follow the prescription of Goodenough, who recommended us to take a certain remedy for the disorder—*videlicit,* a dish of salt-pork, seasoned with molasses!

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* Hence its name, *Tobago*, in the Indian language, signifies either *tobacco* or the tube used in smoking it.

At our desire, the skipper endeavoured to get closer in shore, where the sea is comparatively calm. To do this, we were obliged to make a stretch towards the Bocas.

"What is that triangular red streak in the sky, which slowly crosses over the Gulph towards the Spanish main?" asked Aikin. Rattoon informed us that it was a flight of flamingoes, crossing from Trinidad to the swampy lands, lying between the mouths of the Guarapechi and the Orinoco They always fly in that manner, one leading the van, and occasionally falling in the rear, while another takes precedence. We were too distant to discover this change of leaders.

The sun, which had now risen ten degrees above the horizon, shed its rays on their fiery plumage; and their appearance, as they seemed slowly to sail across the heavens, was inconceivably beautiful.

Having got close to the land, we passed the singular fishing village of "Sant d'Eaux," and came to anchor in a road about a mile below it. Here we left the cutter in a boat, and rowed towards the shore, Rattoon promising to shew us a natural curiosity worth visiting. By his desire, the boat was pulled towards a mountain, covered, like all on this coast and most on the island, with a crowded forest. This mountain projected from the rest in bold relief. It was about 2,500 feet high, and rested on a natural arch of black rock.

Under this arch or cave, rolled the billows of the ocean with a sound like thunder. We approached this cavern, and surveyed it with admiration, not unmixed with terror. The pier that projected seaward, though necessarily strong to support the millions of tons of rock, earth, and vegetation, was so diminished in appearance by the immensity of the load it bore, that it looked to us like a small point. And what rendered this more fearful to contemplate, was the circumstance that for ages the sea had been wearing it away. It was visible that the continued action of the waves would so weaken this pier, as to render it unable to support its Atlas-like burden; and that the arch and mountain would be, at some future time, precipitated with a fearful effect into the waters.

I looked around, above, and beneath the cavern with wonder; so did Du Bois. Aikin took out his pencil and paper, but relinquished them in despair, being persuaded he could not delineate scenes of such awful sublimity. Rattoon, although he had visited this extraordinary spot before, gazed at it, rapt in admiration. Goodenough was the only person who betrayed no emotion. A long and almost breathless pause ensued. Silence was at length broken by the American, who, in a nasal tone, exclaimed, "I guess if that *there* mountain falls, it'll *'mash up* all the poor little fishes." Sundry shrugs of the shoulders were the only responses which this sally elicited, and which the Yankee doubtless did not interpret to his disadvantage.

Having inspected this mountain from several points, and rowed under its dark cavern, we made for the fishing hamlet of Saut d'Eaux, so called from two or three little cascades that fall here. This is an extraordinary site for a village; it is a sandy and rocky nook of nearly a triangular form, the base of which is the sea, and its remaining sides a mountain of about 2,000 feet high, so very steep that it is astonishing how trees force their roots * in the soil. The whole of the bight (to use a maritime phrase) is but twenty or thirty paces in extent, yet on this confined spot dwell more than eighty souls, the constant inhabitants, and on an average one hundred transient persons using such shelter as about fourteen houses afford. These are huddled together with their respective mud-built walls touching each other. Some stand on the rocks, some in holes dug out of the mountains, but most of them on the sands, looking like large packages thrown promiscuously out of a ship when she discharges her cargo. There is no passage to it save the surfy bay on one side, and over the steep mountain on the other. How any one can climb it is astonishing; but this its inhabitants, and those who visit them for the purpose of bartering, do with heavy burdens on their heads. To achieve this, they make use of steps which they have dug in the mountains. Sometimes they pull themselves up by holding on the roots of the trees which project from the steep soil; and at others they climb large rocks which are loosely embedded in the surface of the soil. It seemed to us a strange place for one hundred and eighty human beings to fix their residence. The danger of an earthquake naturally suggested itself, or that some of those extended cataracts, called *Trinidadrains,* might loosen the rocks, which seemed but suspended over their crowded huts, ready at each moment to crush them, as the sword of the tyrant hung by a single hair over the bed of his guest! Our ideas at the time anticipated a catastrophe that took place some months after this visit, during one of those deluges which are almost peculiar to this island. A stream poured down the mountain with such violence, that some of the rocks above gave way; these, in their descent, brought down others; the lower this "ponderous ruin" descended the more terrific it became, until a mass of rocks, earth, and trees alighted on the wretched habitations of Saut d'Eaux, and in an instant they were buried in destruction! During the descent of this tremendous body, what must have been the feelings of the poor inhabitants? The chances of escape seemed few; hemmed in by the boisterous main, they could only take to their canoes, or plunge amid the surf.. This they did; and, by the mercy of Heaven, all escaped, with the exception of seven, who were the next day dug from the ruins, literally crushed to atoms. It was marvellous that the greater part escaped this terrible visitation.

It may be asked, what induces such a number of persons to choose so dreadful a spot for their residence, on an island capable of affording convenient room for one hundred times its population? There is no ocean so stormy, but that the prospect of gain will lure the navigator to traverse it—there is no mine so gloomy, but lucre will tempt man to labour in it—no spot so dangerous, inconvenient, and insalubrious, but that gain will stimulate some men to fix their dwellings on it. Saut d'Eaux is the only inlet for some miles on this mountainous shore, where are found the united advantages of fresh water, a good bay, and space for a village; besides, it is decidedly the best fishing station in the island. Of the abundance of the finny tribe that the sea here affords, the reader may judge, when he is informed that at certain times of the year it supplies the greater part of the fish consumed by the inhabitants of Port of Spain (nearly 12,000).

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* The *Croton gossytrifolium*, and twenty or thirty other varieties of the croton, are here found in great abundance.

The villagers are generally peons, that is Spaniards from the main, of the mixed Indian and European race, some few mullattoes, and two or three negroes. I saw but one white resident. Their occupation is catching, selling, and carrying fish to town. Agriculture is here out of the question; and the only one of its inhabitants who enters into any other commerce, save the barter of their staple articles for the necessaries and conveniences of life, is a man of colour, the *soi-dissant* adjoint-commandant, their only magistrate,; who, with that public spirit which becomes a justice of the peace, retails by license a (no very) slow poison, called "*taffia*," better known to the English reader by the name of new rum.

We bought at this village a kingfish that weighed 15lb; this, excepting the groper, is the best fish which swims on our coast. It cost us a pistereen, about tenpence sterling; but from the relative value of money here and in England, it should not be considered above half the amount. Yet Cuffy quarelled with the fisher man, telling him," that he had taken us in, because we were *buckra*" (white men.)

Returning on board the Flying-fish, we took breakfast, and ran down a mile or two towards the Bocas; when, as it was agreed, we left the vessel, landed, and putting ourselves under the pilotage of Rattoon (who was well acquainted with the mountains) followed an Indian tract in order to pass southwards into the valley of Diego Martin, and then home.

The first things that took our attention were the mangroves,* a species of marine vegetable found in most countries lying between the tropics, the ocean washing the seeds from one shore to another, and this hardy vegetable takes root on every sea-coast of the torrid zone; but what renders these mangroves most remarkable, is that a species of the oyster is found to attach itself to its sea-washed roots, and even to those of its branches which hang in the water. These oysters are very irregular in form, three or four growing on each other in all manner of shapes. When Columbus discovered this island, misled by Pliny, he imagined that those oysters opened their shells to receive the dews, which they converted into pearls. This, though a more fanciful, was not a greater error than his taking the sea-side or mangrove grapes† for the fruit of the genuine vine, which is not a native of this island, nor the shore immediately opposite; nor can it be cultivated here with any advantage.

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* The rhizophora mangle.

† Coccoloba uvifera.

Our way was up a hill, through thick woods of the bullet-tree, (*Achras balata*), which bears a very sweet kind of fruit; a good idea may be formed of the value of timber here, when I say that we saw two or three peons felling some of these trees, merely for the sake of getting their fruit. "When the savages of Louisiana," says the author of *L'Esprit des Loix*, "want fruit, they cut down the trees;" he adds, in his forcible, but laconic style, "this gives a good idea of a barbarous government."

As our ascent was laborious, we sat down on one of those trees which had just been cut down, to rest ourselves.

"Do you know what this is?" said Ratton, addressing Aikin, and presenting him with an insect of about an inch in length. Placing the insect in his hat, and covering is so as to exclude the light, only leaving room for Aikin to look in, the artist at once perceived it to be a *fulgora phosphorea*, or great fire-fly; as the beautiful creature displayed in the dark his two green lamps, which are placed above the eyes, and as he attempted to fly, a large lambent sparkle of a deep ruby colour was visible in its abdomen.

"Some years since," said Rattoon, "a Spanish lady had a masquerade dress trimmed and ornamented with these splendid insects, and *cicindelas*, smaller, though not less brilliant, fire-flies, which emit scintillations while in the act of respiring. The effect of this costume was magnificent beyond description: the lady had them placed between plaits of very fine net; and not as the author of 'Six Months in the West Indies,' insinuates, 'strung through the middle, as children string cockchafers;' for, in fact, those insects are so very beautiful that I scarcely think the most cruel naturalist would have the heart to harm them. I, on one occasion, applied their lamps to some advantage. Being situated as an overseer on a plantation under the direction of a manager who considered all reading and writing, save that which was necessary to keep the estate's journal, as idleness, I was obliged either to relinquish my studies, or to prosecute them in secret. To accomplish the latter (not being allowed candles), I procured eight or ten fire-flies, which I secured in a tumbler, and fed them on small pieces of sugar-cane. I concealed them during the day; and at night while I was supposed to be in bed, I made use of my 'insect-lamp,' which afforded me sufficient light to read the smallest print."

"What insect is that?" inquired Aikin, "which but now fluttered with a humming noise across my face; and see, it is feeding on the fruit of the fallen bullet-tree, on the wing!"

"It is no insect; the diminutive creature is the crowned humming-bird; the smallest and most beautiful *Trochilus* or humming-bird known here; we are too far from it to note this wonder of the feathered tribe, it being less than some bees. But see, the daring little beauty approaches us; observe its graceful from—its plumage of variegated gold—its amethyst-like head—its ruff of light yellow, spangled with deep green, that looks like a second pair of wings; mark its long bill scarcely thicker than a needle, and above all its feathered crown!"

"It is a most beautiful creature," said Aikin.

"What an endless variety of birds is here," continued Rattoon, "I have myself collected twenty distinct specimens of the humming-bird alone; there are doubtless many more; this justifies the name that the Indians gave this country."

"What is that?" inquired Du Bois.

"The Island of Erie," replied Rattoon, "or Humming-bird; the few Indians we have call it so to this day. It is a beautiful appellation; but come, let us forward." We followed, Goodenough whistling "Morgan Rattler," until the steepness of our road made him stop his music in order to husband his breath.

At length we arrived at the North Signal Post, an establishment kept for the purpose of telegraphing vessels bearing towards this island, previous to their entering the Gulph. This is one of the most beautiful views in the island. It has been said with much truth that Trinadad scenery is more South American than West Indian, but this prospect unites both. The islands at the Dragon's Mouth look here magnificent, bearing the appearance of their having in former times connected the world of mountains that cross the northern part of the island with the almost endless chain of the Andes that cross the great South American continent. These mountainous islands and the Gulph form a complete South American view: while the lovely valley of Diego Martin beneath, presents as sweet a West Indian landscape as I ever beheld.

All stood gazing on this beauteous scene rapt in admiration; even Goodenough's countenance expressed astonishment and pleasure at the picture beneath and around him. Rattoon, who was marking the effect that his favourite view produced on his four companions, saw the American's countenance with delight, and seemed to forgive his former *gaucheries*, until the captain seeing Rattoon observing him, thought it incumbent to say something; he, therefore, thus expressed himself:—"I say, Mr. Rattoon, I guess you think this here prospect pretty considerably droll?"

Gentle reader, can you imagine a wild steed of the banks of Apura, going to slake his thirst in the stream, and while he inhales the cooling draught, an electric eel by way of giving him a friendly salute, rubs his benumbing form against the nose of the noble quadruped? Something of this sensation was endured by the poet, who very unceremoniously left the party and walked off home, evidently electrified by the unconscious Yankee. We were not slow in following, and after a short delay made our way down the mountains towards Diego Martin valley, and thence home, each delighted with his excursion.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH QUESTION CONSIDERED.*

This unpretending little pamphlet contains much simple and useful advice, and given in a tone of great candour and good-will. It strictly answers to its title, for it is a mere collection of hints, and not a complete plan; and it is really addressed equally to churchmen and dissenters, being written in a spirit equally friendly to both. The author sets out by urging that apparently self-evident, but constantly forgotten truth, that we ought to give our chief care to the most important things, and drop minor differences till we have settled the weightier. Having thus conciliated both classes of his readers, he thus states his object, and offers the following highly useful suggestion:—

> "This essay will treat solely on the change which is avowedly necessary in the administration of the temporal affairs of the church of England. With regard to differences of a spiritual nature, I beg here publicly to request, that in furtherance of that principle of our faith which bids us be in peace and charity with all me, disssnters, of whatever denomination, will address to me as the author of this essay, under cover, to the publisher, a statement of what they consider to be the grievances under which they severally labour, and what remedies they would suggest. And I here pledge myself, as far as in my power lies, methodically to arrange the same, or such of the same as shall appear most worthy of record, which I will then give to the public, with such observations or suggestions as may appear to me to be requisite, leaving it to the general voice of the community at large to decide the question."

He attributes the defects in the *temporal* affairs of the church to three main causes:—*pluralism,* the consequent *non-residence* of the beneficed clergy, and the *inequality* with which the remuneration to the ministry is distributed.

But first he premises, we think rather unwisely, that the church and state are so interwoven, that no separation between them can be made, and that to expel the bishops from the House of Lords is "absolutely doing away with the constitution itself, and throwing us on the wild waves of anarchy." However, agreeing with him in his main principles, and having no wish for the separation of church and state, we are not disposed to dispute trifles with him, as he agrees with us in the *practical* part of the question, that "this adherence to the general principles of our constitution by no means blinds, or should blind us to the necessity of these *changes* which time, and the consequent alteration in manners, habits, and improved intellectual acquirements imperatively render necessary."

His plan is, first, to abolish *pluralities,* and enforce residence. Secondly, to have the working clergy better provided for; and, for this purpose, to abolish all *sinecures* on the death or resignation of their respective owners. Thirdly, the *commutation of tithes;* under which he justly observes—"How grating it is to a clergyman to take the 15*d.* or 2*s.* 6*d.* a-year from his poor parishioners, and yet he is in duty bound to exact this to preserve the rights of his successors." Fourthly, he would equalize the livings and bishoprics in a much greater degree than at present. He estimates that no bishop's income should be less than 5,000*l.* or more than 8,000*l.* a-year; and no vicarage or rectory should be less than 300*l.* or more than 1000*l.* a-year. Deaneries he would abolish. We confess this allowance for the bishops seems rather large; and in order to justify it, he ought to have stated *why* every bishop requires at least 5,000*l.* a-year, especially as he very properly insists (p. 14) that temporal advancement should never be an object with any one who enters the church, in direct opposition to the opinion of the present nominal prime minister, *that no government could go on without church patronage*—a monstrous doctrine. Is it not saddening to any good man to see the highest of all concerns in the hands of men who make it a more than pharisaical mockery, a mere tool for political intrigue and self-aggrandisement? And yet this is the true and fair statement of the fact; and this individual is perhaps the best, or at least one of the best, of the party, or rather faction, to which he belongs!

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* Hints on Church Reform, addressed to Churchmen and Dissenters. Hatchard.

The author very properly lays down that "the nation stands in the light of a trustee, holding the national church property in trust, for the purposes, and the sole purposes, of the advancement of the national faith." And he well asks, "Was the Church of England instituted for the benefit of the clergy or of the community? and if (as all must agree) for the benefit of the latter, surely they have a right, if they deem it for their own advantage, so to modify its doctrines [mind he is not speaking of scripture doctrines], and so to arrange the distribution of its property, as may best seem to promote the end which the nation, when it instituted that church, had in view." With respect to preferment, he gives the simple and excellent rule (p. 13) that "unless to distinguish superior merit, promotion should be, as in other professions, by seniority."

But the main object, and the best part, of the whole publication, is the principle of hearing what each party have to say for themselves, and endeavouring to meet the reasonable wishes of all.

> "The physician, before he attempts a cure, must ascertain the state of his patient's health; and, in like manner, we must well ascertain what is the general wish of the great body of dissenters, before we attempt to legislate on their political or religious grievances." (P.16.)
>
> "My first wish with regard to the dissenters would be, to try and remove the causes of dissent—at least every reasonable cause;—and this can only be by mutually giving way. I would not so much legislate on the existence of dissent, and the modes of *pacifying* dissenters, as on the *cause* of the existence of that dissent, and the means whereby that cause might be removed. If we strike at the root of evil, we may strike with success; but if at is branches only, will not other and fresher shoots spring forth?
>
> "By plainly seeing what are the wishes of our dissenting brethren, we shall be able to ascertain how far either party can mutually give way, which surely is possible where the vital principles are the same."

He enforces this by the very just obversation, that "as they can gain nothing but loss, in a temporal point of view, by such secession, I feel bound to admit the purity of their motives."

It is to be hoped that that party, or rather all those parties, will take advantage of this kind and serviceable offer, especially since he states (p. 15)—"These brief hints are intended to be the precursor of a work of a more extended nature,. if, as I have before said, members of the different dissenting bodies will come forward and state plainly, without reserve, what are their grievances and what their wishes."

But whatever influence the masses of society may be expected to exert in the final adjustment of the Church question, it is certain that numbers do not at present deserve a place in the discussion. Some utilitarians may, perhaps, deem religion a palpable and demonstrative matter, as capable of scientific dissection and exposition, as a subject of anatomy. Such persons might, with consistency, defer to an intelligent mechanic on a religious point, as well as on any other. But, for ourselves, assuming religion to be fundamentally a metaphysical subject, we must assume still further, that *the cultivated intellects of society are alone able to judge of the religious wants of the masses.* Giving the masses credit, as we sincerely do, for genuine and praiseworthy religious *feelings,* we must, notwithstanding, maintain the *intellectual* part of the subject to be at present more than they can grapple with; and that, consequently, the opinions of numbers are not worth much on a great many important religious topics.

We earnestly deprecate the suspicion of being inclined to exult in this incapability of the multitude. We could, if it were of use so to do, heartily lament, that the whole of the religious question is not as level with the popular mind, as many others are. But though we cannot repress occasional longings for a constitution of society different from the actual one, it will not do to treat man, as we could wish he might be, rather than, as we are obliged to judge, he must be treated. Simply, therefore, because we are real, not pseudo-utilitarians; because we really aim at the greatest good of the greatest number, we maintain the necessity of canvassing, upon the church question, only that portion of the community which is, in some degree, at least, qualify to discuss it.

We can fancy that, at a remote future period, when the character of society shall have been much ameliorated by a systematic national education, the question of the church and its reserved property may be of a very different complexion from what it is at present. As the case now stands, however, were church property diverted from its application to the maintenance of a clergy, one of two alternatives must everywhere ensue. Either there would be no religious functionary; or he would resemble the present dissenting minister, not the clergyman. Only here and there would the subscription minister be of the same calibre as the present minister of the establishment. The mass of the unrefined classes do not demand intellectual acquirment in their ministers; and, as they can have them therefore all the cheaper, there can be no doubt but that the subscription system would bring a very unintellectual class of functionaries into general employ.

There is, at present, no more demand amongst the people at large for a clergy of abstract attainments than amongst a set of schoolboys, for strict discipline and efficient teaching. Whoever thinks religion should be left to take care of itself, has an undubitable right to advocate the disposal of church property for the general uses of the nation. But *one who had rather there should be no district of the country without a religious functionary like a clergyman rather than a dissenting minister, is bound at present to support the cause of endowment and supply, against that of subscription and demand.*

And where do we find any number of men of decent education and masculine character who, caring about religion at all, do not prefer the clergyman to the dissenting minister? We call not in question the religious sincerity or moral worth of dissenting ministers. But we deem their general intellectual inferiority to the established clergy to be beyond dispute. We know many of them would, upon principle, glory in their comparative guiltlessness of the learning and attainments which we hold in esteem. This fully exculpates them from the charge of *dishonourable* incapability. But we feel ourselves, and observe that others—our equals and superiors in intellect—also feel the established clergy to be, in spite of the great errors of our present church system, the fittest set of men in existence to supply the religious wants of *the present age.* And if only the established clergy can, as a religious body, deserve respect for their attainments, we would not risk the destruction of any one cause of their superiority. Therefore, we repeat, though bent upon sundry other reforms in the church, we would not have its property diminished by one shilling. Until it be proved to be, in the aggregate, *too much* for the purpose, we would not have any portion of it withdrawn from appropriation to the maintenance of a clergy.

Is it urged to be unfair to the dissenters, as good citizens and subjects as other men, to patronise one sect (as the church may now, numerically speaking, be deemed) in preferenee to others; and that, for this reason, if no other—church property for one denomination is intolerable under a professedly impartial government? The objection looks fair at first, and must not be treated with levity. Unfair preference of one class of subjects to another, substantiated against any government, ought to invalidate its general claim to allegiance. We know that dissenters have had ample reason to complain of political injustice; that many alterations in the political character of the established church must yet be effected in their favour; that every thing like preference of churchmen to dissenters, merely as religionists, must be expelled from the constitution. But church property does not obstruct this equitable adjustment. It has not the power of standing out against judicious and repeated attacks upon remaining unhandsome privileges of Churchmen. Government has already been forced to make important concessions to dissenters; and will, ere long, be forced to make many more. Therefore, we should deem it madness to aim at sacrificing the immense general benefits of church property, for the sake of removing only a little sooner whatever political injustice still remains.

We consider the cause of Dissenters interesting to men of liberal and cultivated minds, only to the extent in which they, the Dissenters, may have laboured, and still do labour, under *political* exclusion. General *religious merits* no dissenting sect has, to render it preferable to the established sect. The postulates of all denominations are alike, in some respects, objectionable to men of reflection. But the established sect, though its congregational spirit be, in common with that of others, too exclusive and dogmatical, has the advantage of intellect and acquirement, almost exclusively on its side. A man of sense cannot help deeming the functionaries of the establishment, as a body, a far more interesting and useful class than is to be found in all other sects put together.

In conclusion, we think a limited degree of connection between a government and a religious sect is preferable to their entire separation. There need not be a lord bishop in or out of the House of Lords. We recognise no use in any but parochial functionaries, amenable to a secretary of state for religious affairs, upon complaint from parishioners, entitled to a vote in vestry. But, that entire indifference in government does not, in the present state of the religious sense of mankind, tend to promote unity of opinion, or harmony of spirit, we think amply proved by the instance of the United States of America. Unhandsome, unreasonable distinctions once swept away, we are sure, that preference to one sect on the score of superior attainments, rather than mere prescriptive right, is more likely than any other expedient to reduce religious divisions.

Political injustice and insult have alone, we believe, hitherto kept the ranks of dissent full and unanimous. *The effect* of church property judiciously and economically, though liberally, distributed, would be entirely good. It would soon cease to excite any reasonable offence, whilst the people not goaded into opposition, would by degrees regard religious matters dispassionately. This point once gained, other advantages must follow. The superior intellectual attainments of the patronized functionaries would gradually gain over to them the good will and support of many of those who would else have remained Dissenters.

AN INTRODUCTORY LECTURE ON POETRY.

DELIVERED AT THE ASINÆUM, APRIL 1, 1834, BY JEREMIAH DIDDLER, ESQ.

[We regret to be compelled to state that we are enabled to present merely a few of the hydra heads of Mr. Diddler's preliminary discourse. We had no short-hand writer present, being, in point of fact, short of hands in the stenographic department; but we are given to understand that Briareus himself would have failed in an attempt to do full justice to the elaborate prelection, of which we now offer a rather meagre and miserable outline.]

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,—It causes no small satisfaction to bestir itself within me when I project my eye over the sea of heads which is now with a kind of billowy commotion waving to and fro. I am no less delighted to perceive a commendable scarcity of neckcloths in the present intellectual group, a kind of "neck-or-nothing" resolution much to be applauded. The high and noble foreheads towering in Alpine grandeur, assure me also that your razors have been called into active requisition, while the scornful projection of your nether lips denotes that, however ill you may succeed in an endeavour to prevail upon fortune to catch you up in the mouth of fame, you yourselves will never be "down in the mouth." So far so well. Young gentlemen, it is said that "home is home, be it never so homely." Truth is truth, be it never so disagreeable. I confess, I cannot see among the profile or contour countenances—among the three-quarter physiognomies—among the full faces about me, one visage that the golden-haired Apollo would not have turned up his nose at. This is a great, a sad pity. I am too well aware that in modern times, such considerations are taken into weighty account, and that the beauty of a poet's lines depends mainly upon his face being conformable to the line of beauty. But I would not that you should be disheartened. A classical nose, I grant you, is a great feature; but I would say with Shakspeare (certainly a very clever man in his day)—"Down with the bridge, down, down," rather than your poetical fame should depend upon, or rather, depend *from* so fortuitous a projection. The muses themselves are not so choice or particular in their exactions. A nasal organ in the Grecian style does not necessarily pre-suppose the power of sniffing out the source of Homeric inspiration—an olfactory convenience of the Roman order is not therefore nervously sagacious of Virgilian eloquence. A poet with a snub nose is not necessarily snubbed by the muses; and a bottle-nosed grinder of lyrics may one day become an Anacreon. Accordingly, be comforted, and severally put as good a face upon the matter as niggard nature has enabled you to carry up the difficult steep of the Parnassian mount.

And now, my young friends, it behoves me to point out a short and easy method of perfecting yourselves in an art which has been time out of mind, designated divine. For this purpose, it will not be necessary that I should recommend to you the study of ancient and modern history—that I should exhort you to make yourselves acquainted with the most approved moral, philosophical, and metaphysical works; that I should impress upon you the importance of becoming imbued with the spirit of the older poets—that, above all, as some crazy enthusiasts would direct you, I should implore you to gaze with universal ken upon the harassing, puzzling, contrarious aspects of nature—whether external or inherent. These studies, believe me, are not requisite to the formation of a modern poet.

No draughts from nature are now required—no vulgar common-sense—the cheesemonger's quality, is now in request—uncommon nonsense is far better—you start, but it is so; you need not entail upon yourselves the gratuitous trouble of forming new moral combinations—of seeking after ideas which are much more easily sought than caught—of clothing your naked facts in appropriate language, or of concealing your bald common-places under the blossoms of original imagery. Of original and leading ideas there are few, and their combinations are by this time well nigh exhausted—of words there are many, and their combinations are inexhaustible. "Words, words, words," as Hamlet says, are your staple commodity; and your true no-meaning not only puzzles more than wit, but goes further in the long run.

I must beg to differ *toto cœlo*, my young friends, from a poet of more than a century ago, who seems, in one of his ingenious effusions to intimate that same preparatory study is indispensable ere the poetical tyro can be permitted to burst his leading-strings; to plume the wings of his Pegasus, or in common and intelligible language to set up on his own account. I shall recite to you the passage entire, in order that you may perceive how far the present enlightened age has progressed; and that forasmuch as "*poeta nascitur, non fit*," the recent growth of bards has been much more extensive than the modern manufacture. Listen!—

"For as young children, who are tried in
Go-carts, to keep their steps from sliding;
When members knit, and legs grow stronger,
Make use of such machine no longer,
But leap *pro libitu*, and scout
On horse call'd hobby, or without:
So when at school we first declaim,
Old Busbey walks us in a theme,
Whose props support our infant vein,
And help the rickets in the brain;
But when our souls their force dilate,
And thoughts grow up to wit's estate,
In verse or prose, we write or chat,
Not sixpence matter upon what."

This, you need not be told, was the old system, repudiated with scorn by the present generation; and, with due deference for the wisdom of our ancestors, be it said, a laborious and vexatious system altogether uncalled for by the reading world. But the same writer goes far to stultify his own doctrine, by adopting the following intelligible argument, to which you will do well, my friends, to pay peculiar and grateful attention:—

> "If once for principle 'tis laid,
> That thought is trouble to the head,
> I argue thus:—The world agrees,
> That he writes well who writes with ease;
> Then he, by sequel logical,
> Writes best, who never thinks at all."

Thus, you will perceive, I have laid before you two several modes of arriving at the same point. Decide quickly, or you are lost—think, and you are ruined—ponder, and you perish. A devotion to the former will lead you to a distrust of every thing you write—you will erect a standard in your own minds—you will be poking about after illustrations, similes, images, and what not—your ideas will assume an artificial form, or they will lose their original freshness and bloom—you will labour with characterestic conceits and far-fetched fancies; in a word, you will not suffer your genius to have fair play. On the contrary, by a preference of the latter, you may, with very little trouble, and at no mental expense, be perpetually pouring forth epic, heroic poem, didactic and descriptive ditto—romaunt, mystery, elegy, ode, and every species of occasional lyric; and all these with equal facility and despatch. You will boil over like a Lapland geyser, if not with similar warmth. In short, by permitting your fancy to do as she pleases, you inevitably succeed in pleasing yourself; and if, after all, an envious and malicious world *should* judge you harshly—*should* crop your ears (I beg pardon for that expression, it is merely figurative)—*should* tear you to pieces—into ribbons, as it were, for the garnishing of their own caps; and should the muse be unable to "defend her son," then, although you may have nothing to fall back upon, unless you choose to fall upon your own backs, you may make sure of posterity. Mark that well. A fig for the swinish multitude of the present day; you have the right sow by the ear when you once catch posterity, at all events.

But it is now high time that I should shadow forth to you what you are to expect, or rather what you must not expect, in a financial point of view, from a prosecution of the art to which you now purpose devoting yourselves. To be at once plain with you, praise may be accorded to you, but pudding will be withheld. Applause may come at first, of course; but no first course will follow the applause. You may meet with your deserts, but will see no dessert; you may play upon your pastoral pipe, but you will lay no finger upon a pipe of wine; you may tip the public your staves, but you will get no tip for the staff of life. I particularly regret this awkward circumstance, especially since I perceive that you look rather blank about the matter; but the fact, rely upon it, is so. For, observe, a great writer has said—

> "If folly urge thee on, and genius snub,
> There'll be a deal of writing—but no grub."

What, then, are we to expect for the effusions of men of genius like yourselves, when folly itself is at a discount? an article for ever in request, and a commodity, the consumption of which, one might naturally suppose, would always continue at least equal to the production. To repeat more emphatically what I have before, perhaps, vaguely hinted at, I shall say that as prophets are never attended to in their own country, so your profits will never be attended to by your own countrymen. If you pursue poetry, you must expect to dine (do not change colour) with the chameleon, or with a certain nobleman commonly called "Duke Humphrey." In the English language there is no rhyme for silver; in the English territory there is no silver for rhyme. It would be insulting vulgarity were I to tell you to "stop the Duke," and to "run for gold." Alas! it were as vain an attempt to thread a camel through a needle, as to move that great beast in Threadneedle-street. It is not "i'th' vein" for the production of gold. It would not accept your bill at three centuries after date, even were you to offer to renew it to doomsday.

But if—which, pardon me for believing to be highly probable—you are, nevertheless, and in spite of all secular discouragements, determined to persevere in thrumming the Apollonian harp with assiduous thumb-nail; if, after all, you feel resolved to

"Strictly meditate the thankless muse;"

if you will melodize (to coin a word) the tongues in trees, if you will versify sermons out of stones, and make books, intended to have a run, out of brooks, running unintentionally; then, and in that case, let me briefly lay before you a few short, simple, and golden rules, whereby you may effect these things with an absolute certainty of popular appreciation. It was written of a great poet, with whom you are equal in the no-neckcloth and high-forehead branches of the art—

"So were you equalled with him in renown;"

it was thus written, I say, of the productions of this vast geuius, with a view, I fear, to stigmatize his lucubrations :—

"A lyre with one string, and a muse in the sulks,
And phrenzy, and passion, and rodomontade,
And a hero that ought to be sent to the hulks,
And a sneer at mankind—and your poem is made."

But this, which cannot be said to be truly, or to the whole extent, applicable to Lord Byron, may, at any rate, serve as a guide and direction to you. Keep harping upon one string—set up a monotonous whine—start with a perpetually recurring roar, and you create a sensation. If you propose to yourselves to furnish forth a variety of wretchedness, let it be "alike, but, oh! how different, and different, but, oh! how alike!" Let a large assortment of curious figures be manufactured out of the same machinery. And now, my young friends, as in the world of Mammon, we frequently are told of persons who have risen from nothing—of individuals who, when they first entered life were not worth a fig, and when they departed it, were possessed of a plum—of men who, when they first commenced business, were driven from pillar to post, and afterwards themselves became pillars, with a handsome capital—so shall I shew you how, by the discreet use of certain current coin of the Parnassian realm, you may win and wear a whole grove of laurel and bays.

In the first place, it is especially worthy of remark that there are a vast number of neat turns of expression—a multitude of stock similes—a tribe of unexceptionable metaphors—an infinite field of perennial figures, which are not only open to your inspection, not merely submitted for your approval, but obedient to your grasp. They are the *feræ naturæ* of poets; and may not only be caught in your springe, brought down by your popgun, but knocked on the head by your fanciful and melodious lyre. Now, my young friends, you would not only be considered over-fastidious were you to refuse to bag this legitimate game, but you would lay yourselves open to the imputation of being factious and revolutionary. That principle which holds good in politics is equally valid in poetry. Let us see no innovation—let us not hear, for a moment, the word Reform. Stick to the constitution of poetry, as you find it—preserve it, if possible; and what better means of preserving it than by furnishing it with the identical food to which it has been so long accustomed? But if—which the muses forbid—some daring innovator should venture to hint a doubt of its present perfect state, and should presume to make some radical changes in its system, oppose them with all your might; say, or sing, or whistle a dirge over its departed glories; and when you have turned out the innovators, turn over a new leaf—read out of their book, profess to carry out their principles, if you can—and, if you are able, act in their spirit—in a word, drive your hogs to the best market.

And now, young gentlemen, I shall very briefly, indeed—for the clock instructs me that my hour is almost come, when I to boiled tripe and onions must render up myself, at the Cow and Cauliflower—very briefly, I say, shall I present to you a few instances of these eternal availabilities (to coin another word), leaving yourselves, with your memories, your occasional reading, your assiduous search, to discover the rest.

If, for instance, it should be your cue to dilate upon the distressing situation of your blighted and broken spirit; if your extreme wretchedness, whether arising from a tailor's or a washerwoman's bill, a dun looming in the distance, or a bailiff at projection—and should you be led to fear, and, in point of fact, to believe, that your peace of mind will never return—wind up your Jeremiad by likening your departed peace to the dove that proceeded out of the ark, and at last never came back again. That dove, gentlemen, has been of more use to modern poets than it ever was to Noah. It has made itself generally useful, it is always at command; it may bring nothing with it the first time, but it will return, if not with an olive branch, at least, with an olive leaf, from the critics, on the second; and it will return as often as you please to put it forth. The dove, my friends, is a noble bird, on the whole, I should be disposed to say, superior to the nightingale for poetical purposes. The Roman Capitol was saved by a flock of geese; but how many flocks of geese have these admirable birds preserved!

Memnon's head is another precious antique gem. The statue of Memnon was, it appears, afflicted with a singing in the head every morning at sunrise, and emitted vocal sounds of a very mysterious nature. Hence, modern bards have delighted to refer their matutinal poetical sensations to that head; and you cannot fail to have met with the old vocalist very frequently in recent productions.—Make a memorandum of Memnon.—The lithanthropist is to be found in Egypt, and is not only of considerable size, but is also of no despicable antiquity. You will there find him *in statu*-e *quo*; and as he has long given over singing, and does not seem disposed to "try it back," there can be no earthly reason why you should not put forward his head whenever your own heads are at a nonplus.

You will frequently, my young friends, when you may chance to be in the heroics, have occasion to denounce corruption in whatever form it may exist, and in whatever manner it may chance to exercise its blighting influence. Upon such occasions do not fail to remember the invaluable upas tree. Of all the trees in the wildernesss of poetry commend me to the upas. Sir Henry Steuart never transplanted trees with such success as this has been transplanted into modern poems. The elm, the beech, the ash, the fir, wither before it. You cannot hoax us with the oak after this—you cannot put off the poplar—even the aspen is "no great shakes." Religiously cultivate the upas, by all means—although the prosers, I perceive, have lately laid hold upon, and set it in their sterile and unproductive soils.

And this circumstance reminds me that the prosers have long ago adopted the plan which I have now the honour of enforcing upon your attention. I will merely give one instance in corroboration of my assertion. It was said by the great Julius that "Cæsar's wife must not even be suspected." Now, I will venture to affirm, that if a race of Cæsars, lineally descended from the great Julius, had been brought down in an unbroken line to the present period; and had each of these unceasing Cæsars said the same thing, they would not be in number comparable to those who have turned the saying to account. I must say, I do humbly think that (although I should be sorry to restrain the march of repetition) we have had this *rather* too often. The last time I chanced to meet with it was in an interesting work, called "Sugden on Powers," in which it was brought forward to illustrate the extremely sensitive tenure by which the validity of some species of deed was held.

But to return. These, and images like these, will stand you in good stead in your poetical exercitations. I think I need not multiply examples. The few I have selected will suffice for your present guidance. Do not, however, mistake me. You are not always bound to liken your feelings or sensations to well authenticated facts, such as the excursion of the dove, or the solo-singing of Memnon; still less are you compelled to characterize vice by comparing it with some baleful growth in nature—or virtue, by suggesting similitudes borrowed from the stars. Names that carry a good sound with them will sometimes serve your purpose admirably. Thus, when you lament the decline of Greece—"Marathon," "Thermopylæ," "blue

Egean," "Cyclades," and a few others judiciouly interspersed, cannot fail to make a highly spirited poem.

Poland, again, has been a favourite subject of late years. The partition of Poland was a rascally arrangement, no doubt; but now that it is dismembered, make no bones of the matter, but take it amongst you. You will find that to the construction of a poem under this title the words "Sobieski," "Kosciusko," "Vistula," "Polonia," "Warsaw," "Czar," "Austria," "Liberty," "Freedom," "Sacred," "Lo!" and "Oh!" will be quite indispensable. It may be well, likewise, to interrogate your own country, touching the hateful oppression under which that fine country still groans. In that case you will not forget to invoke "Albion," "Ocean-child," and "Britons;" and with the addition of the "White cliffs," I think I have chalked out for you a sterling performance.

Let me now, lest I should forget it, remind you of a word which, more there any other in the English language, I take to be of the last importance to the incipient poet. That hallowed word is "spell!" There is a vague, an almost awfully mysterious meaning in the word which never fails in creating a strong sensation. Besides which, its magic power in conjuring up rhymes has long been felt and acknowledged. All influences, whether of soul or sense, may be said to operate as spells. "It was a spell," "They wove a spell," and the like, are conclusive. Human reason cannot grapple with spells.

"Spirit" is also a charming word. When by frequent repetition you are at length almost harassed out of your soul, you may apostrophize your "spirit." You must often have seen "my vexed spirit," "my lone spirit," "my spirit's wings," "my spirit's love," and many others. You may also liken young ladies to highly rectified spirits. When "angels" begin to flag their wings, which if you are very flighty in the amatory strain, they are almost sure to do, "spirit" is certainly a highly convenient dissyllable.

Let me recommend "infinity," and "eternity" very strongly to your cultivation. You will probably make choice of "immortality" without much pressing on my part. These words not only suggest sublime ideas to the reader—not only send his wits packing to the realms of dream, aspiration, and glorious imaginings, but what is at least of equal importance, they permit you to screw two rhymes out of them. You have them between wind and water. You may not only place them under "sky" but also set them over "sea." Let me exemplify.

> "Long e'er existed you and I,
> Existed old Eternit*y*;
> Before it ends, Eternitè
> Will see the end of you and me."

Pathos comes very pat and is peculiarly pleasing in poetry. Let me beg of you to set yourselves coolly to work, and get together as much pathos as possible. A tear is the most agreeable drop of comfort a poet can expect; if he can raise a sigh in others, he may, perhaps, be enabled to raise the wind for himself; and a snivel is as it were, a swivel upon which his fortunes are accelerated. The most unexceptionable and genuine pathos is that which is comprized in one word. That one word is "thing." It is, also, excellently provided for on the rhyming score. Besides an infinite number of monosyllables, you may make use of all the trisyllable particles ending in "ing." For example, "blossoming," "ripening," "carolling," "torturing," "humbuging," and so on. But touching the touching pathos of the word "thing." I have been oftimes affected even unto tears, when I have read of an Italian miss in her teens intended by the poetical exporter for "home consumption;" that is to say,—for rapid consumption in her own "southern home." Upon such occasions, it is usual to speak of the perishing young person as a "fair thing," "that gentle thing," "that beauteous thing." To you, my young friends, not so fully conversant with these matters as myself, it might appear to be a term of a rather scurvy and degrading character, but it is not so. You might urge that things were not persons, and that persons are not things. But by your leave, I shall shew you the contrary, and also convince you that a human being may be called—nay, may actually be a thing—and at the same time be looked up to with vast and deferential respect. Things are not persons, I grant you, but persons are things. What is Sir Robert Peel at the present moment, I beg to ask you, but *a thing* turned to account by the Duke of Wellington; and yet Sir Robert Peel is a very respectable man, nevertheless. Now, mark the pathos residing in the word. When I address Sir Robert thus:—"thou foolish *thing*," or speak of him as "that wretched *thing*," is there not something affecting in the phrase? Undoubtedly. Whenever, therefore, you would pump up pathos—call a person a thing. Do not be all things to all men, but let all mankind be things.

Of course, you are none of you such Neophytes as not to know to what use the sun, moon, and stars may be turned. You know very well that Phœbus is the sun, and that you cannot drag your description before the reader without the accustomed horses. Remember particularly, also, that the other luminary must always be termed "the silver moon;" although, why it is so called, hang me, my good friends, if I can tell you. It appears to me to look much more like a brass button after a twelvemonth's wear, than a half-crown piece; but as I am not the man in the moon, or a man in the moon's secrets, I cannot say why it has been decided to fancy in it a resemblance to silver.

To conclude, for I perceive that I have now only half-a-minute to spare—I shall very intelligibly point out to you how you may become popularly acceptable, if not permanent favourites with the world. Words are supposed at all events to mean something; write plentiful words, and if the country cannot understand you—shake your head knowingly—smile significantly, but say nothing. Had you given them sense also, ten to one but they would have mistaken it for nonsense: give them nonsense, and ten to one they reverse the mistake, and consider it very fine. And yet, why should I take it for granted that you must write nonsense. There is reason in the roasting of eggs—there is ingenuity in the putting together of words. And as the finest sense—the most brilliant wit—the most profound philosophy—is made intelligible by words; and since words,—*quaisi* words—are very nearly equal in value—and since the precise worth of any given number of words may be ascertained by a system of average; so I will venture to say that there will be as much sense and poetry in your volumes as in any others with which I may be acquainted—the size of all being equal.

And now, God be with ye, my young friends—farewell, my jolly young poetasters, and if you want a subject that will never wear out, or it had been worn out long ago—take "Satan." From horns to hoof you may find materials in him for a perfect epic, and his tail will furnish an exciting episode. *Vale, vale,* my ingenuous youths; and once more I tell you, if you desire to write a fine poem—to go to the devil.

ADAM AND EVE;

A PARAPHRASE, FROM MILTON.

Forth from their bower on the first Sabbath morn,
Adam and Eve, parents of all mankind,
Came smiling, hand-in-hand; and pray'r, heaven-born,
Trembled upon their lips, and low inclined
They pour'd their orisons with sinless mind,
Then stood erect in native honour drest,
God-like erect in naked beauty shrin'd;
Divinity is on their brows imprest,
And conscious lords of the whole earth, they stood confess'd.

Adam of sterner shape and loftier size,
Eve graceful, slender as the drooping flower;
Adam with strength for deeds of high emprise,
Eve gentle as the fawn that flies the shower;
Attractive grace and softness were her dower—
While Adam's fair large front, and eye sublime,
Declared his deeper thoughts, and mightier power;
Serene he stood in manhood's early prime,
Lord of his graceful mate, and king of that fair clime.

Soft were Eve's eyes—they told of gentle sway,
Of coy submission, and of modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay—
Meekly she stood, half resting on his side,
A blushing woman, and a gladsome bride;
Nothing was hidden, for no guilty shame,
Offspring of foul dishonour, lustful pride,
Had made them fear to show the sacred flame
That sparkled in their eyes, and quivered in their frame.

Honour, dishonourable! shame, sin-bred!
How have ye plagued mankind; and seeming pure,
Banish'd simplicity; and in its stead
Seduced man's erring mind with rites impure!—
Adam and Eve, in naked strength secure,
Nor shunning eye of angel or of God,
Pass'd slowly on, nor sought the shade obscure—
Thinking no shame or ill, they freely trod
The enamel'd greensward, and, divinely pure,
They watch'd the opening flowers, or pluck'd the fruit mature.

AUTHENTICATED NARRATIVE OF THE "AUTHOR OF LACON."

"I have liv'd long enough,—my term of life
Is fallen into the sear and yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age—
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends—
I must not look to have; but in their place
Curses not loud but deep."

A NARRATIVE of the eccentricities, the follies, and even the crimes of the children of genius, never fail to awaken curiosity, if not to excite interest and sympathy; we love to throw our eyes on whatever be original in character, without inquiring whether or not it be attached to a name that presents any thing worthy of our admiration. The unfortunate notoriety acquired by the author of Lacon, may be ascribed as much, if not more, to circumstances unconnected with himself as to his own immediate actions. Colton has left behind him "imperishable evidence" of a mind that might have purchased "golden opinions from all sorts of men;" while the major part of his life presents little more than a history of a career, disastrous and deplorable in the extreme.

His mysterious disappearance at the dark and dismal epoch of the Hertfort trials, naturally brought his name before the public eye, in conjunction with those of Hunt and Thurtell; although it is by no means difficult to imagine that a man of such habits would frequent the same places, and mix in the same company with these men, and consequently become their reputed associate. It is but justice, however, to state in this place, that the author of Lacon had nothing whatever to do in that inhuman affair.

Avarice, of all other of the human passions, seems to have been the "predominating vice" of Colton; and for which he was remarkable at a very early age! While yet a boy at school we can trace in him the elements of his succeeding life. To gratify this most untoward propensity, it may be said of him, that "he had lost the world, and was content to lose it."

No man was ever more generally known for the number and incongruity of his pursuits, or presents a stronger example of a mind at once sordid and sublime! To a refined and accurate remembrance of ancient erudition, he joined a familiar and habitual knowledge of modern literature. His LACON alone attests the depth and universality of his powers, the strength of his arguments, and the classical purity of his style. Strange that a *mind* so bountifully stored should have branched out into such a compound of heterogeneous occupations.

Colton had successfully passed through the tedious years allotted to the education of a "foundation boy" at Eton, had obtained a fellowship at King's College, Cambridge, possessed one of the quarters of the New Church,* Tiverton, Devonshire, and ultimately became rector of Kew; therefore, up to a certain period of his natural life he had received nothing but benefits at the hands of fortune. The benignant star that presided over his destinies can hardly be said to have abandoned him; and his untoward disrepute and ultimate ruin and decay were attributable to himself alone. For several years antecedent to his visit to America, his eccentric habits and appearance had procured for him an unfortunate notoriety. A peculiar propensity to vulgar gamblers and pothouse politicians excluded him from that honourable rank in society to which he would have been entitled by his education and dearest connexions. The gaming tables of St. James's were his daily resort, and he was ever remarked for his desperate play and the large amount of his stakes.

We are able to give but little account of him during his residence, of about two years, in the United States, whence he proceeded to Paris, the "unsubstantial and melancholy stage" on which the closing scenes of his life were to be exhibited. On his arrival at the French capital we find him pursuing his adventurous speculations at the tables of *rouge et noir* and *roulette*, and to all appearance he was provided with a considerable stock of cash. Success marked his course on most occasions. A house in the Palais Royale paid him on one night four thousand pounds; hence his appearance in the saloons excited considerable sensation among the conductors of those establishments.

Mr. Colton took the singular precaution of converting his cash into such a form, that whatever sum he might chance to possess could be carried round his waist in a silk handkerchief. Nothing was more gratifying to him than an opportunity of vaunting his system of play, and of exhibiting his enormous gains, which he frequently counted over, with an air of triumph, in a public café. When, on the other hand, he had been got the better of, or in other words had—*lost!* he threatened destruction to the tables. He has often been heard to exclaim—*Nemo me impune lacessit*—"The money I have been robbed of by these fellows, they shall pay back with good interest."

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* It was during his early residence on his living at Tiverton, and *practice* in the church, that, among other "whims and fancies" that ever and anon filled his prolific brain, the strange and marvellous affair of the appearance of the "Sampford ghost" occupied and amused him—for to him, indeed, the then terrified and wondering world of simpletons and blockheads owed all their superstitious (laughable) amazement! Colton was the constructor of that playful cobweb to catch flies! and it was not before he was himself consulted as to the nature of the "ghost"—consulted in his sacred character as priest, and was heard by the present editor and proprietor of the *Taunton Courier* (who afterwards issued a very clever pamphlet, which led to the *discovery* of the "troublesome goblin of Sampford"), to remark that "the ghost must certainly be no other than a very learned one, since it uttered, to the astonishment of the learned doctor, not only Latin, but Greek, and so on"—that the "diabolical cheat" was found out. In the forthcoming life of this remarkable man, which will be edited by a literary gentleman of our acquaintance, hundreds of the most remarkable facts will be detailed with accuracy and truth, and which will not only amuse, but enliven the world.

But whatever might have been the success of Mr. Colton on particular occasions, the result was uniformly and unappily that he lost all his gains, and was frequently reduced to a state bordering upon distress! He now became more than ever negligent of his dress and person; and has been constantly seen walking in the public promenades with all the appearances of extreme misery! It was about this period he formed an acquaintance with one Hamilton, who subsequently became his confidant, and acted as his amanuensis. This man is reported to have been the prototype of the character of Logic, in the farce of "Tom and Jerry." The expedients to which Mr. Colton was reduced to replenish his shattered finances rendered Hamilton a valuable coadjutor. If an English personage of wealth arrived in Paris, Hamilton was despatched with a letter, enclosing adulatory verses, or it was accompanied by a copy of "Lacon," a work dear to Fame. Among those persons selected for this species of contribution were her Grace of St. Alban's, the Duke of Northumberland, the Earl of Bridgewater, and Dr. Goodall, the early tutor of Mr. Colton. Hamilton's address was generally successful, and he has been heard to say, that two hundred pounds were realized in this way in the space of one year.

We have alluded to these incidents from a desire of furnishing our readers with a *correct* statement of some of the leading features of the unfortunate deceased, while we feel both affectionately and religiously disposed to throw a "veil" over his errors. As sincere admirers of genuine literary worth, happy had we been to have scattered garlands over the unforgotten tomb of genius, rather than break the silence of its repose by the murmur of detraction. These considerations have also additional weight with us, inasmuch as we know that, for some time previously to the disastrous and unforeseen close of Mr. Colton's wayward and reckless life, his bodily sufferings were almost intolerable, and life became a burthen, which he frequently expressed his intention of quitting. No one also felt more sensibly the accumulated horrors of an abandoned and isolated position, and a "clouded name." He has been known to be whole days in bed, drawing from the fruitful resources of his mind that abstraction and relief which he had sought in vain among his fellow-men; his apartments, consisting of two dark and unwholesome rooms in the Rue de Chartres, exhibited a striking picture of neglect and wretchedness. It was in this pitiable state that he was sometimes discovered by persons who had known him in happier and intellectual days; and it was only by some such circumstance, that he would be induced to rise from a state of miserable seclusion. In the moments of social intercourse, his conversation afforded a rich banquet of classic enjoyment; on which occasions he would read portions of his own composition in MS, illustrating each passage with a piquancy and eloquence that gave proofs of an intellect replete with all the graces of literary refinement.

Among his unpublished works, we remember to have seen several highly-wrought specimens of brilliant thought and epigrammatic point, especially a translation into Latin hexameters of a portion of Gray's Elegy—and it is no exaggeration to say, that this translation equalled, in many respects, the singular beauty of the original.

Among those literary and other persons whom curiosity or a "noble sentiment" had induced to visit him, was a Mr. C——, of London. This gentleman probably felt with Waller, that

> "The soul's dark cottage, battered and dismayed,
> Receives new lights through chinks that time has made;"

expressed a manly and laudable anxiety to see him change his mode of life; and earnestly pursuaded him to put on "the new man," and also took much pains to rally in his dejected acquaintance the feeling of self-respect, and bring him back to a sense of what he once had been, holding out the generous hand of undiminished regard, and administering to Mr. Colton's immediate necessity by occasional advances of money. These laudable and Christian intentions, however, were in vain, and the inmates of Meunice's hotel, where he most frequently received Mr. Colton, took alarm at the garb of misery, even while they were conscious that it was the cove--ing of the "Author of Lacon!" Mr. Colton briefly quitted Paris for Fontainbleau, at a time when the cholera was raging in all its madness. With the design of avoiding the danger of that mysterious epidemic. He had, however, no sooner arrived at this destination than he fell into a state of excruciating pain from his old complaint; and having taken the opinion of a medical practitioner, an operation was found unavoidable, and it was consequently agreed that it should take place the following morning. He spent the evening in his usual manner, conversing with perfect calmness. Before he retired to rest, however, he wrote for some time. About four o'clock the following morning, however, the report of a pistol was heard, which had been found in his apartment, and the unfortunate subject of this memoir was found—*dead!*

THE LAST WORDS OF THE AUTHOR OF LACON.*

How long shall man's imprisoned spirit groan
'Twixt doubt of heaven and deep disgust of earth?
Where all worth knowing never can be known,
And all that can be known, alas! is nothing worth.

Paris, Dec. 20, *Anno* 1834.
Hotel Meunice.

* To the Editor, &c:—

You will herewith receive for publication, the *memorable* "last words" of the late Rev. C. C. Colton, who in his latter days of human misery and mental wretchedness, was abundantly cautious of his literary fame; invariably speaking of himself in no other character—but as the Author of Lacon. All personal and literary friends *here*, obeyed his desire in that respect; and to this day they speak of our unfortunate and misguided countryman and consummate scholar, as the Author of Lacon—only. I may, perhaps, in this place, be permitted to remark, that the life, and *death* of this unaccountable person, forcibly reminds us of the almost certain fate of distinguished abilities; namely, that

"Superior wit to madness is allied." I. H. C.

Untaught by saint, by cynic, or by sage,
And all the spoils of time that load their shelves,
We do not quit, but change our joys in age—
Joys framed to stifle thought, and lead us from ourselves.

The drug, the cord, the steel, the flood, the flame,
Turmoil of action, tedium of rest,
And lust to change, though for the worst, proclaim
How dull life's banquet is—how ill at ease the guest.

Known were the "bill of fare" before we *taste,*
Who would not spurn the banquet and the board—
Prefer th' eternal, but oblivious fast
To life's frail-fretted thread, and death's suspended sword?

He that the topmost stone of Babel plann'd,
And he that braved the crater's boiling bed—
Did these a clearer, closer view command
Of heaven or hell, we ask, than the blind herd they led!

Or he that in Valdarno did prolong
The night, her rich star-studded page to read—
Could he point out 'midst all that brilliant throng,
His fix'd and final home, from fleshly thraldom freed?

Minds that have scann'd creation's vast domain,
And secrets solved, till then to sages—seal'd,
Whilst nature own'd their intellectual reign
Extinct, have nothing known—or *nothing* have reveal'd.

Devouring grave! we might the less deplore
The extinguished *lights* that in thy "darkness" dwell,
Would'st thou, from that lost zodiac, ONE restore,
That might the enigma solve, and Doubt, man's tyrant, quell.

To live in darkness—in despair to—*die*—
Is this indeed the boon to mortals given?
Is there no port—no rock of refuge nigh?—
There is—to those who fix their anchor hope in Heaven.

Turn then, O, man! and cast all else aside;
Direct thy wandering thoughts to things above—
Low at the "cross" bow down—*in that* confide,
Till doubt be lost in faith, and bliss—secured in love.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

An Original Meaning restored.—In the Premier's "Address," which with the most dexterous proficiency unites the lengthiness of an American President's, with the unintelligibility of that of an English Sovereign, we find a single phrase that looks somewhat definite—

"Our main object," says he, "will be the maintenance of peace."

We confess we should rather that he had stated more plainly *how* he intended to forward this most desirable object; because we remember that this has been professedly the "main object" of every statesman who has had power in this country. The bloodiest wars that ever desolated the globe have been supported by a Tory ministry but always to "maintain peace." Is it, therefore, the intention of the Right Hon. Premier and his military colleague to support the cause of the Spanish and Portuguese Pretenders—to maintain peace?—Do they intend to assist the King of Holland in his project of reconquering Belgium, to maintain peace?—Will they encourage the Duchess of Berri to excite insurrection in France—or Austria to invade Switzerland, all for the love of peace?—These reflections somewhat puzzled us, until we bethought ourselves that the whole difficulty was caused by the slightest mistake imaginable. The alteration of a single letter renders the entire passage luminous and appropriate. The Hon. Baronet evidently wrote—

"Our *main* object will be the maintenance of place."

But the avowal being so unusual, and the printer not comprehending the independence of a great mind, mistook the *l* for an *e*, and thus the mistake arose. The Hon. Baronet will have great reason to thank us for this emendation, which will at once set him right with the public, and raise to the highest possible pitch that singular character of frankness and straight-forwardness which the Tory journals have discovered in that matchless production — "The Address."

An Insinuating Admonition.—In the daily papers we find the subjoined gem arising from the blessings of the tythe system. It must be consolatory to the susceptibility of Lords Roden, Kenyon, and others illustrious in the annals of the church militant, to find that holy zeal so long deplored by them is not yet quite extinct.

> "A clergyman in an inland county lately concluded a sermon in the following words:—'Brethren, next Friday will be my tythe day, and those who bring their tythes which are due to me shall be rewarded with a good dinner; but those who do not, may depend that on Saturday they will dine on a lawyer's letter!'"

Here is a truly pastoral amalgamation of the *suaviter in modo et fortiter in re.* Who can fail being impressed with the benevolent mention of a day fatal to decimal pigs and bipeds of oviparous parentage. No less worthy of admiration is the deference to the feelings of the backward in "rendering unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's" exemplified in the playful inuendo of the gastronomic figure of speech with which he appropriately closed his discourse. We are weary of conjecturing what could possibly have possessed sundry speaker's last session to have descanted so flippantly on the virtues of the "voluntary system." Surely it would, if tried, lack so persuasive a stimulant to spiritual exertion as lawyer's letters—most titillating of incentives to orthodoxy. Knowing the proness of mortality to neglect the business of hereafter, we cannot sufficiently eulogize the dispatches of these legal missives, which invariably arouse the most dormant proprietors of haycocks or honeycombs to a sense of the blessings of legalized Christianity as *at present* established.

Amenities of the Press.—If such things as "Academies of Compliments" were published in Adam Smith's time, we apprehend that the great economist would have seen reason to qualify his *dicta* on supply and demand. Politeness seems to progress in our times much after the Irishman's definition of a crab's advance, "backwards," though the facilities of attaining gentility, as the phrase is, are so numerous, that the wonder is why we are not all "Mirrors of Fashion." An *arbiter elegantiarum* of a Dublin meeting a short time since is reported to have thus exquisitely embodied the delicate intentions of his auditory:—

> "Resolved, that these ungracious strumpets, the *Times* and *Morning Herald*, have forfeited the respect and confidence of reformers by their treacherous dealing in this crisis of Reform; that Irishmen discountenance the propagation of such subtle stabs at union among reformers as are made daily by the Peel journals; that Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux is not lowered in our estimation by the vile unmeasured abuse of the *Times* and its mangy tail!"

This affords certain quidnuncs at home materials for cachinnatory antics at the expense of the Milesians, but we find one of the British lights of the age indulge in such amiable badinage as the following, in reply to a corresponding endearment from its "cotemporary:"—

> "This journal is a *literary polecat*; when pursued by an opponent whose facts or whose reasonings it cannot answer or refute, it endeavours to cover its retreat from the contest by copious discharges of filth and abuse!"

It appears that these doings of the "polecat" were matters, as well they might be, of much, marvel and amazement; but here is the interesting mystery agreeably solved:—

> "Some men cry rogue and rascal from a garret. Our cotemporary raises the same cry from a 'snug domestic apartment' five feet by five. There, doubtless, he composes the articles that excite the disgust, as well as the astonishment of the public, and which carry with them the odour of the congenial atmosphere in which they are conceived and brought forth—Faugh!"

The sensitiveness to the grossness of his erring brother exhibited by this amiable commentator, is only equalled by the fastidious diction in which he hints at the enormities of the delinquent. The singularly appropriate interjection at the end of the gentle admonition is positively too indulgent under the circumstances—*Faugh!*

MYSTERIOUS DOINGS.—If doing everything different from every body else, similarly situated, give the political hybrids now in office any claims to the name of Reformers, they are entitled to that appellation. Times were when it was customary for Cabinet chieftians to act unlike the animal described by naturalists, which kicks up a dust to conceal its manœuvres. Now the fashion is for the underlings to create such a "smother," that there is no making out what their masters are at. Instead of the doings of State Secretaries being minutely registered, as of old, in the Court Circulars, these delectable organs of official gossip religiously eschewed all mention of late proceedings in high places until farther concealment was impracticable. True, we were presented with the interesting fact, that the Mastership of the Buck-hounds was transferred from the Earl of Litchfield to the Earl of Chesterfield; and also that Mr. Henry Hunt had an interview at the Home-office with the Shamrock Duke, who had the three seals dangling at his own watch-fob. Who would have believed, two months since, that the Keeper of the Kennel and Peterloo Martyrs would now be chronicled by Court newsmen, and the glories of Tory placemen unsung? We would utter for the Duke the Eastern benison—"May his condescension never be less"—but that *such* others have shared that novel amiability in his Grace as to render the *honour* awarded to the Preston demagogue anything but dubious.

PUZZLES FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—Puzzles are peculiarly appropriate to this period of the year, and therefore we beg to submit the following by way of a Christmas poser:—

What name, of all others, in the history of this great country, can soonest summon the blush of virtuous shame into an Englishman's face?—What name is the bitterest existing memento of a faction, in whose political career the contraction of an unpayable debt of hundreds of millions sterling was one of the least repulsive features—under whose auspices, despotism, turpitude, and warfare flourished abroad, and corruption and the Six Acts at home?—What name most readily suggests recollections inimical to the reputation of the present possessors of power, that recalls to mind *who* were the coadjutators of men who would forbid their fellow-men to think, and that begets notions of quondam times which must act on the indignation of the honest as firebrands on gunpowder?—Finally: What name most speedily demolishes the sophistry of the jargon, that calls midnight noon-day; bids us extract blood from a flint; and tells us to hope for *liberality* from a Government of which the Duke of Wellington is virtually the head?

POETICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Tories have a fashion of illustrating their obscurities by references to flowers and birds, and such like Arcadian types of rurality. We are no great hands at that business, nor can we decide the question mooted by ornithologists, whether vultures see or scent carrion? But we believe it is undisputed, that the appearance of the winged obscenities is indicative of the proximity of corruption. In like manner when bipeds, blessed with like propensities, flock to Downing-street, but one inference can be drawn. However, as we are the very antithesis of uncharitable, we ask for information sake, pray what are we to understand by the attendance at the Foreign Office of *Sir Hudson Lowe?*

SEASONABLE MORCEAU.—Christmas is proverbially prolific of good things, and doubtless the following is amongst them, if we could only find out *what* it is:—

"Mr. William Southern, of the Eastgate-street, Stafford, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has bought a Prize Ox from the Earl of Talbot; *he* will be slaughtered on the — day of December, 1834. W. S. expects that *his* beef will delight the eye and make the mouth water."

W. S. is a wag. Whether it be the Earl of Talbot's, William Southern's, or the Ox's beef that is expected to "delight the eye and make the mouth water," is a question for the Chancellor of Oxford. Assuredly, none but a veteran in the art of "hovering on the verge of meaning" can make out what the gentleman of the Eastgate-street would be at. If he is as expert at showing up the Earl's beef, as he is the King's English, he is no contemptible operator.—Let the Noble Earl and the coroner of the county keep an eye upon him.

MARCH OF EVENTS.—Political vicissitudes so ludicrously *outré* sa the late Cabinet revolutions, have so blunted the wondering faculties of the gentle public, that the inventive genius of the marvelmongers has of late been altogether unrestricted in the fabrication of "moving incidents." A Greek (Bœotian, we presume) correspondend of a morning journal, announces that the capital of Otho's dominions "will be removed from Nauplia to Athens"—altogether reversing the schoolmen's dogma, *ex nihilo nihil fit,* and totally independent of the laws of gravitation. The *Cork Constitution,* with a *naïvété* alarmingly Hibernian, felicitates its readers on the failure of Mr. O'Connell's attempt to "convert the county of Clare into a close borough!"

MEMS. FOR ELECTIONS.—Indications are being manifested of an arduous struggle being likely to accrue for the supremacy of upright liberality, or right down chicanery, in the approaching election. For our own part we are altogether unable to discern the wisdom of the Tory tacticians, in courting an appeal to popular opinion at the present juncture; but, it strikes us as being in no wise emblematic of the sagacity of such proceedings, that a most untoward and unseemly assemblage of personages, verging on the confines of discretionary age, should be among the candidates in what is called the "Conservative interest." Heaven knows that we are already sufficiently plagued with the comic vagaries of confirmed or incipient senility; but, in the name of all that is absurd, let us escape the unfledged empiricism of embryo legislators. It is sufficiently mortifying when the experience of adversity has been unproductive of a diminution of iniquity in habits engendered by an obstinate defiance of public opinion. Such conduct comes not within the scope of legitimate enquiry at the outset, because it is subversive of all rules of ordinary foeethought, and cannot be taken as an average of the deportment of public men. But when chicks, with the shells on their tails, chirp for "most sweet voices" of electors, we take it to be little short of absolutely idiotcy, when their callow cries are attended to. Of all claims of candidates, no matter of what party, to the suffrages of the public, we opine that that of shaving should at least be satisfactorily established. Yet if we believe reports now pretty current, it would appear that not a few in their "hirsuite season" are ambitious of senatorial distinctions, before they can muster even an excuse for brandishing a razor. Let us hope that the rampant ardour of these gosling law-makers will receive ucha check as will spare us the necessity of questioning the veracity of the axiom that "at thirty a man suspects himself a fool."

Forty Shilling Immortality.—When Malvolio spoke of persons who acquired greatness, we are not quite clear that he contemplated the present Sheriffs of London, though for the sum of two pounds sterling, each of these dignitaries have become candidates for popularity. No subject in our times has been more prolific of patriotism on paper than Poland, which has been literally hunted to death from the Kremlin to the Mansion-House. The turtle-eaters west of Temple-bar have a peculiar aptitude of being most extravagantly generous at a marvellously small outlay of their individual patrimony, and yet manage to obtain the same celebrity for generosity, as if they made the most unheard-of sacrifices. One would think, to have heard the notes of preparation for the feast in the city the other day, in behalf of the expatriated denizens of Warsaw, that the Corporation magnates had "unhoused their unsunned gold" if only to realise Whittington's fable of London wealth. But the unlucky proprietors of frogged coats and whiskers were blessed with the sight of but two guineas each from the sheriffs of the first city in the world, who, of course, made up in official pomposity for the minuteness of their dole. We should not be at all surprised should things hereafter take a favourable turn, if these sheriffs be first among the foremost in claiming some out-of-the-way testimonial of their unheard-of liberality.

☞ To the Directors of Mining Companies.—We beg to inform gentlemen connected with these notable speculations, that a continuation of the article which appeared in our last Number, entitled, "Tactics of the Stock Exchange," has been postponed, in consequence of some additional information which we have received being of such a nature that we deem it right to make ourselves acquainted with the facts previous to their publication.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR. EDITED BY ALARIC A. WATTS. WHITTAKER AND CO., LONDON.

THIS beautiful volume has reached us too late this month to do justice to its merits. It appears, however, at a most appropriate time, and those who are desirous to purchase books for new year's gifts will find none of this class of works which possess so many attractive features and so much sterling worth as "The Literary Souvenir." The principal talent of the country, both literary and pictorial, combine to give it elegance and interest.

THE GERMANIC EMPIRE. BY S. A. DUNHAM, ESQ., L.L.D., LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA. LONGMAN AND CO., LONDON.

THE reading public is under considerable obligation to this series of works. That some portions of the Cabinet Cyclopædia, are imperfect in conception cannot be denied; but taken as a whole there are a good many valuable volumes to be picked out of it. There are none that better deserve attention than those which have come from the pen of Mr. Dunham. As compendiums they have the rare merit of being easy in style, and correct in arrangement, and hence read infinitely better than the majority of their class.

The volume before us, is evidently the result of a careful examination of accessible authorities, and it gives us a succinct and intelligible history of the political and social institutions of Germany during the middle ages —ages replete with changes and revolutions, and of which a complete history would be an invaluable addition to our stock of historical literature. The body of Mr. Dunham's book is preceded by a very good and very useful analytical and chronological table—a plan we would advise all authors to adopt in works on history and statistics.

This work is well worthy a place on the shelves of every reading man, and should be placed in the hands of every student of history.

THE PROSE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT—BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT NOVELISTS AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED PERSONS. TWO VOLS. CADELL, EDINBURGH. 1834.

IT may be a question whether the writer of fiction is a proper person to be selected to write the life of an individual, or, if any suitable instances can be found, whether the power necessary to the one can be indiscriminately applied to the other. The thought, of the novelist, especially if he have attained eminence in his art, are accustomed to ride freely through the regions of fancy, in the rapid and brilliant car of imagination. Those of the biographer are confined to the circumscribed field of fact, and compelled to march slowly on in the dull course of reality. To the one is the liberty of giving vent to his feelings in the delineation of such scenes—in the pourtrayal of such qualities as he may deem best adapted to his purpose: to the other is the necessity of limiting himself to the narration of circumstances over which he has no control, of accommodating his sympathies to qualities and sentiments, to the influence of which his own breast may be a perfect stranger.

The writer of fiction has the opportunity, and acquires reputation only in proportion to the degree in which he manifests the power of exhibiting himself attractively in a spontaneous variety of forms and circumstances; the arrangement of his plot is entirely arbitrary. For the life-writer, on the contrary, the plot is prescribed, and he has the difficult task of giving to each form and circumstance the hue and colouring which properly belongs to it. His excellence consists in the readiness with which he indues himself with the true feelings and qualities of his subject. He must rejoice with him, and weep with him—he must sympathise with all his predilections and prejudices—he must entertain all his opinions—believe in his faith—cherish his hopes—shrink under his fears—in fact, he must transform himself into the being whose likeness he wishes to point. And, all this without parting with his own idiosyncrasy, the office of which is to shade and set in distinct relief those parts of the picture, which the imperfect and transient view afforded in the confusion of social intercourse, prevented from being distinctly or intelligibly seen. To this extent, and in this capacity, it is the duty of the life-writer to display the hue of his own character, but no further, and for no other purpose. Otherwise, the portrait cannot be a true one; it will be, more or less, a fancy portrait—distortion, or, at least, incorrectness, must be the consequence—unimportant parts brought into prominent view, strong features left in the shade, and so forth—the difference, and, perhaps, the difficulty—with respect to the likeness itself, if not in regard of the artist—being the same as in the pictorial art, between a real and a fancy portrait.

Abstractedly, we might judge that the pen of a good novel-writer would be the best calculated to exhibit in lively and attractive colours the nature and working of the leading qualities of the subject; and we might similarly deem a writer of that class the most able to merge his own idiosynsycrasies in those of his hero; but comparison will convince us of the wide difference in this respect between history and fiction. The matter-of-fact precision of the one imposes on the writer innumerable restrictions, from which he is exempted by the arbitrary freedom of the other.

We complain of these biographies that they are not written as lives ought to be written; but the preceding remarks will sufficiently define the nature of our objection. Short as these memoirs are, no one can read them without detecting the pen of the moralist. In many instances persons are treated as if they were imaginary personages, the author dilating with fanciful discursiveness, as occurs particularly in the life of Richardson, on points on which it would have been better and more dignified to touch with gentleness and delicacy. Nor can the series be perused by one acquainted with the character of the author's mind without seeing that his judgment was biassed by an aristocratic feeling and antiquarian taste in favour of noble births and far-derived descent. The higher the birth, and the longer the lineage, the more favour is shewn by Sir Walter; and where his sensibilities are wrought upon by personal and favoured connexion, as in the case of the Duke of Buccleugh, his partiality or gratitude sinks into servile adulation.

But our limits will not allow us to describe at length our feelings of assent or opposition to Sir Walter in the matter of these biographies; we shall, therefore, conclude with acknowledging that we are not insensible to the attractiveness of the style in which they are written, nor unimpressed with the value of the sagacious remarks they contain on life and manners, and of many of the critical observations on the productions of those persons whose works he examines.

EXCITEMENT; OR, BOOK TO INDUCE YOUNG PEOPLE TO READ. FOR 1835. WAUGH AND INNES, EDINBURGH. WHITTAKER, LONDON.

THE NURSERY OFFERING FOR 1835.

THERE is one excellent feature about the literature of the present day, and that is, that books are carefully got up for children. The miserable affairs intended for the juveniles some fifty years ago would now excite the contempt of the most diminutive urchin that has waded through a gingerbread alphabet. The two works, "Excitement" and "Nursery Offering," are tolerable specimens of the best kind of children's books. They are pretty-looking—a thing of no slight consequence; and the "Offering" is filled with simple explanations of many infantine queries, with which children oftentimes puzzle the best and the wisest of parents.

The selections in "Excitement" are in a general way judicious, and of a lively and attractive character. We must, however, except from this praise the extracts relative to Bolivar and the Venezuelan war of extermination. Such details are better kept from the eye of unjudging innocence, and in the way in which they are given they do not convey any moral instruction, a point which ought never to be forgotten in works drawn up expressly for young people.

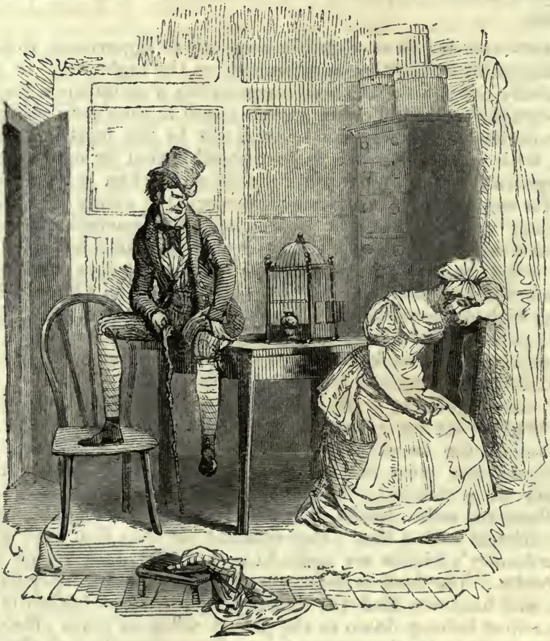
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JACK KETCH, WITH FOURTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DESIGNS BY MEADOWS. EDWARD CHURTON. LONDON.

IF the self-recorded lives of public men are of importance to society, as exemplification of difficulties surmounted on the high road to eminence, then assuredly the subject of these memoirs has a claim upon the gratitude of a high-spirited and intellectual people; and in thus publishing his interesting experience, it is certain he will not be the least in their esteem, although, with some of them, it is just possible that he may be the last.

The appearance of this volume conveys more than is superficially apparent. Its sombre garb is typical of sorrow—the gaudy label on its back cannot cheat us into any other belief; it is the funereal glitter of a gilt plate upon a coffin-lid. No, the fact cannot be concealed, Jack Ketch is no longer what he was—no longer the bustling, active functionary—his place is not of the value of a rope'send—his occupation's gone. The schoolmaster has filched his rod, and he is now on the list with titled sinecurists, and public pensioners. How, in this most unprosperous period, must his recollection carry him back to the good old Tory times, when a mighty slender qualification made a man eligible for "Tyburn-tree;" when the *maladroit* conveyance of a two-pound note made him intimate with a halter! With what an artist-like eye, on a Monday morning, must he have surveyed the beam whereon some three or four of these forty-shilling freeholders were cooling their heels outside the debtors' door for an hour at a stretch! Those *were* days of business; Jack Ketch had no time to write books then — the utmost he could do was to favour his friends with a line. But sessions are long that have no endings —the functionary's friends are again in power, and Jack Ketch may hope for the results. The book is, however, a more pleasant speculation than the times, and here we find the career of the author faithfully narrated from his earliest infancy down to the period when he takes office, by succeeding his uncle to the important post of representative of the Sheriff of London. Our hero first saw the light in the "darksome secresy of Rose and Crown Court," and, with an independence truly original, does not claim hereditary respectability, but says, "Let me not mince the matter—

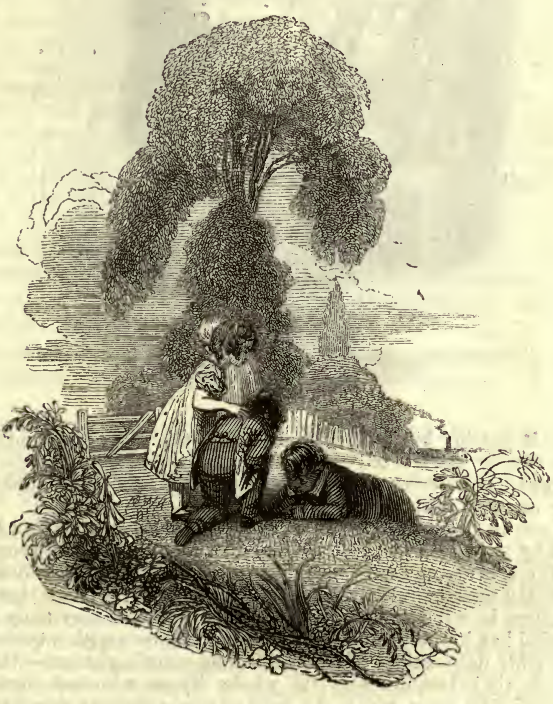
for mincing it will not make the matter less—my father was a thief." He was, however, professedly a waiter; but his napkin was not large enough to cloak his little peculiarities, and he met his fate at the new drop, kindly assisted by his respected relative. His mother, his "sainted mother," shortly afterwards laid herself open to a suspicion of not "accurately distinguishing the right of property," and was commanded to "expatriate herself for life." Here then, commences the career of our hero; virtually an orphan by the laws of his country, the entire code of which he declared open war with in his subsequent career; more, we are obliged to confess, from his natural tastes than from pious revenge for the wrongs of his parents. It would deprive the work of half its interest with the reader were we to proceed with it in the elaborate way we could wish; we will, therefore, merely say that the introduction into life of the thief and the vagabond was through the appropriate medium of an attorney's office—there he was introduced to some few of the choicest blackguards, in a small way, about town; but, upon the natural event of his master absconding with the money of his "only respectable client,"Jack was thrown upon his own resourses, and went through the degrees of pickpocket housebreaker, and common cheat, until he arrived at the dignified position in society which he now holds.

The work is illustrated by Meadows, and we are enabled by the permission of the publisher, to give specimens which will speak for themselves, of the merits of the artist.



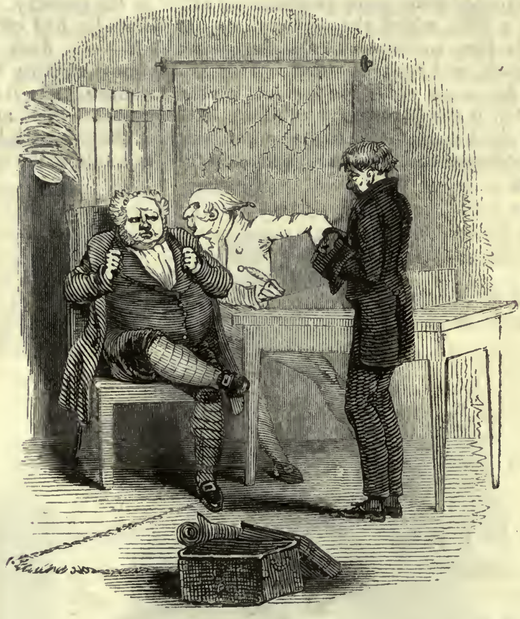
This wood-cut represents the wife of Jack Ketch weeping over her dead bird—Catherine is a most masterly delineation of the author of the patient endurance of a female under circumstances of the most heart-breaking wrong and indignity—she is the likeness of a being of every day life, the fidelity of which we cannot but recognize—one whose affections no injury can abate, no cruelty subdue,—who, without a murmur, clings to the husband of her choise through good and evil, even to death.

But that part which displays the greatest knowledge of the human mind, is an episode called the "Confession of John Wilson." Jack Ketch, in passing down the Borough, sees his uncle getting off a stage-coach; he had just returned from some professional affair in the country, and had in his pocket a MS., which the unfortunate, for whom he had officiated, had intrusted to him, to deliver to the clergyman of E——. Jack goes home with his uncle, and reads it aloud. This is the most striking tale that we have read for many years; in fact, we have seen nothing like it since Caleb Williams—it is the philosophy of crime—the motives which are supposed to actuate the human heart to the commission of the most frightful atrocities are developed and laid bare, and embodied in a tale of the most powerful interest.



This wood-cut does the artist great credit, it represents the children of Wilson finding the knife with which he murdered his friend many years before. The little creatures bring it to their father, and the sight of it produces a revulsion of feeling, which at last occasions the crime for which he suffered.

Jack's uncle one morning is discovered suspended to a beam by one of his own ropes—whether a victim to professional experiment, or occasioned by one of those fits of aberration to which minds, peculiarly constructed, are subject, must be left a matter of conjecture. Having an eye to respectability, or rather finding his own pursuits not the most lucrative, he applies for the vacant situation, which by family influence, and a nature aptitude for the profession, he at length obtains.



Here he is passing his examination before the Rev. Mr. Kilderkin, the Ordinary—easily recognized as the more prominent figure—and Mr. Sheriff Hopkins, a dealer in Muscovados. His merits are apparent, and he is duly invested with the dignities of office.

Let no one be prejudiced by those quidnunc critics who affect to be disconcerted by the title of a book, or fancy that a dark cover must conceal dulness. We venture to assert that there is more interest in this little volume than in all the novels brought out this season. In the first eight or nine chapters there is wit lurking in every line, and we may truly say, that every period has its point; the continuation abounds with interesting situations, forcible delineations of character, and startling events—the conclusion is perfectly in keeping with the whole. Those who look further into a book than the title-page, will find a fund of entertainment they little dream of; and we sincerely recommend it to our readers as a work, that, in proportion as it is known, cannot fail to be estimated.

PARTY POLITICS EXPOSED.—CONTAINING COMMENTS ON CONVICT DISCIPLINE IN NEW SOUTH WALES, &c. &c. BY AN EMIGRANT OF 1821. SYDNEY. Pp. 74.

CONVICT discipline is a subject which has never hitherto received due attention; the great principle seems to have been—punishment—with, we regret to say, small regard for reformation. Party feelings seem to run high in New South Wales on this point, so that there is little chance of any temperate measures being listened to. It is, perhaps, impossible for us, placed as we are, fairly to judge of the state of society in a penal settlement, in which hordes of the most degraded and reckless beings, the offscourings of civilization, are located. That the strong arm of power must be rigorously exercised is, we think, quite undeniable; the question is, at what point necessary severity ends, and where it degenerates into cruelty. The work before us contains a good many striking facts; but its tone is somewhat violent. It is, however, well worth perusal.

The following graphic description we recommend to the tribe of swindlers, gamblers, *et id genus omne*.—"Before concluding my remarks upon educated prisoners, I shall take leave to observe, that it may be well for some of the gay dons of the Mall, and the exquisite loungers of Regent-street, to know that here they must exchange the reins of the sporting tandem for the bullock's bridle, the prancing charger for the stumbling stock horse; and enjoy the felicity of a sheet of bark, and a rough woolled blanket, in lieu of a bed of down. Contemplate yourselves, ye stars of the western metropolis! under the boughs of a swamp oak washing a canvas shirt." A most comfortable idea truly.—We may, perhaps, have occasion to return to this work at some future period.

THE ARCHITECTURAL DIRECTOR, BEING AN APPROVED GUIDE TO BUILDERS, DRAUGHTSMAN, STUDENTS, AND WORKMEN. SECOND EDITION, PART VIII. BY JOHN BILLINGTON, ARCHITECT. BENNETT, LONDON,

A MOST excellent and well designed work, that well merits the popularity which it enjoys. It does infinite credit to Mr. Billington.

A LETTER TO THE KING AND PEOPLE OF ENGLAND, SHEWING THE ADVANTAGE TO BOTH OF THE PRESENT CRISIS AND THE PRESENT MINISTRY, FOR MAKING AN ARRANGEMENT TO THE SATISFACTION OF ALL PARTIES, &c.

THIS pamphlet is designed as a supplement to Mr. Bulwer's, from which, however, it differs in several points. Its object is to shew that neither a Whig nor Tory government can give general satisfaction, and that a middle course must be adopted, and a ministry formed of men essentially different from either the present or the late occupants of office. He observes, however, sensibly enough, that this only applies to the leading members of the government, and that it matters very little to the country whether the subordinate parts are filled by Whigs or Tories, so that they act in concert with the principals. The most singular feature in this production is, that while as strongly opposed as Mr. Bulwer to the continuance of the present ministry, he is so far from disapproving of its appointment, that he considers it the very best that could have been made for the time, and that it will have conferred a lasting benefit on the community, by preparing the way for a strong conservative but patriotic government. The author states his views with much clearness, and enforces them with close reasoning; and with both the profession and air of perfect sincerity. The tone, like the title, is at once conciliatory and hopeful; and we cordially recommend the present publication as a useful sequel to Mr. Bulwer's, and the first attempt that has been made to supply that information which he had only the more caused to be felt as a desideratum.

THE MALTHUSIAN BOON UNMASKED, WITH REMARKS ON THE POOR LAW AMENDMENT BILL, &c. BY A FRIEND TO THE POOR. p. 16. WHITTAKER: LONDON.

ANOTHER cracker let fly at the head of Malthus and his disciples. Verily we begin to wonder that so much fuss is made about the chimeras of an old croaker, and the twaddling of an old maid. The only piece of information we gain from the notoriety of their writings is this—that political economy must be at a wonderfully low ebb when such wretched and demoralizing trash is allowed to be wisdom.

There are one or two remarks as to the displacement of natural power, which we copy. "The real cause of the heavy amount of our poor rates when traced to the fountain head, will be found of comparatively recent origin. Not half a century ago, the able-bodied labourer neither needed nor received parochial assistance, nor would they now want it, but for the substitution of artificial powers in place of natural ones for almost every purpose. But for this, every man would receive a just requital for his services—all would be provided, not merely with necessaries, but also with reasonable comforts. A result so beneficial will, I am aware, by the fancy tribes of the Malthusian school, be deemed impossible. We have already, say they, an over-population—more hands to work than work to give them —the natural result of the geometrical progression of increase of the human species discovered by our renowned oracle. They reconcile themselves to this notion of surplus population by saying, there is a multitude constantly out of employ; and, moreover, all that are employed are employed unprofitably to themselves, if not to their employers, and therefore the country is overpeopled."

"Upon an appeal to facts have we no better reason to assign than this? According to the best authenticated estimates the population of Great Britain has doubled within the last eighty years—our command of power must consequently have doubled too. Strange if this were all, that it should have produced the present destitution of the labouring classes. But if we have found an increase of natural power of only two, how stands the case with respect to power produced by artificial or mechanical aids? Why that this has increased eighty-fold, so that at the present there is power equal to the labour of six hundred millions of human beings." According to this writer, therefore, the evils pressing upon our population arises from the substitution of mechanical power for human labour. This is the inference to be elicited from his little work, though he has failed to draw the necessary deductions.

FINE ARTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MODERN SCULPTURE. A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS, WITH DESCRIPTIVE PROSE AND ILLUSTRATIVE POETRY, BY T. K. HERVEY.

THIS splendid publication has one merit which is very uncommon, especially among works relating to the Fine Arts, that of being much more calculated to exceed than disappoint the expectations that its title and exterior form may raise. There is no attempt to engage a large class of the public by promising something to meet the taste of every one; but the editor addresses himself simply and directly to those who have similar tastes and views with himself. Any one who will be allured by the title, will be pretty certain to find in it all he wants. How far a real taste for Sculpture exists in this country, is perhaps doubtful, but to those who have such a taste we can recommend this work beyond any we have ever seen. The object of the editor is still more laudable than the work itself: it has been not so much to produce a work which should attract the purchaser, as one which should awaken a taste for the art, and call forth that patronage from the public without which genius cannot flourish. It is calculated beyond any other, in every respect, to exhibit the *genius* of Sculpture in the most striking and interesting view: the selection of subjects, the style of engraving, the descriptive prose, and not least, the illustrative *poetry*, are all perfect in their kind, and converge to one effect—to convey the highest possible idea of the beautiful, graceful, and expressive in art.

The whole work contains four different departments, all possessing a distinct merit of their own, yet conjoined in the closest relation and harmony with each other—the engravings, the prose description, the poetical illustrations, and the introductory essay. The engravings are for the most part the most exquisitely felicitous imitations of marble on paper that we ever beheld; many of them to that degree of perfection that it seems impossible to conceive, still less expect, any thing beyond. The editors candidly admit that they are not all in an equally finished style, and very fairly request to be judged by the *best.* We are not disposed, however, to look on this as any defect or detraction from the value of the work. The less highly-finished are of that massive style that perhaps gains quite as much as it loses by a somewhat coarser execution; while the effect of the variety is decidedly pleasing, and sets off the more minutely finished with a more exquisite grace. The Sleeping Children (as they are designedly entitled) by Chantrey, the most celebrated piece in the whole collection, is almost too painfully affecting to be pleasing; but it deserved insertion were it only for the superlatively rich and feeling description and criticism by which it is accompanied. It serves also as a most beautiful contrast to the Sleeping Nymph, on whom we gaze with a delighted feeling that consciousness and action are only suspended, not extinct, and about to revive soon again in the freshness of life and beauty—and to whose features the *absence* of death, so lately and painfully impressed, gives a positive beauty that would else perhaps have been but slightly noticed.

The prose descriptions bear evident internal marks of being for the most part by the same hand as the poetry, even were it not expressly mentioned, or, at least intimated in the preface. The idea of illustrating engravings by prose and poetry united, is not new, but the manner of doing it here is entirely so, each having its separate and appropriate office, and both contributing to give the highest possible effect to their common subject. The very order of arrangement is expressive and appropriate. The descriptions come first, then the plates, and lastly the poetry. The criticisms in the descriptive department are most admirable, and the evident production of one who has studied and fathomed the beauties of his subject to the utmost. They have all the glow of poetical enthusiasm which prose criticism ought to have, and yet are such as not in any degree to render the poetical illustrations superfluous. These last are immeasurably above any thing in the way of *illustrative* poetry that we have ever yet seen—a species of verse-writing in general quite unworthy of ranking as poetry at all, and generally left to none but inferior artists: but here taken in hand by a true poet, and serving very considerably to enhance and "illustrate" their subjects. In fact, even without the plates, they would form a volume of beautiful poetry; though they derive a very considerable heightening from their juxta-position and relation to them. The name of the author in the preface, and the impossibility of the first poet of the age publishing any thing anonymously, *alone* prevented us from believing that they must be the production of Thomas Moore; and assuredly, had they been published with his name, it must have been other than internal evidence that could have afforded detection of the fraud. Two of the poems (those on the Sleeping Children) by Mrs. Hemans and Mr. Bowles, are not at all distinguishable from the editor's by any superior merit: the latter, in our judgment, decidedly the reverse. The introductory essay, containing a history of the art, with much ingenious and beautiful criticism, and excellent advice, is an admirable production, and peculiarly calculated to attain its object. The author, perhaps a little undervalues the ancient sculpture, or rather the antiquarian estimation for its remains, "over which," he wittily observes, "time has thrown a consecration, but from which it has undoubtedly taken a grace—to all eyes but those of an antiquary." He is, however, undoubtedly right in considering that we ought not to rest in indolent admiration, still less, regret, of the past, but use it as a means of supplying from ourselves what we have lost of antiquity, and creating new forms of beauty from our own conceptions and suited to our own age. He concludes with an eloquent and forcible address to the patrons of art to employ their patronage on its proper objects; and instead of directing their attention exclusively to ancient and foreign art, to turn it to present and native; and call forth fresh and living, but as yet sleeping, because unawakened talent, by that which can alone give it exertion—liberal and well-directed patronage.

The highest praise of the author must not be passed over: one that will commend him to all whose praise is most worth having, however ignorant of the merits or value of art, and be its own reward should he meet with no other:—that in an art which has been generally looked upon in all ages, ancient and modern, as nothing higher than an intellectual luxury, often perverted to low and licentious objects, and that has generally most flourished in the most depraved times, he has never once lost sight of its nobler and proper object, and throughout the whole work—in the choice of the subjects themselves, in the introductory essay, in the prose descriptions, and above all, in the beautiful illustrative poetry, has ever made it his principle object to excite the moral and religious emotions which the highest class of art, when properly viewed, is always calculated to suggest, which both immeasurably heighten the beauty and interest of the subjects they adorn, and give the artist the satisfaction that while embellishing and delighting the world, he is not idly amusing it; but, along with that, which, in its proper sphere, is a very fair object in itself, is also employing his talents to that nobler purpose which when neglected or thrown into the back-ground, leaves art itself at the best but a trifling and even melancholy mode of spending life, and too often in danger of misleading the imagination, and turning that into an evil which, like every thing in nature, when properly used, is calculated to be at once an ornament and a substantial good.

LONDON: BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

THE ELECTIONS.

The elections naturally occupy the public mind to an immeasurable degree of greater earnestness than on any similar occasion within the memory of the existing generation. Never were the energies of ministry or opposition more intensely put in action for the invigoration of their respective parties. Never was the spacious talent of the press more splendidly developed on either side of public feeling: it has manifested all the powers of eloquence and reason, every art of sophistry; it has enforced the strength of prejudice and prepossession. Its extensive speculations, its acute inquiry, its illustrative details, combine a mass of knowledge, argument, and ingenuity, which forms an æra in political literature. The temper of the contest, whether on the hustings or in the polemic columns of the journals, are not degraded by those coarse asperities which entered into almost every controversy that, of old, confronted right with privilege—when nomination superseded popular opinion, and public spirit was insulted by the patents of a venal treasury. With vehemence enough to mark sincerity, the personal and intellectual struggle of antagonists has shown a sense of liberal hostility conducive to the free expression of opinions of whatever shade. Their expansion has been favoured by the level, open ground of competition; and no embittered sentiments, arising from suspected trickery or influence, can possibly exist beyond the hour of victory, to taint success with insolence, or failure with malignity. Such is one, at least, of those innumerable benefits resulting from the measure of Reform. Elating as the late returns must be to all the advocates of freedom and improvement, the friends of Whiggism must lament the differences which have severed and dispersed the active agents of Reform—of those enlightened and accomplished statesmen, whose united talents "wielded the democracy of England," and achieved the victory of liberality and justice over the inflexible opponents of constitutional regeneration. United in the ardour of the battle, they have separated in the glory of the triumph. Speculation has, of course, been busy on the imaginary causes which have broken old connexions and subverted former friendships. Guided by no *certain* facts, we think it equally the duty of impartiality and prudence to withhold conjecture. The time is not far distant, when the public characters involved in the dissension must vindicate their conduct, and stand or fall by the opinions of the country. Lord Melbourne's cabinet, according to the former state of parties, should have bound together the stupendous strength of Lords Brougham and Durham, of Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham. Their union was dissolved (we trust that it is not irreconcileable) on conscientious grounds—upon a *minimum* of difference—on *quotas* of reform. The vital principle must naturally suffer by so serious a dismemberment. The eminent abilities of Lord Brougham, his indefatigable prowess in the work of reformation, are beyond the adequacy of eulogium. He may shake the slanders of impertinence from his prodigious reputation, like *dew-drops from the lion's mane.* Lord Durham's manly and distinct professions challenge the implicit confidence of England. It would be idle to expatiate on his lordship's talents—they are proved and known. He has been the steady champion of democracy. His lordship's creed may be erroneous or correct—it is decidedly sincere. The declarations of Sir James Graham* are unanswerable facts, to which the skill of enmity itself cannot oppose one solitary ground of inculpation or mistrust. But by far the most conspicuous documents submitted to the public in the past elections, are the several addresses of Lord Stanley and Sir Robert Peel. They are signally distinct in spirit and in style. Of the importance attached to the co-operation of the noble lord, we cannot possibly discover a more striking test than that avidity with which the organs of opposing parties have constructingly laid claim to his adherence. But the conduct of Lord Stanley furnishes no precedent of casuistical effrontery. Can a statesman of his singular importance hesitate one moment between the everlasting strength of character, and the ephemeral advantages of *place?* If there be significance in language, then Lord Stanley's is the earnest language of sincerity; and we view his coalescence with Sir Robert Peel as matter of confirmed impossibility. Lord Stanley's speech at Lancaster, has engrossed the serious attention of the British public. It has, perhaps, done more for the conciliation of the public temper, than any similar address on any occasion equally momentous. It is so happily fraught with all the topical considerations which affect the interests of society at large, in the immediate crisis of the constitution and the country, that there are few, however diverse their political opinions, who can read it without reasonable hope and temporary moderation. If the ministerial influence of England should ensure the plenary fulfilment of the just and reasonable hopes propounded in Lord Stanley's view of national necessity, that moderation must be lasting. There exists among the stedfast and reflecting portion of the people, no absurd desire of a *destructive* policy. The progress of reform must not be artfully retarded by evasion; the temper of the nation will admit of no recurrence to the fictions of expediency, of no unworthy artifices levelled at the popular delusion; nor need the active measures of amendment be advanced with indeliberate precipitation. Lord Stanley's speech to his constituents is prominently recommended to the contemplation of the public by its measured and precise significance. It comprises no fallacious ambiguities; it provides for no unworthy refuge from the singleness of an explicit policy; it claims no neutral ground between abuse and reformation, on which the qualifying talent of apostacy may practise tardy treachery against the people. It hits the happy medium between subservience and dictation; it evinces that precious jealousy of reputation, which places its possessor on the moral pedestal of personal integrity and independence, above the vices of a faction and the follies of a mob. It is one of those very rare and valuable expositions of public principle, which, despising every selfish motive, manifests a sense of duty a spirit of enlarged and sober patriotism. It is so perspicuous, so guarded, so distinctly declaratory of the noble speaker's sentiments, that it may be wisely taken as a model by all future candidates for public confidence. It is not our purpose here to question the sufficiency or insufficiency of reformation, to which Lord Stanley has subscribed. His lordship has declared his guiding principles—he has expressly promised his co-operation in the work of advantageous measures, his independence of those paltry influences which beget the faction and embarrassment so frequently and fatally opposed by latent interest to the material ends of public benefit. And more than all, as it regards Lord Stanley individually, and may afterwards avail him, it has established his pretension to that invaluable confidence, which only in a monarchy like that of England, can give direct effect to ministerial wisdom and permanence to the designs of a vigorous and popular administration. Lord Stanley's declarations may be taken as the text of a discriminating policy, combining all the salutary principles of order and reform; specially proposing the amendments in our institutions demanded by the state of general intelligence, and by which alone the maintenance of separate rights, of rank, of property, and industry can be preserved from quick and irretrievable destruction. In the present state of parties, confounded as they are by individual differences, on the one hand, and degraded as they are, upon the other, by selfishness, apostacy, and inconsistency, a statesman like Lord Stanley, uniting in his person talents adequate to all the duties of a government, extensive property, an order in the state, and, more than all, the spotless purity of public character, may be regarded as a fact of common hope and consolation. It refutes the idle plea, so profligately urged, on which a government convicted of unworthiness, and hostile to the spirit of the times, is foisted on the popular endurance; it repels the saving subterfuge of court cabals, explodes the specious arguments of closet sycophants, and naturally draws the public speculation to a source of purity and promise. But concurring, as we do most fully, in the candour and consummate spirit of Lord Stanley's speech, we most emphatically must dissent from the indifference with which the noble lord apparently regards the party from which the furtherance of future reformation must proceed. And here, indeed, we only dwell with more express suspicion* than Lord Stanley, on the confidence to which Sir Robert Peel's administration is entitled. The political ductility, the prompt conversion, the two ingenuous exculpations of Sir Robert Peel's reformed opinions, the mysterious advent of his novel faith and grace, the singular coincidence of bright eviction which surprised the *independence* of his colleagues, have too notoriously blazoned their political repute to need a word of commentary on this patriotic flexibility.

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* "The test and corporation acts have been repealed; Catholic emancipation has been carried; negro slavery has been abolished; the trade to China has been opened; the public expenditure has been effectually reduced; the taxes most affecting the great body of the people have been remitted; a peace of an unexampled duration has been preserved; and a full, free, and fair representation of the people in Parliament has been obtained, and fixed on the basis of that measure of reform, which is, in my humble judgment, an ample security for future good government, and which we, who supported it, ought never to forget excited by its extent the *incredulous ridicule of our opponents,* and more than realized the most sanguine expectations of our friends! * * * True to the principles from which I have never deviated, I know no bound to the progress of temperate and rational improvement in all our institutions, ecclesiastical as well as civil, provided the proposed reforms be consistent with the maintenance and the integrity of the institutions themselves. Fixed in my determination to uphold the established church, I advocate the commutation of tithes, on terms which shall be just to the receiver, yet beneficial to the payer, and, therefore, entitled to the cheerful acquiescence of both parties; and while I admit the necessity of such an amended distribution of the revenues of the church as may extend the sphere of usefulness of the parochial clergy without diminishing the aggregate means of the establishment, my opinion is decided that the income enjoyed by the ministers of the established religion should continue to retain its independent character."—*Sir James Graham's Address to the Electors of the Eastern Division of the County of Cumberland.*

> "But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
> Indulging latitude to deeds and words."

Their inveterate repugnance to reform, diversified and designated by whatever bigotry or trick, illiberality or sophistry, could possibly devise to baffle that inestimable act of national regeneration, was *conscientiously* upheld by arguments, which time can neither rob of their malignity, nor any qualified pretexts remove from the profound conviction of the minds which gave them birth. They were the arguments of conscience; the irrefragable sentiments of patient meditation; they were daily strengthened by *anticipation;* they incorporated a political belief; and they exhibited at once the fire and frenzy of fanaticism. Was the energy of such repugnance softened in the mortifying speculations of coerced retirement? Did the light of fresh conversion break upon the neophytes of reformation, during that probationary absence from the service of the crown, while the infallible, the conscientious enemies of the enactment were magnifying, with malignant pleasure, the scarcely visible defects of that stupendous benefit; while appealing, with a morbid exultation, to the partial failure of its operation; while illustrating the evils of the measure by appeals to their astute predictions, and daily uttering their prophecies on the pernicious growth of its more tardy consequences? It requires but little penetration to infer no friendly aid to measures of amendment and reform from the avowed, obdurate, pledged, incorrigible enemies by whom they were incessantly opposed. Conversion, virtually governed by cupidity and selfishness, may possibly be pleaded in behalf of fresh apostacy; the ends of personal solicitude may easily be gained by a renewed affront to common sense and decency; a spiritless subservience to the resolution of the people, may entail on the administration of the country a reluctant acquiescence in its will. But surely all the vigour of sincerity—the vigilant alacrity of purpose which inspired the *parent party* of reform, will not be found among the pliant and degraded servants of a policy, which conscience has already forced them to impugn and stigmatize, and which the plea (ridiculously and impertinently urged), of public duty, at length has won them to fulfil. In the corrupt and sordid history of party politics, no passage can be found of more offensive and unmasked indifference to public estimation, than the succession of Sir Robert Peel and his associates to the recent servants of the crown. The list of *hacks,* who fill the offices of government, may challenge general contempt: but, that the Duke of Wellington should coalesce with such a *clique* of servile incapacity—that he should ever have produced a scheme so utterly unworthy of his understanding, so derogatory from the splendour of his reputation, is a subject of no ordinary lamentation to the numerous admirers of that great and extraordinary soldier. That Sir Robert Peel should once again have suffered a relapse into the soft facilities of recantation, and the soothing pleasures of official power, will gratify the watchful enemies of Tory prostitution. They will hail, in this repudiated and readopted colleague of *conservatism* —in this irreconcileable opponent, but eventual supporter of Roman Catholic emancipation—in this irreconcileable opponent, but now relenting friend to parliamentary reform—a specimen of compromising pliancy, which must eternally denote the moral of his politics, and fix the lasting brand of defamation on his party. The imbecile coquetry of the premier's parasites, both in the press and out of it, has struck the public with disgust. It naturally asks, on the subversion of a popular administration, what mysterious charm confines the power of national salvation to a person *professedly* the enemy of all its indispensable reforms. The former ministry beat down the safeguards of corruption, and proceeded visibly and firmly to the abolition of abuse. The accumulated evils of a vicious system are not destroyed with a magician's wand. The edifices of corruption are more substantial than the visions of a dream. Reform, though not achieved in all the strong-holds of abuse, was still in progress. The party of Lord Grey, though shorn of his immediate co-operation, inherited and acted on the vital principles of his magnanimous and saving policy. Lord Melbourne had the monarch's confidence. Where, then, was the paramount necessity of an administration headed by Sir Robert Peel?—a ministry that feared to meet a parliament the first-born offspring of reform, and which must calculate for its precarious and sickly being, more upon the toleration of its adversaries than on the bold and certain ardour of its friends. Sir Robert Peel is called on to account to public curiosity for this astonishing experiment on public patience. What are the grounds on which he formerly received the offerings of premature and profligate applause? The question is not—*What he will do?* The question is—*What has he done?* The hireling declamation of a retinue of placemen, of the sorry remnant of the Liverpool and Castlereagh diplomacy, may feign a thousand attributes of general desert. But the times are past when such evasive flippancy could satisfy or lull the languor of fatigued inquiry. The duteous affirmations of the Dawsons and the Goulburns would be looked on, in the present æra of intelligence, as something more absurd than grateful—as something far more servile than apocryphal. We have little here to do with the peculiar merits of the private man. The qualities with which Sir Robert Peel adorns the intercourse of private life, are fully felt within the sphere of their extensive operation. They may, notwithstanding, add, among the class of public partisans, the strength of individual attachment to the duties of political respect. To judge Sir Robert Peel with retrospective justice, he appears a man of staid and level mediocrity; of clear, but limited perception, the produce of a trim and chilling discipline: a good—a very good debater, and, until fanciful ambition overturned his judgment, a safe and cautious colleague. In the latter character, he neutralized the acrimonious petulence of the officious zealots of his party. His unimpassioned and impassive mind exemplified a cold precision, which genius might provokingly assail with all the warmth of inspiration, but rarely could seduce from its intrenchments to the perilous adventure of a bold and open conflict. His prejudices *were* incorrigible; his prepossessions sprung from ordinary sympathy. The sober maxims of tuition inspired him with a pious horror of experiment; the mechanism of his faculties responded to the strict design of its projectors; it was the work of an illiberal and selfish school, emboldened by the strength of a corrupt and settled party; of a party cemented carefully by mutual interest, against the rising spirit of Emancipation and Reform. The strength of public sentiment at length defeated the conspiracy, of which Sir Robert Peel was an essential and a *faithful* member. The institutions of the country, in despite of Tory combinations, were invigorated by sensible amendments. Civil liberty, so shorn and stifled by the criminal antipathy of an oppressive government, revived amid the freshness of a purer atmosphere; while Toryism drooped beneath the warm ascendant of a bright and genial policy. Sir Robert Peel had still, in his behalf, consistency of principle. Opinions on the Roman Catholic emancipation were divided. Sir Robert Peel, throughout a long, though a subordinate career, had uttered his convictions with a sacred fervour, which the united arguments of Pitt and Fox, of Sheridan and Grattan, of the greater part of the illustrious men of parliament—in the meridian glory of their faculties, could not allay. Sir Robert Peel, in strict obedience to the dictates of his conscience, declined the overtures of Mr. Canning, the stay and champion of his former party, the ægis of his nurtured mediocrity. The aulic exhortations of the Duke of Wellington completed in a week what the united talents of the British parliament could not effect through several successive lessons. The master spirits of a brighter æra, who advocated Catholic emancipation, with the selfsame hand prepared concession and security. Sir Robert Peel's inveterate hostility was unremittingly directed at the measure, in its wise association with indemnity. Its impregnable opponent, the representative of Oxford University, the chosen warder of the cause of Protestantism, was shortly afterwards the advocate of Roman Catholic emancipation. It would be superfluous to dwell on arguments *against* or *for* a measure which has passed; a shadow that appeased an idle pertinacity in England, and disappointed all the visionary expectations of the sister country. Look at the result of its concession. Protestants deserted, and Roman Catholics inspired. The former in disgust exclaimed against the treachery of an apostate; the latter were indignant at the pompous nullity acquired by their victorious clamour. They were taught by the open declaration of the government, that insurrection might command from British ministers the satisfaction of a wish, which they obdurately refused to the irrefutable claims of justice. Such was the conduct of Sir Robert Peel; so boldly and precisely designated by the king's attorney-general. If we differed from the policy of Sir Charles Wetherell; we still admired his manliness, his indignation, and consistency:—"He must say that he agreed with the honourable member for Kent, that with only seven days' notice, the Protestant party in England, and the Protestant party in that house, had been abandoned and deserted; deserted by their leader, and cast away to the waves and winds. * * * He had no speech to eat up. He had no apostacy disgracefully to explain. He had no paltry subterfuge to resort to. He was not in one year a Protestant master of the rolls, and in the next a Roman Catholic lord chancellor. He would rather remain as he was, the humble member for Plympton, than be guilty of such apostacy—such contradictions, such unexplainable conversion, such miserable contemptible apostacy."* Such is the designation of the conduct of the premier and his party, of him who when addressing his constituents relies on his "*opinions to establish such a claim on public confidence as shall enable us to conduct with vigour and success the government of this country.*"—(Sir Robert Peel's Address to the electors of the borough of Tamworth.)

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* "I cannot say that, on looking at the composition of the present government—looking at the individuals of whom it is composed, I cannot say that I see reasonable ground of confidence in them on the part of those who entertain the liberal opinions which I profess."—*Lord Stanley's Speech, reported in the* Globe.

The memorable passage we have cited in the Premier's public life, suffices to reply to all the promissory language of his late address. The meagre generality, the mingled supplication and abashment of that weak and prolix document, imply so fearful a mistrust of public confidence, that all the organs of the press enlisted in the ministerial cause—and never were their efforts marked with greater tact or vigour—have failed to gladden its forlorn complexion. It conveys a sad conviction of degraded character; the tone of sycophancy and repentance; the public is besought to pity and forgive; the dissembled hope of an expiring party is expressed with all the languor of confirmed despair. The pitiful position of the ministry enforces an important moral—that the vital spirit of a statesman is integrity;

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* Speech of Sir Charles Wetherell, 1829.

that every sordid artifice in politics, however suited to a momentary exigence, is an accusing blot which no succeeding penitence can totally expunge; and that, though the errors of an honest mind are readily forgiven by the generosity of candid adversaries, a dereliction of *public principles professed,* unfits their violator for the confidence of party and the conciliation of opponents. Had *Mr. Peel* rejected the suggestions of an indiscreet ambition, *Sir Robert Peel* would have presented to the country the commanding character of firmness and consistency. Integrity would have atoned for the defect of first-rate talent; the virtues of a good mind would have passed among the people as the qualities of a great one. Sir Robert Peel would have ascended on the merit of his purity and honest permanence to the direction of the councils of his country, and of necessity have had what, in the present state of piebald parties, and conflicting interest, and rational suspicion, he will seek in vain—the willing spirit of the country to strengthen and uphold him. The premier has, indeed, a task of no particular facility. He must possess a superhuman influence on human principles, if he successfully invites to his reforming doctrines, the incorrigible spirits that resisted and denounced them. They are, not the less, the only grounds on which the ministry can hope to find a footing for a day. If the petulant invectives of *conservatism* were worth the trouble of reply, the advocates of parliamentary reform might press upon the notice of the party the novel and peculiar spirit of the late elections. The spirit of the people was anticipated by the sagacity of some, and by the fears of others. The country was divided into hundreds of political judicatories. Where the letter of a *patron* formerly sufficed for the return of some *unquestioned* minion of autocracy, the candidates have undergone the searching proof of bold examination. Opinion has resumed its empire, and vindicated its inestimable strength. The abolition of a venal system, which excluded thousands from the obvious, the almost abrogated birth-right of election, has evoked the wholesome ardour of inquiry, which the fatal influence of nomination boroughs had either utterly extinguished or proscribed. The people feel the moral freshness of regeneration; the honest pride annexed to an inherent duty; to the recovery of a suspended right; and candidates for parliament are taught before the numerous tribunals of constituency, that they must fail or triumph in their conflict, on the obvious merit or defect of plain and creditable avowals. Aristocratic arrogance has lost that spacious and demoralizing power of placing in the seats of legislation the hireling creatures of its will, of giving guardians to the systematic fraud and lucrative corruption which infected former parliaments with an immedicable pest; of neutralizing patriotism by conspiracies against intelligence and virtue, and of driving a democracy of over-patient freemen through all the sufferings of hopeless degradation, in the likeness of "a swinish multitude." We have fewer of those instances of noble cyphers occupying, in the crudity of adolescence, the places in the senate, designed by every rule of wisdom and security for individual talent, virtue, and experience. There are fewer of those upstart apparitions, without character or name, the mysterious produce of the closets and the bed-chambers of wantonness and profligacy; of those ready agents in the meaner regions of impurity, at once indifferent to fame, and irresponsible to conscience; of those fouler instruments of office, which patronage is too fastidious to denote by open gratitude, and merely gifts, with opportunities of public peculation, as the recompence of secret prostitution. These are certain of the charms which the despoiling genius of Reform has unrelentingly effaced from the venerable image of the constitution. These are certain of the blessings which the present ministers of England, in their sensitive alarm at innovation, were strenuous to retain with such *conservative* enthusiasm. These were certain of the idols of those candid *patriots*, who now approach the bar of public reason and intelligence with all the winning graces of conversion, and glowing, like the proselytes to new fanaticism, threaten to outstrip the old apostles of Reform, and stamp a saving faith with the delirious outrages of profanation. What was the language of the present cabinet, of its impervious heads and drivelling tails, before the country had subdued the partisans of parliamentary corruption; in those palmy times of inexpugnable venality, when liberty of speech was menaced by examples of oppressive persecution, and the king's attorney-general, the avenging angel of his party, was entrusted with the powers of desolation to assail the criminality of liberal discussion. Throughout a period of peculiar suffering, when every evil endured by England, by her colonies, by Ireland—when her domestic poverty and discontent, the languor of her commerce, her humiliated position and degraded character abroad

—when the multitudinous variety of her keen calamities, was palpably attributable to the vitiated system of parliamentary representation; what was the benign reply of Toryism to the calm expostulations of the people? Years passed on years away; the constitutional petitions of all classes of the nation were sneeringly rejected by the wisdom of Sir Robert Peel and his inconvertible associates. The aristocracy embraced the insolence of that unfeeling ministry; it was reserved to an illustrious duke, the present colleague of Sir Robert Peel, in the meridian hour of self-sufficiency, to tell the sinking and exhausted millions of Great Britain, that he gloried in a vicious system; that the flagrant infamy of the East Retford case was placed above the power of penal castigation; and that the convictions of his conscience would compel him to resist whatever measures were employed to shake the sacred fabric of abuse. It may, perhaps, appear an effort of discrimination to exonerate the Duke of Wellington from the reproaches due to the meek associates of his power. His grace is an impracticable personage, has suffered more in his political capacity, and, perhaps, is destined in that character to more humiliation from the mean subservience of his *tools*—for *colleagues* they cannot be called—than any man who ever trespassed on the work of government. The Duke of Wellington is far above the shafts of envious imputation Of erroneous policy, of policy at variance with contemporary spirit, no man is more emphatically, more notoriously convicted. But the errors of his judgment are not to be rebuked as projects of depravity; and however meanly we may think of his dependent tribe, we must gratefully respect the splendour of his grace's fame, so gloriously established by the service he has done his country and mankind. We hardly can refrain from dwelling on the spectacle, which, under auspices more favourable to his fame, the Duke of Wellington might have presented to posterity, had he chosen, on the consummation of the military glory of his country, to have applied his energies to the consolidation of her domestic happiness. With the influence of his resplendent name, enjoying the respect and gratitude of millions, the Duke of Wellington alone might have achieved the civil blessings of the nation. Had his grace rejected, with a wise and worthy pride, the overweening sycophancy of a vicious party, had he turned an ear of deafness to the creeping overtures of overbearing and exploded fallacies, he might have blended with the immortal glory of the soldier the more endearing character of the reforming statesman. His individual weight would readily have crushed the petty obstacles that artifice would have presented to the progress of integrity and reason. His great example would have carried inspiration into every bosom warmed with just and generous designs—conviction into all capacities enlightened by a liberal intelligence. The people would have marched in a pacific triumph beneath the conduct of a hero to the temple of their liberties. They would have been spared those galling conflicts with their rulers which have generated a perverse hostility between the higher orders and the poorer classes of the country. The reformers of church and state would have assumed a gracious and endearing aspect; they would have been carried as the boons of peace, the offsprings of victorious glory, as the work of politic justice, and have strengthened all the bonds and cheered the universal classes of the social union. It is needless to depict the converse of this pleasing fancy. A persistence in the errors of a selfish and repulsive school has placed his Grace among a party designated by the national mistrust; among the champions of venality, proscription, and abuse. The rights of the community are wrested, one by one, from the rapacious grasp of its oppressors, and if the people triumph in the cause of justice, it will be attributable to its patience only that the victory has not been signalized by bloodshed and convulsion.

The differences of the Whigs, by weakening the power which their union would have irresistibly opposed to the existence of the present government, may possibly inspire Sir Robert Peel and his associates with the hope of counteracting the decisive spirit of the country. The conversion of the ministers to principles of which they formerly were the avowed opponents, must separate from them the more consistent members of their former party. In the latter instance, the loss of spirited support will be but ill-requited by the desultory votes on which the ministry affect to reckon from such members of the Whigs as may consider it *impartial* to accord them—at the close of a political existence—their confidence in the professions of a novel and an uncongenial creed. They have the corporations and the church to deal with, and either subject must be treated in a spirit of enlarged and energetic reformation. Will such a reformation be supported by the suffrage of the Tories? Will reformation of a more contracted character be tolerated by the Whigs? God forbid, for the respectability of public character in England, that every member of the Whigs should be deluded by the fantasies of maudling candour; that every member of the Tories—who, at least, with all their errors, have conformed to all the principles of their profession—should evince the gracious pliancy of Sir Robert Peel—that every prelate on the bench should manifest the shrewd accommodation of the pamphleteering Dr. Philpotts! Such a shameless dereliction of decorum in the seats of legislation would do more to weaken the important influence of parliament, and stimulate the coarse audacity of democratic turbulence, than all the *open* efforts of conservatism against the liberal endeavours of reform. But, in the former instance, should dreams of the restored ascendancy of irresponsible misrule inspire the ministry with stratagems to mar or to defer the watchful expectations of the people—however dexterously planned may be the treacherous devices of frustration—however numerously acquiesced in by the people's representatives—however formally promoted by the peers of parliament—if even sanctioned by that supreme authority, which theory declares infallible—the result will be a fierce convulsion, coextensive with the British realms; and commons, lords, and kings will be admonished by the shock.

How strange is the perversity among the monarchs, aristocracies, and courts of modern Europe! History develops its examples and events, in characters of bloodshed and calamity, in simple truths that no imagination, wild or fertile as it may be, can surpass. They are beheld, believed, lamented, and unheeded. The memorable revolution of the French began beneath the reign of a beneficent and amiable king. He was young and incorrupt, and willing to be formed by just but novel principles of government. He approved the virtuous Turgot, who arose amidst a nation, vitiated by the splendours of a courtly despotism, at an æra, when servility complied with the oppression of a prodigal and dissipated court. From the monarch to the peasant, the population was a graduated scale of slavery. The church was an asylum for the dissolute and indolent; immorality was fostered by the riches of religion; the active zeal of piety was visible among that portion of the clergy only, to which the vice of reverend voluptuaries could spare from their enormous sinecures, a pittance hardly adequate to the necessities of life. The sensuality of the priesthood was conspicuous at court; and the downfall of the monarchy was hastened by the ministers of redemption. The frugal virtue, the prospective mind of Turgut alarmed the satellites of royalty, who beheld the abolition of their abusive privileges with the earnest purpose of an honest minister. His conscience prompted him to mitigate the burthens of the poor; he found the rustic classes of the French depressed by worse than feudal bondage; he attempted their emancipation. His measures were substantial and effective. His sincerity despised the pomp of empty theory. His benevolence was practical and spacious, discriminating and progressive. The king had listened to the admonitions of his wise and virtuous minister. But the inveteracy of corruption was stronger than the efforts of reform, and the monarch and the minister were overwhelmed in the commencement of their amendments by the minions of a rooted system. The parliament of Paris was infected with the subservience of the court. When the *corvée* was suppressed or substituted by a distributive law, it was advanced by that assembly, " que le peuple de France était taillable et corvéable â volonte, que l'était une partie de la constitution que le roi était dans l'impuissance de changer." In the edict of Versailles of 1776, abolishing monopolies, the preamble of the minister expatiated with unanswerable foresight and illustration on the benefits of liberty of trade. Notwithstanding, the nobility, the parliament, the clergy, were combined against the provident sagacity of Turgot and Malesherbes. The youthful king, directed by the mean capacity of Maurepas, one of those pernicious mixtures, who flatter and mislead the imbecility of grandeur, was reclaimed from his designs of government reform. Malesherbes, disgusted at a base conspiracy against improvement, retired from the administration; the resignation of his colleague was demanded. Turgot was driven from his situation of comptroller-general, when meditating measures, which would have purified and might have saved the monarchy. He designed to organize municipal administrations and assemblies throughout all the provinces. This was raising servitude from its prostration, with the vital breath of liberty. It was communicating a paternal blessing to a people, who knew its rulers only by the burthens of injustice, and the spoliation of repacity. He designed a fair partition of the imposts among the nobles, clergy, and the *tiers-état*. He proposed to remedy the defects of the financial system, by the partial sale of royal lands; be *resolved* on a reduction of the taxes. He conceived a plan of national education—the salutary project of raising popular intelligence to a just conception of its rights; and, at the same time, of the duties of loyalty and social order. But Turgot, with the views of a humane philosopher, with genius and perception great as those of Montesquieu, recoiled from the vexatious conflict with confirmed corruption. He had not the energetic passions, the indefatigable assiduity, the supple arts required to dissipate the vicious strength of the noblesse, to captivate the fickle mind of Louis, to subvert the firm but covert influence of Maurepas. Had his comprehensive, his beneficient intentions been animated and sustained by physical efficiency, he might have crushed his enemies amidst the acclamations of reviving liberty; he might have smitten down the insolent pretensions of the nobles and the clergy amidst the popular enthusiasm; but his very virtues were alarmed at the inevitable horrors of his task; and as the bold and eloquent M. Lerminier has remarked, " Il resta desarmé, sans les qualités et sans les vices des hommes faits pour agiter et changer les empires."* Is it needful to recall to the remembrance of any one but ordinarily conversant with history, the reign of contumacious folly which extended from the ministry of Turgot to that awful crisis when the book of crime was dabbled with the blood of eloquence, of heroism, and of science—when the sufferings of a nation were succeeded by the orgies of a nation's vengeance—when Vergniand in the glorious promise of his youth; when Madame Rolland, with a stoicism worthy of antiquity, were immolated on the altars of ferocity; and Condorcet died a death that Cato would have honoured, though Christianity must blame? If history supply a commentary on political perversity—let the luminaries of conservatism mark and learn; let them trace the progress of a people from spiritless submission to criminal excess; from the chains of bondage to recuperative vengeance, exulting in the blood of royal martyrdom. A sound intelligence is far too copiously diffused among the people to admit of the evasive plausibilities which formerly eluded its demands. Justice is sought within the halls of legislation, and the nation has approached the vestibule; the parliament will either tranquillize or rouse the spirit of the people. Does the resolute, the steady temper of the times afford a ground to hope, that the demands of equity and reason can be still denied by bigotry or fear; or that the spacious interests of a corrupt exclusion can expect to cloke themselves beneath the narrow pleas of prudence or the shadowy film of dangerous innovation? These are the exploded common-places of an exploded school; they were the trite responses of contempt to helplessness. No public question can expect protection from the vapid suffrages of thoughtless egotism. We hardly need advert to the importunate loquacity of ignorance and prejudice, that fly-blown progeny of rank corruption, which pretends to add its insignificant opinions to the sturdy errors of a profligate and systematic school. Such flippancy of politics, like other frivolous indulgences of speech, can never seriously affect the fate of a momentous proposition; it may degrade the cause which it pretends to serve; it may expose the folly, which presumes to judge of matters too capacious for the narrow scope of its reflexion.

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* De l' Influence de la Philosophic.

> ———"Numerous was the herd of such,
> Who think too little, and who talk too much:
> These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
> Adored their father's God and property;
> And by the same blind benefit of fate
> The devil and the Jebusite did hate;
> Born to be saved e'en in their own despite
> Because they could not help believing right."

We have conscientiously recorded our mistrust of the existing ministry; we have detailed the reasons of our diffidence; and furthermore we add, relying on the shrewd anticipations of the country, a restoration of the government to hands that have achieved so much in its behalf. We must be blind indeed to fly from the assurance of approved sincerity, and seek our strength and our salvation in the ranks of questionable converts. A pledge of love betrayed the saviour of mankind; and the device of an Iscariot still may serve to win and to deceive the indiscreet affiance of the people.

PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF MR. WATKINS TOTTLE.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"The first coach has not come in yet, has it Tom?" inquired Mr. Gabriel Parsons, as he very complacently paced up and down the fourteen feet of gravel which bordered the "lawn," on the Saturday morning which had been fixed upon for the Beulah Spa jaunt.

"No, Sir; I haven't seen it," replied a gardener in a blue apron, who let himself out to do the ornamental for half-a-crown a-day and his "keep."

"Time Tottle was down," said Mr. Gabriel Parsons, ruminating—"Oh, here he is, no doubt," added Gabriel, as a cab drove rapidly up the hill; and he buttoned his dressing-gown, and opened the gate to receive the expected visitor. The cab stopped, and out jumped a man in a coarse Petersham great coat, whitey-brown neckerchief, faded black suit, gambooge-coloured top-boots, and one of those large crowned hats, formerly seldom met with, but now very generally patronised by gentlemen and costermongers.

"Mr. Parsons?" said the man, looking at the superscription of a note he held in his hand, and addressing Gabriel with an inquiring air.

"*My* name is Parsons," responded the sugar-baker.

"I've brought this here note," replied the individual in the painted tops, in a hoarse whisper, "I've brought this here note from a gen'lm'n as come to our house this mornin'."

"I expected the gentleman at my house," said Parsons, as he broke the seal, which bore the impression of his majesty's profile, as it is seen on a sixpence.

"I've no doubt the gen'lm'n would ha' been here," replied the stranger, "if he hadn't happened to call at our house first; but we never trusts no gen'lm'n furder nor we can see him—no mistake about that there"—added the unknown, with a facetious grin; "beg ye pardon, Sir, no offence meant, only—once in, and I wish you may—catch the idea, Sir?"

Mr. Gabriel Parsons was not remarkable for catching anything suddenly, but a cold. He therefore only bestowed a glance of profound astonishment on his mysterious companion, and proceeded to unfold the note of which he had been the bearer. Once opened, and the idea was caught with very little difficulty. Mr. Watkins Tottle had been suddenly arrested for 33*l.* 10*s.* 4*d.*, and dated his communication from a lock-up house in the vicinity of Chancery-lane.

"Unfortunate affair this!" said Parsons, refolding then ote.

"Nothin' ven you're used to it," coolly observed the man in the Petersham.

"Tom!" exclaimed Parsons, after a few minutes' consideration, "just put the horse in, will you?—Tell the gentleman that I shall be there almost as soon as you are," he continued, addressing the sheriff officer's Mercury.

"Werry well, Sir," replied that important functionary; adding in a confidential manner, "I'd adwise the gen'lm'n's friends to settle. You see it's a mere trifle; and, unless the gen'lm'n means to go up afore the court, it's hardly worth while waiting for detainers, you know. Our governor's wide awake, he is; I'll never say nothin' agin him, nor no man; but he knows what's o'clock, he does, uncommon." Having delivered this eloquent, and, to Parsons, particularly intelligible harangue, the meaning of which was eked out by divers nods and winks, the gentleman in the boots reseated himself in the cab, which went rapidly off, and was soon out of sight. Mr. Gabriel Parsons continued to pace up and down the pathway for some minutes, apparently absorbed in deep meditation. The result of his cogitations appeared to be perfectly satisfactory to himself, for he ran briskly into the house; said that business had suddenly summoned him to town; that he had desired his messenger to inform Mr. Watkins Tottle of the fact; and that they would return together to dinner. He then hastily equipped himself for a drive, and mounting his gig was soon on his way to the establishment of Mr. Solomon Jacobs, situate (as Mr. Watkins Tottle had informed him) in Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane.

When a man is in a violent hurry to get on, and has a specific object in view, the attainment of which depends on the completion of his journey, the difficulties which interpose themselves in his way appear not only to be innumerable, but to have been called into existence especially for the occasion. The remark is by no means a new one, and Mr. Gabriel Parsons had practical and painful experience of its justice in the course of his drive. There are three classes of animated objects which prevent your driving with any degree of comfort or celerity through streets which are but little frequented—they are pigs, children, and old women. On the occasion we are describing, the pigs were luxuriating on cabbage-stalks, and the shuttlecocks fluttered from the little deal battledores, and the children played in the road; and women, with a basket in one hand and the street-door key in the other, *would* cross just before the horse's head, until Mr. Gabriel Parsons was perfectly savage with vexation, and quite hoarse with hoi-ing and imprecating. Then, when he got into Fleet-street, there was "a stoppage," in which people in vehicles have the satisfaction of remaining stationary for half an hour, and envying the slowest pedestrians; and where policemen rush about, and seize hold of horses' bridles, and back them into shop windows, by way of clearing the road and preventing confusion. At length Mr. Gabriel Parsons turned into Chancery-lane, and having inquired for, and been directed to, Cursitor-street (for it was a locality of which he was quite ignorant), he soon found himself opposite the house of Mr. Solomon Jacobs. Confiding his horse and gig to the care of one of the fourteen boys who had followed him from the other side of Blackfriars-bridge on the chance of his requiring their services, Mr. Gabriel Parsons crossed the road, and knocked at an inner door, the upper part of which was glass, grated like the windows of this inviting mansion with iron bars, painted white, to look comfortable.

The knock was answered by a sallow-faced, red-haired, sulky boy, who, after surveying Mr. Gabriel Parsons through the glass applied a large key to an immense wooden excrescence, which was in reality a lock, but which, taken in conjunction with the iron nails with which the panels were studded, gave the door the appearance of being subject to warts.

"I want to see Mr. Watkins Tottle," said Parsons.

"It's the gentleman that came in this morning, Jem," screamed a voice from the top of the kitchen-stairs, which belonged to a dirty woman who had just brought her chin to a level with the passage-floor. "The gentleman's in the coffee-room."

"Up stairs, Sir," said the boy, just opening the door wide enough to let Parsons in without squeezing him, and double-locking it the moment he had made his way through the aperture—"First floor—door on the right."

Mr. Gabriel Parsons thus instructed, ascended the uncarpeted and ill-lighted staircase, and after giving several subdued taps at the before-mentioned "door on the right," which were rendered inaudible by the hum of voices within the room, and the hissing noise attendant on some frying operations which were carrying on below stairs, turned the handle, and entered the apartment. Being informed that the unfortunate object of his visit had just gone up stairs to write a letter, he had leisure to sit down and observe the scene before him.

The room—which was a small, confined den—was partitioned off into boxes, like the common room of some inferior eating-house. The dirty floor had evidently been as long a stranger to the scrubbing-brush as to carpet or floor-cloth; and the ceiling was completely blackened by the flare of the oil-lamp by which the room was lighted at night. The grey ashes on the edges of the tables, and the cigar ends which were plentifully scattered about the dusty grate, fully accounted for the intolerable smell of tobacco which pervaded the place; and the empty glasses, and half-saturated slices of lemon on the tables, together with the porter pots beneath them, bore testimony to the frequent libations in which the individuals who honoured Mr. Solomon Jacobs by a temporary residence in his house indulged. Over the mantel-shelf was a paltry looking-glass, extending about half the width of the chimney-piece; but, by way of a counterpoise, the ashes were confined, by a rusty fender, about twice as long as the hearth.

From this cheerful room itself, the attention of Mr. Gabriel Parsons was naturally directed to its inmates. In one of the boxes two men were playing at cribbage with a very dirty pack of cards, some with blue, some with green, and some with red backs—selections from decayed packs. The cribbage-board had been long ago formed on the table by some ingenious visitor, with the assistance of a pocket-knife and a two-pronged fork, with which the necessary number of holes had been made in the table at proper distances for the reception of the wooden pegs. In another box a stout, hearty-looking man, of about forty, was eating some dinner, which his wife—an equally comfortable-looking personage—had brought him in a basket; and in a third, a genteel-looking young man was talking earnestly and in a low tone to a young female, whose face was concealed by a thick veil, but whom Mr. Gabriel Parsons immediately set down in his own mind as the debtor's wife. A young fellow of vulgar manners, dressed in the very extremity of the prevailing fashion, was pacing up and down the room, with a lighted cigar in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets, ever and anon puffing forth volumes of smoke, and occasionally applying with much apparent relish to a pint pot, the contents of which were "chilling" on the hob.

"Fourpence more, by G—d!" exclaimed one of the cribbage-players, lighting a pipe, and addressing his adversary at the close of the game; "one 'ud think you'd got luck in a pepper-cruet, and shook it out when you wanted it."

"Well, that a'n't a bad 'un," replied the other, who was a horse-dealer from Islington.

"No; I'm blessed if it is," interposed the jolly-looking fellow, who, having finished his dinner, was drinking out of the same glass as his wife, in truly conjugal harmony, some hot gin-and-water. The faithful partner of his cares had brought a plentiful supply of the anti-temperance fluid in a large flat stone bottle, which looked like a half-gallon jar that had been successfully tapped for the dropsy. "You're a rum chap you are, Mr. Walker—will you dip your beak into this, Sir?"

"Thank'ee, Sir," replied Mr. Walker, leaving his box, and advancing to the other to accept the proffered glass. "Here's your health, Sir, and your good 'ooman's here. Gentlemen all—your's, and better luck still. Well, Mr. Willis," continued the facetious prisoner, addressing the young man with the cigar, "you seem rather down to-day—floored, as one may say. What's the matter, Sir? Never say die, you know."

"Oh! I'm all right," replied the smoker. "I shall be bailed out to-morrow."

"Shall you though?" enquired the other. "Damme, I wish I could say the same. I am as regularly over head and ears as the Royal George; and stand about as much chance of being *bailed out*. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Why," said the young man, stopping short, and speaking in a very loud key, "Look at me. What d'ye ye think I've stopped here two days for?"

"'Cause you couldn't get out, I suppose," interrupted Mr. Walker, winking to the company. "Not that you're exactly obliged to stop here, only you can't help it. No compulsion, you know, only you must—eh?"

"A'n't he a rum'un?" inquired the delighted individual, who had offered the gin-and-water, of his wife.

"Oh, he just is!" replied the lady, who was quite overcome by these flashes of imagination.

"Why, my case," frowned the victim, throwing the end of his cigar into the fire, and illustrating his argument by knocking the bottom of the pot on the table, at intervals—"my case is a very singular one: my father's a man of large property, and I am his son."

"That's a very strange circumstance," interrupted the jocose Mr. Walker, *en passant.*

"— I am his son, and have received a liberal education. I don't owe no man nothing—not the value of a farthing, but I was induced, you see, to put my name to some bills for a friend—bills to a large amount. I may say a very large amount, for which I didn't receive no consideration. What's the consequence?"

"Why, I suppose the bills went out, and you came in. The acceptances were'nt taken up, and you were, eh?" inquired Walker.

"To be sure," replied the liberally-educated young gentleman. "To be sure; and so here I am, locked up for a matter of twelve hundred pound."

"Why don't you ask your old governor to stump up?" inquired Walker, with a somewhat sceptical air.

"Oh! bless you, he'd never do it," replied the other, in a tone of expostulation—"Never!"

"Well, it is very odd to—be—sure," interposed the owner of the flat bottle, mixing another glass, "but I've been in difficulties, as one may say, now for thirty year. I went to pieces when I was in a milk-walk, thirty year ago; arterwards, when I was a fruiterer, and kept a spring wan; and arter that again in the coal and 'tatur line—but all that time, I never see a youngish chap come into a place of this kind, who wasn't going out again directly, and who hadn't been arrested on bills which he'd given a friend, and for which he'd received nothing whatsomever—not a fraction."

"Oh! it's always the cry," said Walker. "I can't see the use on it; that's what makes me so wild. Why, I should have a much better opinion of an individual, if he'd say at once, in an honourable and gentlemanly manner, as he'd done every body he possible could."

"Ay, to be sure," interposed the horse-dealer, with whose notions of bargain and sale the axiom perfectly coincided, "so should I."

The young gentleman, who had given rise to these observations, was on the point of offering a rather angry reply to these sneers, but the rising of the young man before noticed, and of the female who had been sitting by him, to leave the room, interrupted the conversation. She had been weeping bitterly, and the noxious atmosphere of the room acting upon her excited feelings and delicate frame, rendered the support of her companion necessary as they quitted it together.

There was an air of superiority about them both, and something in their appearance so unusual in such a place, that a respectful silence was observed until the *whirr—r—bang* of the spring door announced that they were out of hearing. It was broken by the wife of the ex-fruiterer.

"Poor creetur!" said she, quenching a sigh in a rivulet of gin and water. "She's very young."

"She's a nice-loooking 'ooman, too," added the horse-dealer.

"What's he in for, Ikey?" inquired Walker, of an individual who was spreading a cloth, with numerous blotches of mustard upon it, on one of the tables, and whom Mr. Gabriel Parsons had no difficulty in recognizing as the man who had called upon him in the morning.

"Vy," responded the factotum, "it's one of the rummest rigs you ever heard on. He come in here last Vensday, which, by the bye, he's a going over the water to night—hows'ever that's neither here nor there. You see I've been going back'ards and for'ards about his business, and ha' managed to pick up some of his story from the servants and them; and so far as I can make it out, it seems to be summat to this here effect——"

"Cut it short, old fellow," interrupted Walker, who knew from former experience that he of the top-boots was neither very concise nor intelligible in his narratives.

"Let me alone," replied Ikey, "and I'll ha' vound up, and made my lucky in five seconds. This here young gen'lm's father—so I'm told, mind ye—and the father o' the young voman, have always been on very bad, out-and-out, rig'lar knock-me-down, sort o' terms; but somehow or another when he was a wisitin' at some gentlefolk's house, as he know'd at college, he come into contract with the young lady. He seed her several times; and then he up and said he'd keep company with her, if so be as she vos agreeable. Vell she vos as sweet upon him as he vos upon her, and so I s'pose they made it all right: for they got married 'bout six months arterwards, unbeknown mind ye to the two fathers—leastways so I'm told. When they heard on it—my eyes there was sitch a combustion! Starvation vos the very least that vos to be done to 'em. The young gen'lm'ns father cut him off vith a bob 'cos he'd cut himself off vith a wife; and the young lady's father he behaved even worser and more unnat'ral, for he not only blow'd her up dreadful, and swore he'd never see her again, but he employed a chap as I knows—and as you knows, Mr. Valker, a precious sight too well—to go about and buy up the bills and them things, on which the young husband, thinking his governor 'ud come round agin, had raised the vind just to blow himself on vith for a time; besides vich, he made all the interest he could to set other people agin him. Consequence vos, that he paid as long as he could; but things he never expected to have to meet till he'd had time to turn himself round, come fast upon him, and he vos nabbed. He vos brought here, as I said before, last Vensday, and I think there's about—ah half-a-dozen detainers agin him down stairs now. I have been," added Ikey, "in the purfession these fifteen year, and I never met vith such windictiveness afore!"

"Poor creeturs!" exclaimed the coal-dealer's wife once more: again resorting to the same excellent prescription for nipping a sigh in the bud; "Ah! when they've seen as much trouble as I and my old man here have, they'll be as comfortable under it, as we are."

"The young lady's a pretty creature," said Walker, "only she's a little too delicate for my taste—there an't enough of her. As to the young cove, he may be very respectable and what not, but he's too down in the mouth for me—he an't game."

"Game!" exclaimed Ikey, who had been altering the position of a green-handled knife and fork at least a dozen times in order that he might remain in the room under the pretext of having something to do. "He's game enough ven there's any thing to be fierce about; but who could be game as you call it, Mr. Walker, with a pale young creetur like that, hanging about him?—It's enough to drive any man's heart into his boots, to see 'em together—and no mistake at all about it. I never shall forget her first comin' here; he wrote to her on the Thursday to come—I know he did 'cos I took the letter. Uncommon fidgetty he was all day to be sure, and in the evening he goes down into the office, and he says to Jacobs, says he 'Sir, can I have the loan of a private room for a few minutes this evening, without incurring any additional expence—just to see my wife in?' says he. Jacobs looked as much to say—'Strike me bountiful if you an't one of the modest sort;' but as the gen'lm'n who had been in the back parlour, had just gone out, and had paid for it for that day, he says—werry grave—'Sir,' says he, 'it's agin our rules to let private rooms to our lodgers on gratis terms, but,' says he, 'for a gentleman, I don't mind breaking through them, for once.' So then he turns round to me and says, 'Ikey, put two mould candles in the back parlour, and charge 'em to this gen'lm'n's account,' which I did. Vell, by-and-by a hackney-coach comes up to the door, and there, sure enough, was the young lady wrapped up in a hopera-cloak, as it might be, and all alone. I opened the gate that night, so I went up when the coach came, and he vos a watin' at the parlour-door—wasn't he a trembling neither? The poor creetur see him, and could hardly walk to meet him. 'Oh, Harry!' she says, 'that it should have come to this! and all for my sake,' says she, putting her hand upon his shoulder. So he puts his arm round her pretty little waist, and leading her gently a little way into the room, so that he might be able to shut the door, he says, so kind and soft like—'Why, Kate,' says he——"

"Here's the gentleman you want, Sir," said Ikey abruptly breaking off in his story, and introducing Mr. Gabriel Parsons to the crest-fallen Watkins Tottle, who at that moment entered the room. Watkins advanced with a wooden expression of passive endurance, and accepted the hand which Mr. Gabriel Parsons held out.

"I want to speak to you," said Gabriel, with a look strongly expressive of his dislike of the company.

"This way," replied the imprisoned one, leading the way to the front drawing-room, where rich debtors did the luxurious at the rate of a couple of guineas a day.

"Well, here I am," said Watkins, as he sat down on the sofa; and placing the palms of his hands on his knees, anxiously glanced at his friend's countenance.

"Yes; and here you're likely to be," said Gabriel coolly, as he rattled the money in his unmentionable-pockets, and looked out of the window.

"What's the amount with the costs?" inquired Parsons after an awkward pause.

"37*l.* 3s. 10d."

"Have you got any money?"

"Nine and sixpence,"

Mr. Gabriel Parsons walked up and down the room for a few seconds before he could make up his mind to disclose the plan he had formed; he was accustomed to drive hard bargains, but was always most anxious to conceal his avarice; at length he stopped short, and said,—"Tottle, you owe me fifty pounds."

"I do."

"And from all I see, I infer that you are likely to owe it me."

"I fear I am."

"Though you have every disposition to pay me if you could?"

"Certainly."

"Then," said Mr. Gabriel Parsons, "listen; here's my proposition. You know my way of old. Accept it—yes or no—I will or I wont. I'll pay the debt and costs, and I'll lend you 10*l.* more (which, added to your annuity, will enable you to carry on the war well), if you'll give me your note of hand to pay me one hundred and fifty pounds within six months after you are married to Miss Lillerton."

"My dear——"

"Stop a minute—on one condition; and that is, that you propose to Miss Lillerton at once."

"At once! My dear Parsons, consider."

"It's for you to consider, not me. She knows you well from reputation, though she did not know you personally, until lately. Notwithstanding all her maiden modesty, I think she'd be devilish glad to get married, out of hand, with as little delay as possible. My wife has sounded her on the subject, and she has confessed."

"What—what?" eagerly interrupted the enamoured Watkins."

"Why," replied Parsons, "to say exactly what she has confessed, would be rather difficult, because they only spoke in hints, and so forth; but my wife, who is no bad judge in these cases, declared to me that what she had confessed was as good as to say, that she was not insensible of your merits—in fact, that no other man should have her."

Mr. Watkins Tottle rose hastily from his seat, and rang the bell.

"What's that for?" inquired Parsons.

"I want to send the man for the bill stamp," replied Mr. Watkins Tottle.

"Then you've made up your mind?"

"I have,"—and they shook hands most cordially. The note of hand was given—the debt and costs were paid—Ikey was satisfied for his trouble, and the two friends soon found themselves on that side of Mr. Solomon Jacobs' establishment, on which most of his visitors were very happy when they found themselves once again—to wit, the *out*side.

"Now," said Mr. Gabriel Parsons, as they drove to Norwood together—"you shall have an opportunity to make the disclosure to-night; and mind you speak out, Tottle."

"I will—I will!" replied Watkins, valorously.

"How I should like to see you together," ejaculated Mr. Gabriel Parsons—"What fun!"—and he laughed so long and so loudly, that he disconcerted Mr. Watkins Tottle, and frightened the horse.

"There's Fanny and your intended walking about on the lawn," said Gabriel, as they approached the house.—"Mind your eye, Tottle."

"Never fear," replied Watkins, resolutely, as he made his way to the spot where the ladies were walking.

"Here's Mrs. Tottle, my dear," said Mrs. Parsons, addressing Miss Lillerton. The lady turned quickly round, and acknowledged his courteous salute with the same sort of confusion that Watkins had noticed on their first interview, but with something like a slight expression of disappointment or carelessness.

"Did you see how glad she was to see you?" whispered Parsons to his friend.

"Why I really thought she looked as if she would rather have seen somebody else," replied Tottle.

Pooh, nonsense!" whispered Parsons again—"It's always the way with women, young or old. They never like to show how delighted they are to see those whose presence makes their hearts beat. It's the way with the whole sex; and no man should have lived to your time of life without knowing it. Fanny confessed it to me, when we were first married, over and over again—see what it is to have a wife."

"Certainly," whispered Tottle, whose courage was vanishing fast.

"Well now, you'd better begin to pave the way," said Parsons; who, having invested some money in the speculation, assumed the office of director.

"Yes, yes, I will—presently," replied Tottle, greatly flurried.

"Say something to her, man," urged Parsons again. "Damn it! pay her a compliment, can't you?"

"No! not till after dinner," replied the bashful Tottle, anxious to postpone the evil moment.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mrs. Parsons, "you are really very polite; you stay away the whole morning, after promising to take us out, and when you do come home, you stand whispering together, and take no notice of us."

"We were talking of the *business*, my dear, which detained us this morning," replied Parsons, looking significantly at Tottle.

"Dear me! how very quickly the morning has gone," said Miss Lillerton, referring to the gold watch, which was wound up on state occasions, whether it required it or not.

"*I* think it has passed very slowly," mildly suggested Tottle.

("That's right—bravo!") whispered Parsons.

"Indeed!" said Miss Lillerton, with an air of majestic surprise.

"I can only impute it to my unavoidable absence from your society, Madam," said Watkins, "and that of Mrs. Parsons."

During this short dialogue, the ladies had been leading the way to the house.

"What the deuce did you stick Fanny into that last compliment for?" enquired Parsons, as they followed together! "it quite spoilt the effect."

"Oh! it really would have been too broad without," replied Watkins Tottle, "much too broad!"

"He's mad!" Parsons whispered his wife, as they entered the drawing-room, "mad from modesty."

"Dear me!" ejaculated the lady, "I never heard of such a thing."

"You'll find we have quite a family dinner, Mr. Tottle," said Mrs. Parsons, when they sat down to table; "Miss Lillerton is one of us, and, of course, we make no stranger of you."

Mr. Watkins Tottle expressed a hope that the Parsons family never would make a stranger of him, and wished internally that his bashfulness would allow him to feel a little less like a stranger himself.

"Take off the covers, Martha," said Mrs. Parsons, directing the shifting of the scenery with great anxiety. The order was obeyed, and a pair of boiled fowls, with tongue and et ceteras, were displayed at the top, and a fillet of veal at the bottom. On one side of the table two green sauce-tureens, with ladles of the same, were setting to each other in a green dish; and on the other was a curried rabbit, in a brown suit, turned up with lemon.

"Miss Lillerton, my dear," said Mrs. Parsons, "shall I assist you?"

"Thank you, no; I think I'll trouble Mr. Tottle."

Watkins started—trembled—helped the rabbit—and broke a tumbler. The countenance of the lady of the house, which had been all smiles previously, underwent an awful change.

"Extremely sorry," stammered Watkins, assisting himself to currie, and parsley and butter, in the extremity of his confusion.

"Not the least consequence," replied Mrs. Parsons, in a tone which implied that it was of the greatest consequence possible, directing aside the researches of the boy, who was groping under the table for the bits of broken glass.

"I presume," said Miss Lillerton, "that Mr. Tottle is aware of the interest which bachelors usually pay in such cases; a dozen glasses for one is the lowest penalty."

Mr. Gabriel Parsons gave his friend an admonitory tread on the toe. Here was a clear hint that the sooner he ceased to be a bachelor, and emancipated himself from such penalties, the better. Mr. Watkins Tottle viewed the observation in the same light, and challenged Mrs. Parsons to take wine, with a degree of presence of mind which under all the circumstances, was really extraordinary.

"Miss Lillerton," said Gabriel, "may I have the pleasure?"

"I shall be most happy."

"Tottle will you assist Miss Lillerton, and pass the decanter. Thank you." (The usual pantomimic ceremony of nodding and sipping, gone through)—

"Tottle, were you ever in Suffolk?" enquired the master of the house, who was burning to tell one of his seven stock stories.

"No," responded Watkins, adding, by way of a saving clause, "but I've been in Devonshire."

"Ah!" replied Gabriel, "it was in Suffolk that a rather singular circumstance happened to me, many years ago. Did you ever happen to hear me mention it?"

Mr. Watkins Tottle *had* happened to hear his friend mention it some four hundred times. Of course he expressed great curiosity, and evinced the utmost impatience to hear the story again. Mr. Gabriel Parsons forthwith attempted to proceed, in spite of the interruptions to which, as our readers must frequently have observed, the master of the house is often exposed in such cases. We will attempt to give them an idea of our meaning.

"When I was in Suffolk," said Mr. Gabriel Parsons——

"Take off the fowls first, Martha," said Mrs. Parsons. "I beg your pardon, my dear."

"When I was in Suffolk," resumed Mr. Parsons, with an impatient glance at his wife, who pretended not to observe it, "which is now some years ago, business led me to the town of Bury St. Edmunds. I had to stop at the principal places in my way, and therefore, for the sake of convenience, I travelled in a gig. I left Sudbury one dark night—it was winter time—about nine o'clock; the rain poured in torrents, the wind howled among the trees that skirted the road-side, and I was obliged to proceed at a foot-pace, for I could hardly see my hand before me, it was so dark——"

"John," interrupted Mrs. Parsons, in a low, hollow, voice, "don't spill that gravy."

"Fanny," said Parsons, impatiently, "I wish you'd defer these domestic reproofs to some more suitable time. Really, my dear, these constant interruptions are very annoying."

"My dear, I didn't interrupt you," said Mrs. Parsons.

"But, my dear, you *did* interrupt me," remonstrated Mr. Parsons.

"How very absurd you are, my love! I must give directions to the servants; I am quite sure that if I sat here and allowed John to spill the gravy over the new carpet, you'd be the first to find fault when you saw the stain to-morrow morning."

"Well," continued Gabriel, with a resigned air, as if he knew there was no getting over the point about the carpet, "I was just saying, it was so dark that I could hardly see my hand before me. The road was very lonely, and I assure you, Tottle (this was a device to arrest the wandering attention of that individual, which was distracted by a confidential communication between Mrs. Parsons and Martha, accompanied by the delivery of a large bunch of keys), I assure you, Tottle, I became somehow impressed with a sense of the loneliness of my situation——"

"Pie to your master," interrupted Mrs. Parsons, again directing the servant.

"Now, pray, my dear," remonstrated Parsons once more, very pettishly. Mrs. P. turned up her hands and eyebrows, and appealed in dumb show to Miss Lillerton. "As I turned a corner of the road, resumed Gabriel, "the horse stopped short, and reared tremendously. I pulled up, jumped out, ran to his head, and found a man lying on his back, in the middle of the road, with his eyes fixed on the sky. I thought he was dead; but no, he was alive, and there appeared to be nothing the matter with him. He jumped up, and putting his hand to his chest, and fixing upon me the most earnest gaze you can imagine, exclaimed——"

"Pudding here," said Mrs. Parsons.

"Oh! it's no use," exclaimed the hoat, who was now rendered desperate. "Here, Tottle; a glass of wine. It's useless to attempt relating any thing when Mrs. Parsons is present."

This attack was received in the usual way. Mrs. Parsons talked *to* Miss Lillerton, and *at* her bette half; expatiated on the impatience of men generally; hinted that her husband was peculiarly vicious in this respect, and wound up by insinuating that she must be one of the best tempers that ever existed, or she never could put up with it. Really what she had to endure sometimes, was more than any one who saw her in every-day life could by possibility suppose.—The story was now a painful subject, and therefore Mr. Parsons declined to enter into any details, and contented himself by stating that the man was a maniac, who had escaped from a neighbouring mad-house.

The cloth was removed; the ladies soon afterwards retired, and Miss Lillerton played the piano in the drawing-room over head very loudly, for the edification of the visitor. Mr. Watkins Tottle and Mr. Gabriel Parsons sat chatting comfortably enough, until the conclusion of the second bottle, when the latter, in proposing an adjournment to the drawing-room, informed Watkins that he had concerted a plan with his wife, for leaving him and Miss Lillerton alone, soon after tea.

"I say," said Tottle, as they went up stairs, "don't you think it would be better if we put it off till—till—to-morrow?"

"Don't *you* think it would have been much better if I had left you in that wretched hole I found you in this morning?" retorted Parsons, bluntly.

"Well—well—I only made a suggestion," said poor Watkins Tottle, with a deep sigh.

Tea was soon concluded, and Miss Lillerton drawing a small work-table on one side of the fire, and placing a little wooden frame upon it, something like a miniature clay-mill without the horse, was soon busily engaged in making a watch-guard with brown silk.

"God bless me!" exclaimed Parsons, starting up with well-feigned surprise, "I've forgotten those confounded letters. Tottle, I know, you'll excuse me."

If Tottle had been a free agent, he would have allowed no one to leave the room on any pretence, except himself. As it was, however, he was obliged to look cheerful when Parsons quitted the apartment.

He had scarcely left, when Martha put her head into the room, with—"please, Ma'am, you're wanted."

Mrs. Parsons left the room, shut the door carefully after her, and Mr. Watkins Tottle was left alone with Miss Lillerton.

For the first five minutes there was a dead silence.—Mr. Watkins Tottle was thinking how he should begin, and Miss Lillerton appeared to be thinking of nothing. The fire was burning low; Mr. Watkins Tottle stirred it, and put some coals on.

"Hem!" coughed Miss Lillerton; Mr. Watkins Tottle thought the fair creature had spoken—"I beg your pardon," said he.

"Eh!"

" I thought you spoke."

" No."

" Oh !"

" There are some books on the sofa, Mr. Tottle, if you would like to look at them," said Miss Lillerton, after the lapse of another five minutes.

" No, thank you," returned Watkins; and then he added, with a courage which was perfectly astonishing, even to himself, " Madam, that is, Miss Lillerton, I wish to speak to you."

" To me !" said Miss Lillerton, letting the silk drop from her hands, and sliding her chair back a few paces.—" Speak—to me !"

" To you, Madam—and on the subject of the state of your affections." The lady hastily rose, and would have left the room; but Mr. Watkins Tottle gently detained her by the hand, and holding it as far from him as the joint length of their arms would permit, he thus proceeded—" Pray do not misunderstand me, or suppose that I am led to address you, after so short an acquaintance, by any feeling of my own merits—for merits I have none which could give me a claim to your hand. I hope you will acquit me of any presumption when I explain that I have been acquainted, through Mrs. Parsons, with the state—that is, that Mrs. Parsons has told me—at least, not Mrs. Parsons, but——" here Watkins began to wander, but Miss Lillerton relieved him.

" Am I to understand, Mr. Tottle, that Mrs. Parsons has acquainted you with my feeling—my affection—I mean, my respect for an individual of the opposite sex ?"

" She has."

" Then, what," inquired Miss Lillerton, averting her face, with a girlish air, " what could induce *you* to seek such an interview as this ? What can your object be ? How can I promote your happiness, Mr. Tottle ?"

Here was the time for a flourish.—" By allowing me," replied Watkins, falling bump on his knees, and breaking two brace-buttons, and a waistcoat-string, in the act.—" By allowing me to be your slave, your servant—in short, by unreservedly making me the confidant of your heart's feelings—may I say, for the promotion of your own happiness—may I say, in order that you may become the wife of a kind and affectionate husband ?"

" Disinterested creature !" exclaimed Miss Lillerton, hiding her face in a white pocket handkerchief with an eyelet-hole border.

Mr. Watkins Tottle thought that if the lady knew all, she might possibly alter her opinion on this last point. He raised the tip of her middle finger ceremoniously to his lips, and got off his knees as gracefully as he could. " My information was correct ?" he tremulously inquired, when he was once more on his feet.

" It was." Watkins elevated his hands, and looked up to the ornament in the centre of the ceiling, which had been made for a lamp, by way of expressing his rapture.

" Our situation, Mr. Tottle," resumed the lady, glancing at him through one of the eyelet-holes, " is a most peculiar and delicate one."

" It is," said Mr. Tottle.

"Our acquaintance has been of *so* short duration," said Miss Lillerton.

"Only a week," assented Watkins Tottle.

"Oh! more than that," exclaimed the lady, in a tone of surprise.

"Indeed!" said Tottle.

"More than a month—more than two months!" said Miss Lillerton.

Rather odd, this, thought Watkins.

"Oh!" he said, recollecting Parsons' assurance that she had known him from report, "I understand. But, my dear Madam, pray consider. The longer this acquaintance has existed, the less reason is there for delay now. Why not at once fix a period for gratifying the hopes of your devoted admirer?"

"It has been represented to me again and again that this is the course I ought to pursue," replied Miss Lillerton, "but—pardon my feelings of delicacy, Mr. Tottle—pray excuse this embarrassment—I have peculiar ideas on such subjects, and I am quite sure that I never could summon up fortitude enough to name the day to my future husband."

"Then allow *me* to name it," said Tottle, eagerly.

"I should like to fix it myself," replied Miss Lillerton, bashfully, "but I cannot do so without at once resorting to a third party."

"A third party!" thought Watkins Tottle, "who the deuce is that to be, I wonder?"

"Mr. Tottle," continued Miss Lillerton, "you have made me a most disinterested and kind offer—that offer I accept. Will you, at once, be the bearer of a note from me to—to Mr. Timson?"

"Mr. Timson!" said Watkins.

"After what has passed between us," responded Miss Lillerton, still averting her head, "you must understand whom I mean; Mr. Timson, the—the—clergyman."

"Mr. Timson, the clergyman!" ejaculated Watkins Tottle, in a state of inexpressible beatitude, and positive wonder at his own success. "Angel! Certainly—this moment!"

"I'll prepare it immediately," said Miss Lillerton, making for the door; "the events of this day have flurried me so much, Mr. Tottle, that I shall not leave my room again this evening; I will send you the note by the servant."

"Stay—stay," cried Watkins Tottle, still keeping a most respectful distance from the lady; "when shall we meet again?"

"Oh! Mr. Tottle," replied Miss Lillerton, coquettishly, "when *we* are married, I can never see you too often, or thank you too much;" and she left the room.

Mr. Watkins Tottle flung himself into an arm-chair, and indulged in the most delicious reveries of future bliss, in which the idea of "Five hundred pounds per annum, with an uncontrolled power of disposing of it, by her last will and testament," was somehow or other the foremost. He had gone through the interview so well, and it had terminated so admirably, that he almost began to wish he had expressly stipulated for the settlement of the annual five hundred on himself.

"May I come in?" said Mr. Gabriel Parsons, peeping in at the door.

"Come in," replied Watkins.

"Well, have you done it?" anxiously inquired Gabriel.

"Have I done it!" said Watkins Tottle. "Hush—I'm going to the clergyman."

"No!" said Parsons. "How well you have managed it."

"Where does Timson live?" inquired Watkins.

"At his uncle's," replied Gabriel, "just round the lane. He's waiting for a living, and has been assisting his uncle here for the last two or three months. But how well you have done it—I didn't think you could have carried it off so."

Mr. Watkins Tottle was proceeding to demonstrate that the Richardsonian principle was the best on which love could possibly be made, when he was interrupted by the entrance of Martha with a little pink note folded like a fancy cocked hat.

"Miss Lillerton's compliments," said Martha, as she delivered it into Tottle's hands, and vanished.

"Do you observe the delicacy?" said Tottle, appealing to Mr. Gabriel Parsons. "*Compliments*, not *love*, by the servant, eh?"

Mr. Gabriel Parsons didn't exactly know what reply to make, so he poked the forefinger of his right hand between the third and fourth ribs of Mr. Watkins Tottle.

"Come," said Watkins, when the explosion of mirth, consequent on this practical jest, had subsided, "we'll be off at once—let's lose no time."

"Capital!" echoed Mr. Gabriel Parsons; and in five minutes they were at the garden-gate of the villa tenanted by the uncle of Mr. Timson.

"Is Mr. Charles Timson at home?" inquired Mr. Watkins Tottle of Mr. Charles Timson's uncle's man.

"Mr. Charles *is* at home," replied the man, stammering; "but he desired me to say he couldn't be interrupted, Sir, by any of the parishioners."

"*I* am not a parishioner," replied Watkins.

"Is Mr. Charles writing a sermon, Tom?" inquired Parsons, thrusting himself forward.

"No, Mr. Parsons, Sir; he's not exactly writing a sermon, but he's practising the violincello in his own bedroom, and gave strict orders not to be disturbed."

"Say I'm here," replied Gabriel, leading the way across the garden; "Mr. Parsons and Mr. Tottle, on private and particular business."

They were shewn into the parlour, and the servant departed to deliver his message. The distant groaning of the violincello ceased; footsteps were heard on the stairs, and Mr. Timson presented himself, and shook hands with Parsons with the utmost cordiality.

"How do you do, Sir?" said Watkins Tottle with much solemnity.

"How do *you* do, Sir?" replied Timson, with as much coldness as if it were a matter of perfect indifference to him how he did, as it very likely was.

"I beg to deliver this note to you," said Watkins Tottle, producing the cocked hat.

"From Miss Lillerton!" said Timson, suddenly changing colour. "Pray sit down."

Mr. Watkin's Tottle sat down, and while Timson perused the note, fixed his eyes on an oyster-sauce-coloured portrait of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which hung over the fire-place.

Mr. Timson rose from his seat when he had concluded the note, and looked dubiously at Parsons—"May I ask," he inquired, appealing to Watkins Tottle, "whether our friend here is acquainted with the object of your visit?"

"Our friend is in *my* confidence," replied Watkins with considerable importance.

"Then, Sir," said Timson, seizing both Tottle's hands, "allow me in his presence to thank you, most unfeignedly and cordially, for the noble part you have acted in this affair."

"He thinks I recommended him," thought Tottle. "Confound these fellows, they never think of any thing but their fees."

"I deeply regret having misunderstood your intentions, my dear Sir," continued Timson. "Disinterested and manly indeed! There are very few men who would have acted as you have done."

Mr. Watkins Tottle could not help thinking that this last remark was any think but complimentary. He therefore inquired rather hastily, "When is it to be?"

"On Thursday," replied Timson"—"on Thursday morning at half-past-eight."

"Uncommonly early," observed Watkins Tottle, with an air of triumphant self-denial. "I shall hardly be able to get down here by that hour." (This was intended for a joke.)

"Never mind, my dear fellow," replied Timson, all suavity, shaking hands with Tottle again most heartily, "so long as we see you to breakfast, you know——"

"Eh!" said Parsons, with one of the most extraordinary expressions of countenance that ever appeared on the human face.

"What!" ejaculated Watkins Tottle, at the same moment.

"I say that so long as we see you to breakfast," repeated Timson, "we will excuse your being absent from the ceremony, though of course your presence at it would give us the utmost pleasure."

Mr. Watkins Tottle staggered against the wall, and fixed his eyes on Timson, with apalling perseverance.

"Timson," said Parsons, hurriedly brushing his hat with his left arm, "when you say 'us,' whom do you mean?"

Mr. Timson looked foolish in his turn, when he replied, "Why—Mrs. Timson that will be this day week; Miss Lillerton that is"—

"Now don't stare at that idiot in the corner," angrily exclaimed Parsons, as the extraordinary convulsions of Watkins Tottle's countenance excited the wondering gaze of Timson, "but have the goodness to tell me in three words the contents of that note."

"This note," replied Timson, "is from Miss Lillerton, to whom I have been for the last five weeks regularly engaged. Her singular scruples and strange feeling on some points have hitherto prevented my bringing the engagement to that termination which I so anxiously desire. She informs me here, that she sounded Mrs. Parsons, with the view of making her her confidante, and go-between, that Mrs. Parsons informed this elderly gentleman, Mr. Tottle, of the circumstance, and that he, in the most kind and delicate terms, offered to assist us in any way, and even undertook to convey this note, which contains the promise I have long sought in vain—an act of kindness for which I can never be sufficiently grateful."

"Good night, Timson," said Parsons hurrying off, and lugging the bewildered Tottle with him.

"Won't you stay—and have something?" said Timson.

"No, thank ye," replied Parsons, "I've had quite enough;" and away he went, followed by Watkins Tottle in a state of stupefaction.

Mr. Gabriel Parsons whistled until they had walked some quarter of a mile past his own gate, when he suddenly stopped and said,

"You are a clever fellow, Tottle, an't you?"

"I don't know," said the unfortunate Watkins.

"I suppose you'll say this is Fanny's fault, won't you?" inquired Gabriel.

"I don't know any thing about it," replied the bewildered Tottle.

"Well, said Parsons," turning on his heel to go home, "the next time you make an offer, you had better speak plainly, and don't throw a chance away; and the next time you're locked up in a spunging-house, just wait there till I come and take you out, there's a good fellow."

How, or at what hour, Mr. Watkins Tottle returned to Cecil-street is unknown. His boots were seen outside his bedroom-door next morning, but we have the authority of his landlady for stating that he neither emerged therefrom, or accepted sustenance for four-and-twenty hours; at the expiration of that period, and when a council of war was being held in the kitchen on the propriety of summoning the parochial beadle to break his door open, he rang his bell, and demanded a cup of milk-and-water. The next morning he went through the usual formalities of eating and drinking as usual, but a week afterwards he was seized with a relapse, while perusing the list of marriages in a morning paper, from which he never perfectly recovered.

A few weeks since, the body of a gentleman unknown was found in the Regent's Canal. In the trousers-pockets were four shillings and three-pence-halfpenny; a matrimonial advertisement from a lady, which bore the appearance of having been cut out of the *Sunday Times;* a tooth-pick, and a card-case, which it is confidently believed would have led to the identification of the unfortunate gentleman, but for the circumstance of there being nothing but blank cards in it. Mr. Watkins Tottle absented himself from his lodgings shortly before. A bill which has not been taken up, was presented next morning; and a bill which has not been taken down, was soon afterwards affixed in his parlour-window. He left a variety of papers in the hands of his landlady—the materials collected in his wanderings among different classes of society—which that lady has determined to publish, to defray the unpaid expenses of his board and lodging. They will be carefully arranged, and presented to the public from time to time, with all due humility, by BOZ.

WIVES OF THE CÆSARS.

Paulatim deinde ad superos Astræa recessit
Hac comite, atq. duæ pariter fugere sorores.—Juv. Sat. 6.

Julia, the Wife of Tiberius.

Julia, the daughter of Augustus and Scribonia, presents a striking instance of the insufficiency of vigilance and care to quell the strength of natural depravity. Her father, who anxiously and fondly beheld in her the only source of an illustrious posterity, betimes anticipated the results of a relaxed and too indulgent education. Studious to accustom Julia to domestic recreation, and, at the same time, to detach by occupation her active disposition from the corrupting pleasures in which her after-life was criminally and notoriously expended, Augustus rigidly apportioned the handiwork and pleasures of her day; and, with a view to the decorum of her conduct, placed her so perpetually within the common observation of his household, that every action of her life was noticed and recorded in the *ephemeris* of an appointed freedman.* Her intercourse was limited to the inhabitants of the imperial mansion; and so jealous was Augustus of his daughter's acceptance of the ordinary courtesies of Roman life, that he dispatched a letter to Tucinius, a personable young patrician, reproaching him with the immodesty of a visit purely complimentary. But the precautions of Augustus were unavailing; an auspicious fate awaited him in almost every circumstance of life, but destiny reserved for him the bitterness of a domestic evil, which darkened for a moment the meridian of his happiness, and partially clouded the remainder of his long and prosperous career.† The courtly pertinence of Horace could hardly have supplied a more appropriate commentary on the fortunes or misfortunes of Augustus, had the glory of the prince, the offences of the daughter, and the afflictions of the parent, been the avowed and studied object of his song, than the exquisitely beautiful and philosophic ode to Grosphus,‡ which Mons. Sanadon has praised with such peculiar justice and discrimination.

Julia's beauty was of a singular and happy cast, combining, with the strictest regularity of features, the charms of ever-varying expression. Her elegant and winning manners were pervaded by a graceful negligence and joyous ease, which gave vivacity and brilliance to every alternation of her volatile and ardent nature. Her temperament, however warm, was veiled by the attractive graces of a courteous taste, and the engaging levity of delicate and playful wit; her powers of conversation, various as the wanton purpose of her mind, conferred on her a spiritual superiority above her sex, as universally admitted as the ascendant of her personal perfections. She was an accomplished mistress of the Greek and Roman learning of her times, fastidious in her taste, correct in judgment, liberal in patronage, enthusiastic in her love of poetry, and munificent in the encouragement of literary merit. The inherent ardour of her passions was disguised or softened by an air of gentleness; her gay and affable deportment prepossessed all classes of the people, who buried in the admiration of her personal and mental charms the envy vulgarly attached to dignity and splendour. Her external excellence, as handed down to us, would awaken the suspicion that its portraiture proceeded from the passion of a lover, or the adulation of a parasite; but the commendation is too specific and too vivid to be simple flattery; the concurrence of contemporaries too precise for a fictitious estimate. While poetry, and gallantry, and arms, were daringly enthusiastic in pursuance of her favour, the excesses of her lovers were severally visited with death and exile; while fascination sung her charms with an inspired and fervid harmony, her vices and delinquency were visited by history, if not with exaggeration, at least with inexorable truth. Let it, however, be remembered that Julia lived at the most decided crisis of voluptuous immorality;* that her marriages were all of them the choice of Cæsar—all of them objectionable to herself; that Augustus was himself accused, and that on no contemptible authority, of having been an odious instrument of her depravement; that the Roman court was, at the zenith of her beauty, the centre of refinement, gallantry, and sensuality; that laws accommodated to the vices of the great, were flagrantly employed to qualify their prostitution; that the obvious rights of wives were sacrificed to the caprice of casual passion; that the salutary bonds of moral reciprocity were broken and despised; and that, perhaps, there never previously or since existed in a similar society, so splendid an assemblage of varied talent, individual fame, or criminal allurement.

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* "Filiam et nepstes ita instituit, ut etiam lanificio assuefaceret; vetaretque loqui, aut agere quidquam, nisi propulam; et quod in diurnos commentarios referretur."—*Sueton. in August.* The commentator (Casaubon) adds, "Diurni isti commentarii sunt privatæ domûs Augusti ephemerides, quas servus vel libertus aliquis curabat, qui à memoria vel a commentariis dicebatur."

† "Sed lætum eum atque fidentem et sobole et disciplina domus, Fortuna destituit."—*Sueton in August.*

‡ "Otium divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo, &c."—*Od.* l. 2. 16.

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* Horace, speaking of immediate times, has given a severe but vivid picture of their mercenary wantonness. Had the cautious parasite possessed the austere spirit of Juvenal, he might easily have shown that the venality and prurience of Cæsar's court had infected, by example, the morals of society at large.

> "Motus doceri gandet Ionicos
> Matura Virgo; et fingitur artubus
> Jam nunc, et incestos amores
> De tenero meditatur ungui;
> Mox juniores quærit adulteros
> Inter mariti vina; neque eligit
> Cui donet impermissa raptim
> Gaudia, luminibus remotis;
> Sed, jussa coram, non sine conscio
> Surgit merito; seu vocet institor
> Seu navis Hispanæ magister
> Dedecorum pretiosus emtor."—*Od.* l. 3. 6.

Human nature must recoil from the Cameo of Apollonius of Sicyon, whether it commemorates a fact, or embodies the malignant fiction of a traducer.

Julia was yet extremely young when Augustus first conceived the project of her marriage with Marcellus, the son of Marcus Claudius Marcellus and his sister Octavia. The youthful prince was much beloved by Cæsar; his noble qualities endeared him to the people. His illustrious race presented retrospectively the proudest glories of the Roman Commonwealth; the husband selected by Augustus for his daughter, descended lineally from that Marcellus[*] who in battle slew the Gallic king, Viridomarus—the second who, since Romulus, had offered up the *spolia opima* to Feretrian Jove—the first who broke the spell of Hannibal's victorious career in Italy—the same whose patient vigilance subdued the Syracusans, and transferred the fruits of his important victory to Rome, as specimens of art to emulate the genius of his countrymen. The young Marcellus gave an early earnest of hereditary excellence; his gracious manners, his benevolence, his cultivated mind and natural capacity, were hailed with hope and expectation by the Roman people; and the purpose of Augustus, who obviously designed the husband of his daughter as the heir to his imperial power, was sanctioned by the universal approbation. The ennobling qualities of Marcellus were, notwithstanding, insufficient to engage the fancy of his destined bride. Their marriage was, however, so desired by Cæsar, that in spite of his detention in the Spanish provinces, he charged his favourite, Agrippa, with the conduct of the ceremony, and directed its immediate performance. The nuptials were magnificently celebrated, and Rome became the scene of every species of festivity and recreation. The senators, the knights, and common people, equally participated in the pleasures of the games, the theatres, and various diversions. Agrippa zealously discharged the duties of a friend and minister, and, anxious to confer the utmost possible magnificence upon the marriage, drew largely on his private funds for the enlargement of the costly splendours which Augustus had prescribed. He was, moreover, enabled to distinguish the event by a superb solemnity. The Pantheon, that monument of his munificence, was now completed. The opportunity was fortunate, and Agrippa chose the moment of the marriage for the consecration of the splendid edifice. The utmost pomp was manifest in each of these imposing ceremonies. The meaner citizens of Rome were gladdened with abundant feasts and largess in profusion, and happiness was visible on every face save that of Livia, who saw in the alliance another rising obstacle to those ambitious plans, which she so long had formed, and afterwards so steadily pursued in favour of her son, Tiberius.

Augustus, on his return to Rome, was gratified by the complacent spirit of the senate, which received Marcellus as a member of its body, with the honours of a prætor; and, moreover, permitted him to ask the consulate, when ten years younger than the age prescribed as indispensable to its enjoyment. Augustus gloried in the popularity and promise of so beloved an object, and incessantly renewed to him the marks of his affection. Still, the growing fame of young Marcellus, the voice of public admiration, and the prospect of imperial power, were inadequate to win the heart of Julia. Not only insensible to his perfections, the wanton bride evinced a palpable aversion to his person. The daring freedom of her inclination spurned the laws of conjugal control; her susceptible complexion attracted and repaid the passion of successive suitors; and, following the solicitation of a restless fancy, the charms of Julia were degraded to promiscuous indulgence. She was incessantly surrounded by a crowd of courtiers, by all that was distinguished as to glory, gallantry, and beauty, in the Roman youth; one engrossing passion animated every hope of her existence, and, if the vague assertions of historians may be credited, her hopes were rarely vain. With all the powers of her acute and cultivated mind, the heart of Julia was incapable of resistance, if ingeniously assailed by flattery and supplication. Many of her suppliants inspired her with an ardent, if not a lasting passion; and it was precisely at this ungovernable crisis that Tiberius, her future husband, is supposed to have received repeated pledges of her tenderness.*

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[*] "Adspice, ut insignis spoliis Marcellus opimis
Ingreditur, victorq. viros supereminet omnes!
Hic rem Romanam, magno turbante tumultu,
Sistet, eques sternet Pœnos, Gallumq. rebellem,
Tertiaq. arma patri suspendet capta Quirino."—*Æn.* l. 6.

The disagreement which had recently arisen between Marcellus and Agrippa, was pacified by the address of Cæsar, who, when dangerously ill, had placed his signet in the keeping of the latter. The son-in-law, accustomed to the emperor's implicit confidence, conceived a jealousy on this occasion, which was dissipated by the appointment of Agrippa to the government of Syria, thereby removing him from Rome, and by the investiture of Marcellus at the same time with the dignities of Ædile and Pontiff. The youthful favourite, while discharging his important duties to the common satisfaction, was assailed by a disease, in its commencement of apparent insignificance. The case, as has been mentioned heretofore, was submitted to Antonius Musa, the physician, by whose skill Augustus was recovered from impending danger; and who employed for the restoration of Marcellus the means which had preserved the emperor. A difference of disease might certainly have needed a difference of treatment, but we have little reason to suspect the skill of Musa; the arts of Livia offer a more fatal cause than the mistake of the physician. Marcellus, at the age of twenty-four, expired, lamented by the court and empire, leaving Julia a widow without issue, in the height of beauty, and scarcely in the flower of her life.

The death of young Marcellus involved the capital in gloom; and here, indeed, the lamentation of a people may be fairly credited. He had been educated in the sight of Rome; his virtues were disclosed in boyhood, and advanced to permanence and practice, accompanied with growing dignity and power, which in no wise warped his natural benevolence or even partially infected with presumption, his affable and gentle manners. The affection and policy of Augustus were equally concerned in the culture of his heart and mind; the wisdom and foresight of that experienced prince were fruitfully expended on a generous nature and an able capacity; and had the purpose of Augustus been successful, he would have left in the matured and steady habits of Marcellus, a grateful blessing to the Roman people. Octavia, Cæsar's sister, was inconsolable for his loss.* Virgil, a contemporary of Marcellus, employing the invention of a poet, in a strain of prophecy and pathos has eulogized the hopeful prince, and endeavoured, by the least objectionable flattery that was ever proffered to the sorrows of a mother, to soothe her mortal loss by the sublime ascription of an immortal attribute. The virtues of Marcellus justified the panegyric; the maternal excellence of Octavia well deserved it. The poet, when reciting it to Augustus and his sister, was overcome himself by the affecting theme, and his exquisite enunciation was impeded, for a moment, by a stifled sob:—

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* "Ut quam (Juliam), sensisset sui quoque sub priore marito appetentem, quod sane vulgo etiam existimabatur."—*Sueton. in Tiber.*

"Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent"—

electrically touched Octavia and the emperor; they anticipated the ensuing subject; their eyes were fixed on one another, and simultaneously filled with tears. The mother's sensibility was painfully augmented by each succeeding image, which too pathetically brought to her belief the probablities which fate so prematurely scathed. The hands and lips of Virgil trembled, as he uttered

"Heu! miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas
Tu Marcellus eris!"

and Octavia, in an ecstasy of anguish, fainted at the name.

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* Seneca (Consol. ad Marciam.) propounds by way of contrast, the grief of Livia and Octavia; of the latter who resigned herself to an inconsolable sorrow; of the former who resisted the dominion of affliction, and readily regained her equanimity—"Cito animum in sedem suam reposuit. Octavia et Livia, altera soror Augusti, altera uxor, amiserunt filios juvenes, *utraque spe futuri principis certa*." If the cases are intended to constitute a parallel or an antithesis, the comparison is utterly imperfect and unjust. Octavia had lost her *only* son—Tiberius still remained to Livia. The well-known character of Livia may sanction our belief that *she* was easily reclaimed from unavailing grief by the living object of her ambition. On the other hand, our knowledge of Octavia, a pattern of maternal tenderness, and still the mother of the two Marcellæ, induces us to doubt the savage features of her grief, which Seneca has given more, perhaps, in the style of rhetoric than in the simple truth of history: "Nullum finem, per omne vitæ suæ tempus, flendi gemendique fecit; nec ullas admisit voces salutare aliquid afferentes: ne avocari quidem se passa est. Intenta in unam rem, et toto animo affixa, talis per omnem vitam fuit qualis in funere. Non dico non ausa consurgere, sed allevari recusans; secundam orbitatem judicans, lacrimas omittere. Nullam habere imaginem filii carissimi voluit, nullam sibi fieri de illo mentionem. Oderat omnes matres, et in Liviam maximé furebat; quia videbatur ad illius filium transisse sibi promissa felicitas. Tenebris et solitudini familiarissma, ne ad fratrem quidem respiciens, carmina celebrandæ Marcelli memoriæ composita, aliosque studiorum honores rejecit, et aures suas adversus omne solatium clausit, à solemnibus officiis seducta, et ipsam magnitudinis fraternæ nimio circumlucentem fortunam exosa, defodit se, et abdidit. Assidentibus liberis, nepotibus, lugubrem vestem non deposuit; non sine contumeliâ omnium suorum, quibus salvis orba sibi videbatur."

The affliction of Augustus and Octavia was profound and lasting. Julia, on the contrary, with difficulty bore the usual seclusion consequent on the condition of her recent loss. Marcellus never was the object of her fancy, much less of her love. She was unwilling to dissimulate, and happy to be free from such restraints as absolute necessity enjoined; and being in the height of beauty and desire, she panted for the hour which would release her from retirement, and place her in the world of pleasure, with the independent privilege of widowhood.

The Augustan age is celebrated for its genius and refinement, and if the latter fatally conduced to the extinction of the masculine simplicity and hardy virtues which inspired the commonwealth, it softened the austerity of manners, and rendered the incipient *empire* of the Romans famous for voluptuous pleasure. Private life was thoroughly involved in all the artificial forms of a mature and powerful people;[*] exotic luxury and opulence, the fruit of foreign conquest, had infected the conservative frugality of ancient times, and public morals had so fearfully degenerated, that Cæsar himself, an instance of laciviousness, was led by the exuberance of vulgar vice—derived from the examples of the great—to legislate for the amendment of the national depravity.[†] A state of sensual license, intellectual splendour, and luxurious profusion was adapted to the ruling passions of the warm, the spiritual, and beauteous Julia. Rome, no longer torn by civil discord or molested by external war, comprised within its spacious bounds the richest and most illustrious of her citizens. At times, she was the residence of foreign kings; at all times of the potentates of foreign states, which sought the amity, solicited the arbitration, or implored the favour of Augustus and the Roman people. The individual simplicity of Cæsar was artfully conceived, and rendered more impressive by the costly ostentation of subservient flatterers. His court derived its moral tone from the propensities of its imperial chief; Augustus was himself an amorous and wanton prince;

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[*] "Namque ut opes nimias mundo fortuna subacto
Intulit, et rebus mores cessere secundis,
Prædaque et hostiles luxum suasere rapinæ;
Non auro, tectisve modus; mensasque priores
Adspernata fames: cultus gestare decoros
Vix nuribus rapuere mares: fecunda virorum
Paupertas fugitur; totoque accersitur orbe,
Quo gens quæque perit. Tunc longos jungere fines
Agrorum, et quondam duro sulcata Camilli
Vomere, et antiquos Curiorum passa ligones
Longa sub ignotis extendere rura Colonis."
Lucan. Pharsal. l. 1.

[†] Legem tulit (Augustus) de adulteris capitali supplicio afficiendis. Romani adulteras fæminas, quamvis aliquâ damnatione, nullâ tamen morte plectebant."—*Div. Augustin* l. 3. *de civitat. Dei.* cap. 5. On which passage Ludov. Vives remarks: "Ante Cæsarem Augustum nihil legibus in adulteros fuisse cautum; ipsum vero primum eos capitali supplicio afficiendos decrevisse et hoc ipsum praxi ostendit: Nam Proculum, libertum sibi charissimum, propter adulterium capitali supplicio affecit."—*Sueton in August.* Cujacius refers the capital punishment of adultery to Constantius and Constans: "Primi Constantius et Constans, non Constantinus, id capitale fecerunt.

Livia was not exempt from the suspicion of lubricity; the Palatine was the receptacle of living and unprecedented genius. If the almost blameless muse of Virgil had introduced the graceful innocence of foreign pastorals—if he had treated husbandry in numbers of ineffable felicity, and piously immortalized the advent, the victorious progress, and consolidation of the Roman power—Catullus, Ovid, Propertius, Horace, and Tibullus had sung of passionate indulgence with provoking and contagious fire, and by the beauty of their exquisite delineations, they had flattered the abandoned dispositions of the great, while their flagrant immoralities were rendered more seductive by the elegiac veil which gracefully concealed the nakedness, yet winningly invested the prurient forms of physical allurements. Horace, who in graver moments, sometimes wrote as a divine philosopher, and often as a moralist or censor, had proffered to the vitiated taste of private intercourse the charms of the Circæan cup. The natural deformities of vice were hidden by the raiment of a splendid and empassioned fancy. The ranks of grandeur gave examples of luxury and vice, and the arts of pleasure stole insidiously through all classes of the predisposed community.

Various causes conduced to the amorous and gallant spirit which engrossed the court of Cæsar. The administration of his government in form, though nominally republican, was purely despotic; its influence on the people was paternal. The aged, from experience, and the younger generations, from tradition, shrunk from the return of factitious violence. If any turbulent spirit still dissented from the placid acquiescence of the community, the general peace and happiness exhibited the gross futility of any scheme, which aimed at the subversion of a beneficient and popular authority. The aspiring genius that, in the recurring tumults of the commonwealth, would possibly have sought in factious violence, the path to glory and distinction, beheld beneath the settled polity of Cæsar the great allurements of ambition in civil functions and the arts of peace. The females of the court beneath Augustus, acquired a powerful but secret influence, the effects of which were palpable and great. Political and military advancement was procured through their intrigues; benefactions were repaid with gratitude; the novel system was replete with accidents that led alike to pleasure and to profit; great examples seemed to justify the practice, and while worldliness pursued the modern commerce with a cold respect, the votaries of pleasure, under similar pretexts, created and embraced the opportunities of passionate enjoyment.

The personages who constituted or frequented the imperial court, exemplified the elegance and sensuality, which soon became the fatal standard of polite society. Mecænas; Tiberius; Julius Antony; Cinna, Pompey's grandson; Licinius Muræna, the brother of the frail and beautiful Terentia; Julius Florus, the friend and correspondent of Horace; the illustrious but eventually unfortunate Varus; Marcus Lollius, celebrated by the muse of Horace; Sestius, the brave and generous friend of Marcus Brutus; Scæva; Gracchus; Marcus, the son of Cicero; Asprenas Nonius, and a host of individuals equally distinghished by their birth, their quality or exploits. When to these we add the names of Virgil, Horace, Macer, Ovid, Propertius, Variu Tibullus, Cornelius Gallus, Pollio and Quintilius, it would be useless to expatiate on the taste and learning that were interwoven with the politic and martial glories of the Palatine. The female portion of the court was equally transcendent; every woman was herself the *nucleus* of some important history, which to modern times might well supply the subject of romance. There were the politic, aspiring, cruel Livia; Octavia, the sister of Augustus, in a wicked age the pattern of humanity and virtue; the two Marcellæ; the two Antoniæ, the daughters of the Triumvir, one of them the wife of Ænobarbus, and by him the mother of the execrable Nero; the other the wife of Drusus, and whose widowhood was spent in sorrow and retirement, while reputably occupied in the instruction of her children; Servilia, Clodia, Scribonia, the innocent, yet repudiated wives of Cæsar; Terentia, Cæsar's mistress and the consort of Mecænas; Vipsania; Mutilia Prisca and Urgulania, the intimates and instruments of Livia; Hortensia, who inherited her father's eloquence; besides a number of less celebrated females, who were, notwithstanding, strikingly conspicuous for their wit, their beauty, elegance, and spirit of intrigue. And no individual of this superb society, distinguished as it was by personal and intellectual brilliance, approached the united fascinations of the young and lovely Julia. As she was universally regarded in the capital as the source from which the heirs to Cæsar's empire would proceed, the homage of the higher classes was addressed to her; some were actuated in their devotion, by the design of flattering Augustus; others acted from the stimulant of interest, and others from the tender sentiment which Julia's charms infallibly inspired.

Augustus, since the demise of Marcellæ, had meditated on the choice a befitting person, who by marriage with his daughter, might fulfil his anxious wish, the lineal continuation of his family. It eventually fell upon Agrippa, an election in which Cæsar was confirmed by the approval of Mecænas.* But in this arrangement which so closely influenced Julia's happiness, her wishes had been neither studied nor enquired. Agrippa, eminent in counsel and in the field, adorned with all the honours of politics and war, might justly have aspired to an alliance planned by his imperial master; but Julia's love was not accorded to these high pretensions. Agrippa was already wedded to Marcella, the sister of Marcellus, to whose vacant place the emperor designed him to succeed. Thus Octavia, who had lost her son, was won by the entreaties of Augustus, to acquiesce in the bereavement of a virtuous wife, the mother of a family,† and doomed to witness the repudiation of an unoffending daughter.

When Julia was united with Marcellus, he had barely reached the age of puberty; if ancient testimonies may be credited, he had not attained the age of manhood. In Agrippa, she received a husband so advanced in years that reciprocity of passion was improbable at least. Submissive to her father's will, she notwithstanding saw that her connubial destiny was ruled by mere political expedience, and that marriage was a bond to which the sentiments of love and preference were no essential parties. Again, when she reviewed her father's life and mother's fortune, the indulgence of the former's selfishness exhibited a picture of injustice and inconstancy, a tissue of caprice and restless wantoness, which formed a striking contrast with the cold indifference, the gross insensibility, evinced to her particular affections. The marriages of Cæsar had been governed by his interest, and made and broken by his passions. Three of his repudiated wives, among them Julia's mother, was still alive and moving with unblemished reputation in the Roman court. The father thus had thrice embraced the dispensations of a libertine provision; he had twice imposed upon his daughter an unwelcome husband: the law of wantoness had thrice availed the parent, who on two occasions had refused the law of nature to his child. The offended spirit and ungovernable temperament of Julia were little studious of concealment; no sooner was she wedded to Agrippa, than she yielded piety to the impulse of her passions. Indifferent to reputation even, she scarcely cared for the exposure of her pleasures; her nature incessantly betrayed her into concessions of the last iniquity; nor did pride, so often the associate of exalted vice, restrain her from connexion with the humblest pretenders to her favour. Licentiousness at once so extravagant and daring, mixed too with meretricious baseness a gratuitous defiance of the laws, and vicious ridicule of all that was reverend in usage and authority, became notorious in the capital; and Julia was the common topic of scandal, pleasantry, and censure. Augustus, it appears, was the only person in the city to whom the flagrant errors of his daughter were unknown. The partners in her guilty commerce unreservedly declared the favours of the princess, and detailed the circumstances of their shame with an unblushing levity. Julia herself, indifferent to the notoriety of her disgrace, proclaimed it in the moments of her mirth, in terms of most abandoned raillery; and being asked on one occasion, how it happened that her children bore so striking a resemblance to Agrippa, she replied, "she never took a passenger till after the completion of the vessel's freight." *

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* Mecænas, when consulted on the subject by Augustus, said; "you have raised Agrippæ to such dangerous pre-eminence, that you must either take his life, or bind him to you by his marriage with your daughter."—*Plutarch in vit. Anton.*

† "Deinde * * M. Agrippæ (Juliam) nuptum dedit; exoratâ sorore ut sibi genero cederet. Nam tunc Agrippa alteram Marcellarum habebat, *et ex ea leros.*"—Sueton. in August.

It would be affectation to express surprise at vices in the highest rank of Roman life. The history of crimes is fairly shared between the great and humble of the world. But, wherefore, Julia with a splendid taste, habituated to the intercourse with all that were refined and delicate in the imperial court, should have descended to the low obscenities of which she is accused, is altogether a perplexing problem; unless we take the vigorous and rapid growth of vice as its solution.

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* "Cumque conscii flagitiorum mirarentur quo modo similes Agrippæ filios pareret, quæ tam vulgo potestatum sui corporis faceret; ait, Numquam enim nisi navi plena tollo vectorem."—*Macrobii Saturnal.* l. 2, c. 5.

While Julia thus continued to dishonour the husband of her father's choice, Agrippa, by his military exploits, added further obligations on the gratitude of Cæsar. He reduced the Cantabri to unconditional submission; but modestly declined the triumph offered him in compensation of his arduous achievements. His mission into Syria was signalized by valour, wisdom and humanity. Josephus has recorded with the pen of gratitude, his equity and moderation to the Jews. The intimate connexion of Herod and Agrippa was productive of the happiest effects upon the civil and religious rights of the dispersed and persecuted Hebrews. The Greeks of Asia Minor were the mortal enemies of a religious sect, who openly condemned the idle fancies of their wild polytheism; and their aversion, entering into all the intercourse of common life, was manifested in every shape of insolence and fraudulent extortion. But Agrippa strictly measured out to either party the jurisdiction of the cities where they dwelt, secured to the insulted Jews the peaceful exercise of their devotion, and exempted them on all their festivals from attendance on the Roman judicatory. He insured the transportation of their pious donatives to the holy city; repaired himself to Herod, by whom we was received with marked magnificence, and accompanied by whom, he offered up a solemn sacrifice in the temple of Jerusalem. Agrippa shortly afterwards appeased the troubles of the Cimmerian Bosphorus, and once again declined the honour of a triumph, decreed him by Augustus; to whom, instead of to the senate, he had modestly communicated his success. It may be here remarked that the forbearance of Agrippa became the precedent of future usage. The victorious generals of Rome hereafter were adorned with all the ornaments of triumph—the embroidred tunic, the purple robe, the sceptre and the golden crown; but the pomp of the procession—that grand incentive* which sustained the spirit of enthusiasm in the commonwealth—was exclusively reserved to the Emperor himself and to the members of his family. On returning from the eastern provinces, Agrippa was honoured with a quinquennial renewal of the Tribunitian power. He was afterwards despatched to quell an insurrection in Pannonia, and having speedily effected the object of his mission, on reaching Italy he fell a victim to a virluent illness, which attacked him in Campania, and deprived Augustus of a wise and valiant servant, and, more than all, of an inestimable friend.

To the penetrating mind of Julia, Agrippa's qualities and conduct had exemplified the strict conception of a philosophic hero; but her imagination wantoned in perfections of a nature more responsive to the ardour of her complexion. Agrippa's age, his gravity of manners, and the general austerity of his character, had no allurement for a female who reposed her whole felicity in the satisfaction of capricious sensuality. Accordingly, his death, which was beheld by Cæsar and the Romans as a calamity of vast importance, was to Julia an indifferent, perhaps a welcome, casualty. She was, however, destined to a short enjoyment of her widowhood. Augustus speedily resolved on the marriage of his daughter; he deliberated, as before, on the selection of her future husband; at one time his preference rested on the order of the senators; at another on the order of the knights. He seriously thought of Proculeius, the brother of Muræna and Terentia.* He eventually decided in favour of Tiberius, Livia's son. If this distinction flattered his ambition, it utterly subverted his domestic happiness. His placid union with Vipsania or Agrippina† had already been productive of a son; she was pregnant for the second time, when Cæsar's policy compelled him to abjure the bonds of an auspicious marriage. The anguish of Tiberius, at his separation from his virtuous consort, was aggravated by his personal experience of Julia's immorality.‡ He bitterly lamented Agrippina after her divorce; and such was his intense emotion once, on seeing her by chance, that strict precautions were observed in future to prevent the pain and peril of their meeting. But the mandate of the Emperor was paramount to the suggestions of conjugal affection; and Tiberius, privy to the vicious character of Julia, whose concessions he had shared, divorced a wife of unimpeachable fidelity to wed a harlot, who had vulgarly defiled the bed of two illustrious husbands, and had stained the glory of the Cæsars with notorious and indelible disgrace. The immediate sequel of their marriage excited the most flattering expectations in Augustus and the people. Apparent confidence and concord implied the mutual satisfaction of Julia and Tiberius; but the general hope was shortly blasted by the abrupt suspicions of the latter, which Julia, far from striving to dispel, sustained with supercilious indifference. She found in her severe and gloomy husband an unwelcome check upon her freedom, and affected to despise him as an unworthy partner of her bed. Their domestic disagreements were awhile withheld from public knowledge; their cause was carefully suppressed in delicate consideration of their infant son, whose death, however, soon dissolved their mutual interest, when the veil of decency was rent, which shrouded their antipathy, and placed it palpably before the eager speculation of the public. Julia, in the paroxysms of her disgust, embittered the condition of Tiberius by deep humiliation; she added contumely to inconstancy; she even published the dishonour of his bed, with insolent defiance of his conjugal authority. Tiberius bore his wrongs in helplessness and silence; the ignominy of his fate sank deep in his morose and savage nature, and rankled in the dark recesses of his heart, till time at length supplied the opportunity of visiting her outrage with the cruel rigour of a keen and wasting punishment. Disgusted and indignant, he no sooner had withdrawn himself from Julia's bed,[*] than she enlarged the sphere of her obscene abandonment; and Tiberius overwhelmed with shame, and shunning the perpetual rumour of her infamy, resolved on his retreat from Rome. Both Livia and Augustus energetically controverted his design; the latter, in the senate even uttered his complaints that his adopted son had formed the resolution of deserting him. Tiberius was immoveable, and when his perseverance had subdued the opposition of Augustus, with the utmost secresy he quitted Rome for Ostia, and embarked for Rhodes.

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* "Honour, as well as virtue, was the principle of the republic; the ambitious citizens laboured to deserve the solemn glories of a triumph; and the ardour of the Roman youth was kindled into active emulation, as often as they beheld the domestic images of their ancestors."—*Gibbon's Decline and Fall.*

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* "Multis, ac diu, etiam ex equestri ordine, circumspectis conditionibus, Tiberium privignum suum elegit; coëgitq. prægnantem uxorem, et ex qua jam pater erat dimittere.'—*Sueton. in August.*

† Suetonius calls her Agrippina; Tacitus calls her Vipsania; both are correct, as she not only bore the *name* but the *cognomen* of her father. After her divorce, she married Asinius Gallus, the son of Asinius Pollio. "Notandum vero quod Agrippinam vocat Suetonius quam Tacitus Vipsaniam, ut eadem patris non *nomen* tantum sed et *cognomen* tulerit. Post Tiberium Asinio Gallo, Asinii Pollionis filio, nupsit."—*Comm. in Sueton,* Agrippina was the daughter of Agrippa, and the grand-daughter of Cæcilius Pomponius, called Atticus from his residence at Athens. "Nomen Attici perire, Ciceronis epistolæ non sinunt," says Seneca, Epist. 21.

‡ "Sed Agrippinam et abegisse post divortium doluit; et semel omnino ex occursu visam, adeo contentis et tumentibus oculis prosecutus est ut custoditum sit, ne umquam in conspectum ejus posthac veniret."—*Sueton. in Tib.*

Paterculus, when he relates she secession of Tiberius from the Roman capital, has drawn the character of that extraordinary prince with all the approbation due to his peculiar merit and achievements. Had Tiberius died when he retired to Rhodes, the impartial pen of history must of necessity have traced the panegyric, which the vicious sequel of his cruel, dark and dissolute career has rendered apparently absurd and inconsistent with the separate applause of his distinguished youth and early manhood. But the honourable reputation of the politic and valiant chieftain, of the patient and victorious lieutenant of Augustus, was obliterated by his loathsome vices, when the insolent administration of Sejanus dispensed to a subservient people the consummate terrors of a cruel and capricious despotism. Paterculus[†] has marred the truth of his eulogium by annexing needless flattery to fact. That any tenderness towards Caius or Lucius Cæsar, should have influenced the voluntary exile of Tiberius, is a proposition which it is imposible to credit and would be idle to refute. The austere veracity of Tacitus assigns the real cause of his retirement to the intolerable conduct of his wife, whom he neither dared to criminate or to dismiss.[‡]

Tiberius, whatever may have been his ultimate depravities, must engage the common sympathy of nature, at this distressful crisis of his fortune. He endured the most degrading curse that can descend on human life; an insolent and reckless strumpet asserted and profaned the privilege of virtue within the precints of his household gods. He had sacrified the inestimable bliss of married life, perhaps to his ambition, perhaps to a mistaken sense of filial duty. In either instance he was culpable. The rights of virtue in a wife are plain and indefeasible. The subservience of Tiberius to the wishes or command of Cæsar, by which he parted from a consort, at once affectionate and chaste, though not defensible on any natural or moral plea, will lose a portion of its odium, if we recall the power which custom universally asserts of reconciling error to a pliant conscience, or at least of softening its repulsive features: and unjust repudiation was common with the Roman people. It is impossible to say, if his compliance with Augustus's desires arose from an ambitious motive. If that incentive *did* exist, his acquiescence was a base departure from the sacred principles of nature, of the received morality of almost every age and country. If gratitude to his imperial benefactor, his adoptive father, influenced his conduct, it proved him capable of painful sacrifices in a cause of misconceived devotion; arrogated, it is true, in Rome by the extensive privileges of paternity. It would be hostile to morality to assume expedience as a suitable apology for wrong; no action of injustice, however qualified by partial virtue, can be entitled to unqualified applause; and the common sense of human nature is sufficiently acute to see, that though a generous impulse may extenuate an offence, no sacrifice can possibly be laudable which involves the infringement of the rights of others.

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[*] "Mox dissedit, et aliquanto gravius, ut etiam perpetuo secubaret, intercepto communis filii pignore, qui Aquileiæ natus infans exstinctus est."—*Sueton. in Tib.*

[†] "Hanc causam fuisse Juliam uxorem; quam neque criminari aut dimittere auderet, neque ultra perferre posset."—*Tac.*

[‡] "Tib. Nero, duobus consulatibus totidemque triumphis actis, tribunitiæ potestatis consortione æquatus Augusto, civium post unum (et hoc, quia volebat) eminentissimus, ducum maximus, fama fortunaque celeberrimus, et vere alterum reipublicæ lumen et caput, mirâ quâdam et incredibili atque inenarrabili pietate, *cujus causæ mox detectæ sunt*, cum C. Cæsar sumpsisset jam virilem togam, Lucius item maturus esset, *veritus, ne fulgor suus orientium juvenum obstaret initiis, dissimulatâ causâ consilii sui, commeatum ab socero atque eodem vitrico acquiescendi a continuatione laborum petiit.*"—C. Vell. Paterc. l. 2. c. 99.

If any slight constraint existed on the wantonness of Julia, it ceased on the departure of Tiberius from Rome; and possibly the distance of this chosen place of exile inspired her with that audacious confidence in the impunity of her offences, which she manifested so immediately on his secession. Her ungovernable passions assumed the character of constitutional disease, and urged her into every species of indiscriminate and vulgar prostitution. Her acts were neither veiled beneath the semblance of external decency, nor does it seem that any momentary sentiment in favour of a present paramour, induced her to prevent his knowledge of her general licentiousness. Dion Cassius and Xiphilinus, severally mention "the adulterous flocks" that thronged in the apartments of the princess. Her nights were passed in lewd perambulations of the streets of Rome; the very tribune of harangues from which her father's laws against adultery had been proclaimed, was irreverently chosen as the spot of her disgraceful commerce; and with a refinement in effrontery, which it is painful and degrading to our nature to believe, she enumerated the transgressions of the previous night by garlands found upon the morrow on the forensic statue of the Phrygian Marsyas.* The long career of her debaucheries, so flagrantly notorious in Rome, had hitherto proceeded with impunity: and Augustus, who was carefully informed of every event of importance at the extremities of the empire, was still a stranger to the criminal excesses of his daughter. The characters of her habitual associates eventually roused the vigilance, if they did not awaken the suspicions of her father. Yet the united grace and playfulness and wit of Julia overcame the growing caution of Augustus; her frank and elegant simplicity of manner inveigled his involuntary confidence; he continued to regard her outward levity as the result of an unguarded disposition, and was wont to say at the convivial meetings of his friends, that he had two daughters, whom he was obliged to manage with delicacy and indulgence—*the Commonwealth and Julia.* On one occasion, when she visited her father, Julia read in the expression of his eyes his dissatisfaction at the splendour of her dress. On the following day her visit was repeated; but the alteration in her garments, which now conformed to the simplicity of which Augustus was an admirer, betrayed him into the remark which his paternal tenderness had yesterday repressed. When she embraced her father with affectionate decorum,* he exclaimed, "Ah! how much more does *this* attire become the daughter of Augustus!" The ready apprehension of the princess pleaded her excuse. "To-day," she said, "I dress to please my father's eyes; but yesterday, I dressed to please my husband's." In another instance, Livia and Julia, at a show of gladiators, attracted the attention of the spectators. Livia was surrounded by the aged, grave, and stately dignity of Rome. Julia's party, on the other hand, comprised whatever was pre-eminent among its youth for beauty, luxury, and pleasure. Augustus† sent his tablets to his daughter; they directed her attention to the difference between the trains attendant on the "two first women in the empire." Julia wrote beneath,—"These, also, will grow old with me." Her reply was equally well turned to the acquaintance persuading her to imitate her father's plainness. "*He* forgets," said Julia, "that he is Cæsar, but *I* remember that I am Cæsar's daughter."‡

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* "Cujus statua in foro erat, et ad eam tribunal. Itaque coronare Marsyam victores solent, et qui causas tenuissent. At hæc muliercula (Julia) *libidinum coronas, et pugnarum numeros*, imponebat."—*Plin.* l. 21. cap. 3.

Augustus was at length informed that Julia's life but ill accorded with the splendour of her rank and parentage. But whether intensity of occupation, or the distance of the emperor from the scene of her offences, prevented his acquiring ample and precise details upon the subject, he still abstained from interference in her habits, till the testimonies of her vice were placed before him. In the transports of his rage, he first resolved upon her death; as the paroxysm subsided, his wrath descended to the penalty of banishment. Reflecting on the numerous instances of her prostitution, he beheld the honour of his house degraded by the vices of that very person, from whose connubial purity he long had drawn the hope of a direct and glorious posterity. He was so intensely agonized by his convictions of her guilt, that he abandoned himself in solitude to the emotions of his anger and disgrace. Exasperated and inconsolable, in the conflict of his feelings, he addressed a letter to the senate, sufficiently expressive of his grief and indignation, and specially detailing the offences of the princess. When his anger had abated, his affection pleaded in her favour; he then deplored the impulse which had driven him to the exposure of her crimes, and regretted, in the excess of his grief, the absence of those wise and cautious counsels, which, in the life-time of Agrippa and Mecænus, would have pacified his irritation, and have prudently concealed from public censure or derision, the debasement of his lineage.* Julia's corruptors, or, to speak more properly, the partners of her vice, were numerous, and of various degrees. The list of them comprised the names of many of the most illustrious men of Rome; Julius, or Julius Antony, the son of Antony the Triumvir and Fulvia, Quinctius Crispinus, Appius Claudius, C. Sempronius Gracchus, and Scipio, by some supposed to be Scribonia's son, and consequently uterine brother of the princess. Antony's offence was visited with death. Augustus had distinguished him by clemency, and afterwards by favour. The consulate, the priesthood, and his marriage with Marcella, Cæsar's niece, were tokens of his love and confidence, and as many damnatory proofs of Antony's ingratitude. Sempronius Gracchus, a youth of ready genius, of insinuating eloquence, and handsome person, had already carried his defilement to Agrippa's bed; he had since extended his offences to Tiberius; and not content with the indulgence of his passion, had instigated Julia to acts of insolence and hatred. The very letters written to Augustus by his daughter—letters teeming with reproaches of her husband, were ascribed to this audacious paramour. Gracchus was accordingly condemned to exile in the island of Cercinna, and after fourteen years endurance, perished by the emissaries of Tiberius.† Appius Claudius, Scipio, and Crispinus, who, according to Paterculus, concealed a wicked spirit beneath a harsh and proud deportment,‡ shared the fate of Antony and Gracchus. The contemporaries of Augustus, in descanting on the grounds of inculpation and the punishment of the convicted parties, applaud his moderation and forbearance. Such abandoned flattery was suited to the mean subservience of Paterculus, the panegyrist of Tiberius and apologist of Ælius Sejanus. Tacitus, with a nobler and a wiser spirit, tries the conduct of Augustus by the letter of the Roman jurisdiction. Servility alone could condescend to eulogize a prince for clemency, in granting what is legally prescribed, but something more than ordinary adulation is required to frame a case for approbation, where a vengeful persecution has transcended the penal visitation of the law.* Julia was repudiated by Tiberius, by the sanction of her father. She was banished from the sight of her country and her kingdom (such is the language of Paterculus) to Pandataria, a lonely island opposite to the Campanian coast. She was denied the use of every luxury, whether of the toilet or the table—even wine was interdicted by the rigour of Augustus. All visits to the princess were prohibited, unless by the express permission of her father, and every individual so authorised, was previously subjected to the most minute inspection of his person. Scribonia, Julia's mother, was allowed to share and soothe her exile. Tiberius, conscious of the firm determination of Augustus, yet studious of his favour, dissembled grief at his severe decision, and in vain besought him to remit the penalty imposed upon his daughter. The Roman people, actuated more by pity, or perhaps by adulation, than guided by a sense of chastisement, repeatedly implored the pardon of the emperor in Julia's favour The indignant father was inexorable to their prayers. The resistance of Augustus stimulated the entreaties of the people; and their supplications were at last productive of a trivial mitigation of her fate: she was removed, after five years' confinement in Pandataria, to the town of Rhegium in Campania. So rigid was her subsequent confinement, that neither accident or stratagem conspired to vary its monotony; at least, the silence of contemporary and proximate writers implies that no event of interest relieved the languid sameness of her custody. She was gradually but slowly sinking beneath the sorrow of imprisonment and the torment of her passions, when her father's death awakened hopes of her enlargement. But Tiberius, mindful of his wrongs, remorselessly embraced the opportunity of their retaliation. He reduced the limits of her freedom to her house, deprived her of the sums bequeathed to her by Cæsar, and, under the pretext of acquiescing in the dispositions of his will, withdrew from her the pension he allowed her in his lifetime; for that pension, trivial as it was, was not recited in his testament. What sorrow was unable to accomplish, was achieved by famine; and Julia, the darling daughter of Augustus—she, who was the paragon of Roman wit and beauty—she, who had inspired the noblest spirits of the world with reckless enterprise and daring love, expired in abject misery and destitution. Her life comprised a youth of criminal indulgence, followed in maturer years by penalties inhuman as her infidelities were gross. Sixteen years of exile had impaired her spirit and her person, though patience, like her beauty, lingered to the last. A too susceptible complexion was the source of her misfortunes; examples of luxuriant vice—perhaps the vices of a father—infected her with premature depravity; and had Julia, who was tender, intellectual, humane, and generous, enjoyed a purer tutelage, she might have left a character for virtue as distinguished as the fame of her misdeeds.

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* At ille, qui pridie dolorem suum continuerat, gaudium continere non potuit: et, *Quantum hic*, ait, *in filia Augusti probabilior est cultus.* Non defuit patrocinio suo Julia his verbis: *Hodie enim me patris oculis ornavi, heri viri.*"—Macrob. Saturnal. l. 2. c. 5.

† "Admonuit pater scripto, *Videret quantum inter duas principes fœminas interesset:* eleganter illa rescripsit; *Et hi mecum senes fient.*"—Macrob. Saturnal. l. 2. c. 5.

‡ "Item cum gravem amicum audisset Julia suadentem melius facturam si se composuisset ad exemplar paternæ frugalitatis, ait; *ille obliviscitur Cæsarum se esse; ego memini me Cæsaris filiam.*"—Macrob. Saturnal. l. 2. c. 5.

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* "Divus Augustus filiam intra pudicitiæ maledictum impudicam relegavit, et flagitia principalis domus in publicum emisit; admissos gregatim adulteros, pererratam nocturnis comessationibus civitatem, forum ipsum ac rostra, ex quibus pater legem de adulteriis tulerat, filiæ in stupra placuisse, quotidianum ad Marsyam concursum; cum ex adultera in quæstuariam versa, jus omnis licentiæ sub ignoto adultero peteret. Hæc tam vindicanda Principi quam tacenda (quia quarumdam rerum turpitudo etiam ad vindicantem redit) parum potens iræ publicaverat. Deinde cum, interposito tempore, in locum iræ subiisset verecundia, gemens, quod non illa silentio pressisset, quæ tamdiu nescierat, donec loqui turpe esset, sæpe exclamavit: *Horum mihi nihil accidisset, si aut Agrippa aut Mecænas vixisset.*"—Senec. l. 6. de Benefic.

† Tacit. Ann. l. 1.

‡ "Quinctiusque Crispinus, singularem nequitiam supercilio truci protegens, &c."—*Vell. Paterc.* l. 2. c. 100.

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* "Culpam inter viros acfæminas vulgatam, gravi nomine læsarum religionum ac violatæ majestatis appellando, *clementiam majorum suasque ipse leges egrediebatur*."—Tac. Ann. 3. 24.

PANDEMONIUM;

OR, THE

TACTICS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

> "Sunt quibus in Satyra nimeum videar acer
> Et ultraque legem tendere opus."

Some of our readers (to paraphrase the lines which we have chosen as a rubric to our present article) may probably reproach us with having in our last, indulged in "assertion without proof, declamation without argument, and violent censures without dignity or moderation." We shall in consequence, on this occasion, preface by a distinct assertion, which we owe not less to them than to our own dignity—that we war not with individuals; but our remarks are levelled at the atrocious system of villany supported—at the damnable principle represented by the stock-jobbing *canaille*, which is exercising so demoralizing an influence upon our national character.

Unphilosophical as it may be held, to attribute to uniform causes, the difficulties and the privations under which most classes of the population of this country are at present labouring, and without seeking to underrate the operation of those several influences—such as the transition from war to peace, the free trade system, the corn laws, the return from a paper to a metallic currency, each of which in its turn has been accused of engendering the evil—we have, nevertheless no hesitation in asserting, that the primary cause, the *causa causans* of our distress, is to be attributed to the rise, which since the year 1810 has taken place in the exchangeable value of the precious metals; from the increased demand for them, on the one hand, for the purposes of commerce and luxury, which since that period have received a prodigious development; and the falling-off, on the other, in the production of the American mines, the influence of which is, in fact, felt with more or less intensity all over the globe. If our views be correct—and they have received the approbatory fiat of some distinguished political economists—it must follow, that all and every means by which the equilibrium between the demand and the supply can be restored, is an object of paramount importance to this country. Hence the importance of giving a rapid and extended development to the mineral riches of the *ci-devant* Spanish and Portuguese colonies, through the instrumentality of British skill and capital. And hence, consequently, the importance of the various mining companies *as the means* of removing the primary cause of our national distress. That the sanguine hopes entertained of attaining this desideratum, conceived on the first organization of these companies, have been disappointed—and that too, from causes in almost every instance to be attributed to the dishonesty or the incapacity of their directors—is a melancholy truth, with which all those who have had the misfortune to embark capital in these undertakings have long been familiar. To such an extent, in fact, has the system of directorial delinquency been carried, that these speculations, so important in a national point of view, have been brought into such public disestimation that they have become a popular jest. A similar fate appears to await the attempt of developing on a grand and extended scale the mineral riches of our own islands, and which promised so extended a field to our unemployed and redundant population. But this public disestimation is not to be wondered at when we only recollect to what base and villanous purposes mining operations, both at home and abroad, have been made subservient. A set of fellows, many of them bankrupts alike in fortune and in speculation, form a company to work a mine. Whether the scene of their projected operations be situated in the moon, or whether it hath no other existence than in their own imaginations, *c'est égale*—the real mine to be worked being the pockets of the public. When a British copper mining company was brought out, even with an ordnance map before them, not one of the directors could point out its position; and, here we beg to state that, if we recur to any particular company, we do so as a practical example, not only of the gross defrauds generally practised by directors, but also of the besotted credulity, the asinine simplicity, of the public. As an instance of the latter, we shall refer to a particular prospectus. After the usual flourish by way of exordium of the inexhaustible riches of the mine, it proceeded to say that it had been abandoned by the former proprietors, merely because they did not possess a steam-engine of sufficient power to remove the accumulated water. Yet, with this flimsy device, the fallacy of which imbecility itself would have detected, the public was gulled—it gulped down the monstrous fact, that Cornish miners, above all people in the world, would abandon an *El Dorado* of a mine, from the very inadequate cause of not possessing a steam-engine of sufficient power to make its resources available. The real fact of the abandonment by the former proprietors of the Great Wheal Charlotte Mine—a knowledge of which we have acquired from *local sources* of the highest authority—is, *that it was exhausted*, and this the unfortunate shareholders, to their cost, will find out when it is too late. So much for the case. Now, then, for Messieurs les Directeurs. Shortly after the formation of this company, an eminent barrister, a man of family and fortune, and totally ignorant of the real characters concerned, was induced to become a director. From something, however, which transpired shortly after his election, he was led in his own mind to question the very existence of the mine; to work which, the company, of which he had so incautiously become a director, was formed.

"Do you really think," said he one day, in a tone of great agitation, to the secretary; "do you really think that such a mine as the Great Wheal Charlotte does actually exist?—or," said he, continuing his interrogation, "do you know any thing of these directors?"—"The latter question," said the secretary, "I am unable to answer, as my acquaintance with them is even shorter than your own. But as to the mere existence of the mine itself, I have no doubts on that point, though I have a shrewd suspicion that not a particle of copper ore will ever be found in it."—"Faith," retorted the barrister, "*I* doubt its very existence; and, although we now are in the depth of winter, I shall proceed forthwith into Cornwall to solve the problem." He was, however, saved the trouble, by the following *coup de jarnac* on the part of his colleagues—certainly without parallel in the annals of *escroquerie*:—

By the constitution of the company, it was enacted, that all persons becoming directors should hold fifty shares, as a qualification for taking office. With the exception of the barrister, not one of them, however, ever fulfilled this condition, and were actually administering its affairs without having embarked a farthing in it. A suspicion of this arose in the mind of certain of the shareholders; and Captain Ashtree, at that time only an auditor, was deputed to inquire into the fact, who immediately transmitted a communication to the directors, announcing his intention of presenting himself, in his official capacity of auditor, at the next board, to put certain questions, to its members on subjects of paramount importance to the interests of the company. Of the real nature of Ashtree's mission, Christopher O'Faquin, through his extensive stock-jobbing connexion, soon obtained a knowledge, and, of course always excepting the barrister, prepared his colleagues for the event. What was to be done? To have taken up their fifty shares a-piece, now that they were at a discount in the market, was not to be thought of. Directors, according to their theory, never take up shares but when they are at a premium; in fact, when there is a mathematical certainty of realizing a handsome profit. But what was to be done? here was the question. At last they recollected that on the first issue of the shares, 350—mark this well, reader—350 shares had been thrown on the market, and sold for the good of the company at a small premium. Monstrous as it may appear, these shares, which had never been entered in the books, they now resolved should be entered in their own names, and the premium made upon them be divided among themselves. Accordingly, 60 of these shares were entered in the names of one of the principal directors, 175 in the name of another, and 50 in that of a third. By this act these gentry qualified themselves as directors, without expending a farthing—without possessing, in their own right, a single share. On this entry being made, the secretary took an opportunity of exposing to two of the directors its monstrous injustice, and one of them so far coincided with his opinion, that it was agreed to cancel it; but the suggestor of the plot came in at the time, and this veteran in directorial iniquity so influenced his companions, that the idea was abandoned. "*What care we for the shareholders?*" quoth he, *we must* "*brave it out!*"

> "Populus me sibilat ac mihi plaudo,
> Ipse domi simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ;"

and, accordingly, they prepared for action. In order to strengthen their position, the second of the three displayed on this occasion a fertility of resource in the ways of iniquity which surprised his older colleagues; he borrowed from some of his stock-jobbing connexions a number of shares, which he studiously spread out before them, in-order that Ashtree at a glance might see how unfounded were his suspicions; nevertheless, in spite of this generalship, in spite of the time allowed them to study their field of battle, the directors were badly posted; to speak tactically, they had both flanks *en l'air,* and, had Ashtree directed his columns of attack with any thing like tactical skill, they ought to have been *culbutes.* He had only to have compared the numbers of the shares upon the table with those entered in the books in the names of the directors, to have at once seen through the deceit; or, what was even simpler, to have asked the secretary if they had really taken up their shares, when he would have received an answer in the negative. But a blunt, honest sailor, like Ashtree, was no match for such knaves, who, moreover, manœuvred with admirable steadiness and precision; his fire was loose and ill-directed, his movements slow and ill combined—he made but a mere *reconnaissance* instead of a direct attack: to drop metaphor, he delivered a long rigmarole speech, which he perorated (by way of exhorting the directors to faithfully discharge their duties) with that magnificent figure of quarter-deck oratory, "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together;" a hint, by the bye, his auditory were not slow in taking, for not long after this grandiloquent peroration they made their celebrated grab at the 500 unappropriated shares recorded in the December number of the *Monthly Magazine.* The barrister, we feel it will be almost needless to tell our readers, after this glorious specimen of his colleagues, resigned his seat in the direction in absolute disgust.

Captain Ashtree is now himself a director. If he be a vain man, we envy him not his feelings of wounded vanity, when in the books of the company he reads the proofs of the manner in which he was cajoled; much less do we envy him that sickening feeling of shame—that feeling of bitter reproach, that will be engendered in his honourable mind on discovering that he has incautiously linked himself in such a speculation. The copies of the entries alluded to, the number of the shares sold, even to the broker's note of sale of the same—all have been submitted to us, and placed in the hands of an eminent practitioner at the bar, who, at the approaching annual meeting of the company, when the directors will be called upon to render an account of their administration, will make such an *exposé* to the shareholders present as must induce them to indict the parties for conspiracy; when, if we have any knowledge of a British jury, we confidently predict that the mining speculations of such a crew will for the future be confined to the plains of Australia. In estimating the value of a share in any of these speculations, the uninitiated would naturally make the productiveness of the mine itself the basis of his calculation. Most woefully, however, would he find himself mistaken, for, paradoxical as it may appear, in nine instances out of ten favourable intelligence from the mine sends down the prices of its shares. To form even an approximate calculation we hold to be impossible. The first rule of mathematical analysis, is that we can discover what is unknown but through the means of what is known; but in the present instance what is known is not sufficient to discover what is sought for—and the reason is obvious, because in all cases in which human will has a share in producing an event, analysis is at fault. What policy, therefore, the directors may pursue sets all calculation at defiance. Whether the intelligence from the mine be good or bad, is a matter of no moment to them, provided they can secure a priority of intelligence, which, from the nature of things, they are generally enabled to do; they then buy or sell; or, to use the classical phraseology of the Stock Exchange, they *bull* or *bear* in anticipation of the influence the information may produce upon the market. The facility they possess of producing this influence will be immediately felt by our readers, when they are told that only such passages as may suit the purposes of the directors are made public—and to even these any particular colouring may be given by a skilful transposition of phrase, or the artful substitution of one word for another, a science they well understand. The lengths to which this game is carried will be illustrated by the following facts. The dispatch from the captain of the mine is received by every Friday's post. The board sits at 12 o'clock on that day, when the dispatch is read, and such passages as the directors in their wisdom may think fit, are selected for the perusal of the shareholders, who are thus unable to obtain any information before three or four in the afternoon; in the mean time, a jobbing director is at the office by 9 o'clock in the morning, opens the letter, and immediately proceeds to act in the market upon its contents. Here then we see a director having eight hours' priority of intelligence, the value of which will be appreciated by all those who know any thing of the tactics of the Stock Exchange. But a more splendid example of this system was afforded by the transactions of the Real del Monte Company a few months ago, and which shall be explained at length in our next. Independent of the facilities for jobbing afforded by a seat in the direction of a mining company, there is a handsome salary attached to the office, and it is no uncommon occurrence to find the same individual a member of several. Again, when the mine is in any part of the three kingdoms, they have an opportunity, free of expense, during that period of the year when even City men leave town, of inhaling the pure breezes of the country. Some time ago, four directors of another Cornish company proceeded on a tour of inspection to their mines in Cornwall, for which, by-the-bye, they were just as fit as to measure the vibrations of the pendulum, or any other operation of science. In this quadrumvirate was old Camelo, who, singular enough, ever presents himself as a peg on which to hang an illustration. He was appointed pay-master-general of the forces, and accordingly drew the sum of 100*l.* for the expenses of the campaign, 25*l.* a-piece. On the eve of their departure, something prevented one of the party from joining the expedition. So that there remained in hand a surplus of 25*l.* which was not paid back into the coffers of the company until the eve of the annual meeting, and even then it might not have found its way there had not the paymaster been reminded of this *inadvertency* by one of the clerks of the establishment. This tardy restitution, however, did not escape observation, and at the meeting drew upon the head of Camelo some severe animadversions. His colleagues skilfully endeavoured to gloss over the matter, by saying that he was near-sighted; but the infirmity of vision was at the time, by the great body of the shareholders, held to be rather moral than physical. For once, however, we think the majority were in the wrong; for although we rank the honesty of this Highland cateran, to speak algebraically, as a quantity less than nothing, still his native sagacity must have taught him that in this instance, to use a trite French proverb,

> "Le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle."

But our pen is weary of tracing these deviations; our spirit sickens at the thought of the immense advantages, in a national point of view, which are neutralized by the baneful operation of this system of villany; but this is not all, the more bitter reflection is that the golden impunity which attends its results is also fast undermining that high-toned feeling of honour and integrity, which had upreared on so lofty an eminence the mercantile character of Britons. It shall be our unceasing occupation to endeavour to remedy the evil which is fast spreading poison through the veins of our commercial body. Already have the board of brokers in the United States come to the resolution of excluding from their lists such companies, &c. as are merely formed for purposes of stockjobbing speculation. Let the committee of the Stock Exchange imitate this laudable example, and this crying evil will be extinguished; it is a duty they owe not less to themselves than to the directors of such companies whose actions are above suspicion, and who may be exposed to painful misconstruction by the public, ever more ready to generalize than to discriminate.

But in our next, among others, we shall particularly select, as our objective points of operation, the *Rio Doce Company,* formed for the purpose of rendering navigable that river, which rising in the Sierra de Mantiquerra, in the province of Minas Giracs, disembogues itself into the sea, about 300 miles to the northward of Rio de Janeiro. Of all the schemes of which the public have hitherto been made the dupes, this decidedly is the most chimerical. We grant that on a mere glance at the map, the *apparent* importance of this river, as a line of communication, must strike the most superficial observer; but having ourselves been on the spot, we are enabled, *ex-cathedra,* to pronounce that there exist the most insurmounteble obstacles, moral and physical, to the execution of the enterprise. Yes, even now in our mind's eye do we behold the noble stream rolling majestically over its golden bed towards the ocean. Beautiful Doce! with rapture still does memory dwell on the stern majesty of thy virgin forests, their exuberance of animal life, and the glorious concert of the feathered tribe, which at the scorching hour of noon would be hushed to the siesta of repose by the deep metallic note of the *Araponga.* Oh! glorious is the spectacle of our mother earth, fresh as when she sprang from the womb of young creation! Well, too, do we remember, how beneath the shade of a lofty *Iacaranda,* we feasted with a Botocudo chief. Even now the exquisite flavour of the jugged monkeys, the fricassees of lizards and land-crabs, and the glorious olla of camutangas, maracanas, and perroquets, still lingers on the palate; aye, and of the golden wine fresh from the stately palm, which first we poured in libation to his Indian gods. Alma Venus! never from the tablets of our memory will be erased the lovely image of the young Caçica, with whom, at the soft hour of evening, by the light of her Brazilian moon, whose bright effulgence mocks our paler northern sun, we trod an Indian measure on the banks of the Rio Doce. But this is rhapsody, and must not be. The witchery of old associations must not seduce us from the path of duty—memory must rest awhile, while reason is invoked to the rescue of certain of our respected countrymen, who stand in much danger of being deluded to the banks of the Doce, there to be empaled like monkeys by the fierce Botocudos—a preventive check which even Malthus in his philosophy never dreamt of. In our next we shall have a trifle to say of the Rio Doce Company, and with such an array of force shall we take the field, that it will be but a mere hurrah to send down the shares to their real value, which *is simply that of the parchment on which they are printed!*

TRANSLATION OF A GREEK EPITAPH.

Weep not, thou passing stranger, o'er my tomb;
No tears I ask, and none requires my doom.
Around me, when I left the stage of life,
My children's children bloomed—and the same wife
That charmed my manhood, soothed my riper age,
And did its cares (to me how few!) assuage.
Three children saw I in sweet wedlock blest,
And oft their offspring slumbered on my breast;
Nor once did death, nor once did sickness come,
To mar the sweet tranquillity of home;
And when at last my blameless age had run
Its course, all purely as it had begun,
Their pious hands, each funeral honour paid,
Me to that happy land where sleep the good conveyed!

Zeta.

RAILWAYS, HIGHWAYS, AND CANALS.*

This is an extraordinary book, and one which at least *should* be read with deep and general attention, not on account of its literary merits, for these are very moderate, and it is possible that the book is all the better on this account. There are some subjects so eloquent in their substantial importance, that any attempt at dressing them out in studied phrases only destroys their effect. This is the case with the subject of Mr. Grahame's little work, and therefore we are thankful that he has served it up to the public without the garnish of a professional author. It consists of a dedication, an introduction, and *one* chapter; and two more chapters or parts are promised, in order to complete the author's view of the grand subject of internal communication. We are not sure but that even this division of the book is an advantage; the subject is one which branches into so many departments, and is so covered with ignorance, and beset with misrepresentation and prejudice, that it is doubtful whether an entire view of it could be brought forward, advantageously and instructively to the public, in one publication. Besides the vital interest of the question itself, the most valuable features in Mr. Grahame's book are the straight-forward manner in which he states principles, let them bear against the interests or the prejudices of whomsoever they may, and his habitual appeal to facts in illustration and establishment of those principles.

Such being the general character of the work, it will be of more advantage to give an outline of the great principles which it involves, than to treat it in the ordinary way of literary criticism; and this we shall endeavour to do as briefly as possible.

The principal object of the entire treatise is to shew the comparative advantages of common roads, canals, and railways, as means of internal communication; the prospects of improvement which each of them may be considered fairly to hold out; the comparative advantages of using mechanical or animal power; and the kind of accommodation which each mode of conveyance is more especially fitted for affording. The two parts on "Turnpike-roads," and on "Canals," are not yet before the public; and therefore it is impossible, as would have been desirable, to begin with the statement of Mr. Grahame's general conclusions, and analyze these down to the particulars; so that we must content ourselves with an outline of the part which is published, taken in the order in which it is placed by the author. Before we proceed to this, however, we may mention that Mr. Grahame appears to have far more clear and liberal notions of the relations in which public government and public accommodation stand to each other than have hitherto been stated by writers, acted upon by the legislature, or much taken into consideration by the public; and the point on which these notions are founded, though only secondary or incidental to Mr. Grahame's ultimate object in this publication, is yet of such deep interest to the welfare of the country, that we shall feel justified in stating it at some length. It has hitherto been the constant aim of the people of this country to get the management of all means of public accommodation as much out of the hands of the government as possible, and placed in the hands of individuals having local interests or local influence. The achievement of this has always been regarded as a diminution of the influence of the crown, and consequently as something gained to popular rights and popular enjoyment. The state of the government, and more especially of that branch of it, the House of Commons, which has more immediate control of money matters, whether for the support of the state itself, or of accommodation to the public, perhaps rendered this mode of proceeding necessary. The people felt that they were not represented in that house; they knew full well that seats in it were sold for money, or even for more unworthy purposes; there was no barring the conclusion in theory, that those who bought seats would sell votes in order to indemnify themselves and make a profit; and daily practice, which could not be concealed, and of which the concealment was often not even attempted, gave the theory all the force of demonstration.

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* A Treatise on internal Intercourse and Communication in civilized States, and particularly in Great Britain. By Thomas Grahame. 8vo. pp. 160. Longman and Co. 1834.

Now, though the remedy which the people sought by thus getting the control of matters out of the hands of the executive government, naturally suggested itself to those who had been in the habit of saying till they had taught themselves to believe what they had said, that these corrupt practices emanated primarily and wholly from the executive government—that is, from the administration for the time being—instead of being, as they were in truth, in great part aiding to the corruptibility of the influential part of the public themselves, it became the most efficient means of continuing and extending the mischief. Had it not been for the blinding influence of this false view of the matter, the people would have seen that there was one single step on their part which, once properly taken, would have put an end to all corrupt practices, both of government and of individuals, in the matter of public accommodations. This step is that of getting the government itself wholly under the control of the people. Not of course that the people are to dictate all the measures of government, for that would be tantamount to having no government at all, but that all the members of government, from the highest to the lowest, shall be responsible to the people for their whole public conduct. Whether the people of this country are, even now, in a state of enlightenment capable of exercising this high control with the requisite judgment, firmness, and moderation, is a doubtful question; but the Reform Bill has made a beginning, and, with caution and good management, matters will rapidly improve, though not till some further consolidation has been made, and a vast number of local and other petty governments, which stand in the way of the general government of the country and embarrass its operations, are removed. Mr. Grahame shows the bad effects which these have had on the means of internal intercourse; and there are few subjects of public importance in which their injurious effects are not felt.

There is another preliminary point also of great importance—indeed, of more importance than the one we have mentioned—to which Mr. Grahame alludes, and which bears more closely on the main subject of his inquiry. It is the comparative merits and the comparative encouragement given to animal power and to mechanical power; the first including human labour as well as that of other animals. He contends that taxation, and especially the prohibitory duty on the importation of corn under ordinary states of the market, have greatly enhanced the expense of animal power, and compelled the manufacturing capitalist to substitute mechanical power in its place, wherever such a substitution is practicable; that the capitalists have sufficient parliamentary influence for preventing the imposition of any tax upon this species of power, at all comparable with that to which animal power has been subjected; and he shews, and we think successfully, in a subsequent part of his work, that this inequality of taxation is almost the sole cause why, in many instances, mechanical power appears to be the cheaper of the two.

Now, it is perfectly evident that, in a sound and wholesome state of legislation, no one power, or means of serving the public, should have an undue preference over another; and that if any one is to be burdened beyond its fair proportion, the labour of man and of domestic animals, or, which is the same thing, the means of their maintenance, is the very last one which a wise legislature would so burden; because it is here, and here only, that excessive taxation can be directly productive of suffering to that portion of the people who are least capable of finding new resources when those to which they are accustomed fail. There is a sort of charm about the implements of mechanical power by which the attention of mankind is very apt to be carried away, till their understandings are bewildered, and they are apt to estimate these things at far more than they are really worth. They admit of sounding descriptions; and can be, and are lectured upon to wondering audiences, till all the world wonders at them as *chefs-d'œuvre* of construction, while the animal, which is beyond all comparison the more curious and perfect structure of the two, passes unknown and unheeded, farther than as it may perform the greatest labour at the least possible expense. This adoration of the dead idol as it were, and neglect of the living subject, is a very prominent vice of the present day; and, though there may be some excuse found for it in the vast achievements which have been made by means of machinery, yet the excess to which it has been carried is fraught with much mischief, and mischief of a very heartless description. The remarks which Mr. Grahame makes on this subject are few; but they are much to the purpose, and, to a reflecting mind, they speak volumes.

The numerous operations which, in the case of a steam engine, for instance, a few pounds of iron, gallons of water, and bushels of coal can be made to perform, are truly worthy of admiration; but we ought at the same time to consider what might have been the result if the same care and study had been devoted generally to the improvement of those by whom the engine is made, as has been devoted to the engine itself; and that while we are employing all this mechanical power, exempting it from taxation, and exulting in the results of our partiality, there are millions of human minds compelled to think of nothing else but their own miserable condition, who else might have been employed in promoting the general improvement and wealth of the country hand-in-hand with their own happiness. It would be injustice to sacrifice the engine for the sake of the man; but surely it is not less injustice to sacrifice the man for the sake of the engine. But by the present system this is done, and done to a very great extent; the man is taxed in every thing that he consumes, except the air of heaven, and the fumes of manufactories; there is sometimes a sort of indirect tax upon that, while the materials of which the engine is made are generally, and the whole of the articles which it consumes are wholly, exempted from taxation. Man has not thus fair play in the country, unless he has capital sufficient for purchasing a machine and necessity for using it; and in so far as domestic animals consume taxed produce—which, in the case of horses especially, is to a considerable extent—they are in the same predicament; and not only so, but they and the vehicles by means of which their services are rendered available to the public, are subjected in many cases to a direct taxation. The difference of these taxations upon men and horses, and upon steam-engines used for the purposes of internal communiction, appear only partially in the difference of duty upon the steam-carriage and coach drawn by horses, though even in that single item it is sufficiently great for rendering every simple comparison of the expense at which the two can perform labour, altogether inconclusive. It was, therefore, highly judicious in Mr. Grahame to mention this difference in the preliminary part of his inquiry.

Mr. Grahame (pp. 17—34) gives a very clever exposition of the two systems according to which the management of public thoroughfares in Britain, whether roads, railways, or canals, is conducted—the trustee and commissioner system for the roads—and the joint-stock corporation for the others. Both these systems are bad, and both have been productive of evils besides those mentioned by our author, which, in the care of the trusts, are chiefly unskilful management and improvident expenditure. But the whole system of roads, made and repaired by a toll levied on those who use them, is bad. In the first place, these local trustees, though they ostensibly manage a most important public accommodation, professedly for the public good, and generously, as one would say, without any pecuniary reward, yet they do not manage it by applying the general law of the land, but by local acts, which are obtained on their own shewing, and for their own purposes. The obtaining of these acts costs a great deal, both in money and time, and it is, or at least it once was, a very fertile source of parliamentary jobbing. Secondly, the collection of tolls is a great interruption to travellers; it is a most unequal tax, and in some instances it is made a very oppressive one. The collecting of it costs more than would, in not a few instances, keep the road in repair; and there is much additional expense in clerks to trusts, and various other ways. Indeed it is almost an axiom that those services to the public, which are professedly gratuitous, are always the worst performed and the most expensive. Besides, one trust managed in a slovenly or improper manner, and that is but a short line of road upon which there shall not be at least one trust of this description, vitiates the whole line to the traveller using it all; because, without additional power, expense, and hindrance, the whole road should be estimated by the worst part of it. Thirdly, the tax thus levied is levied unequally, which would not be the case if the toll bars were removed, the roads put under proper systematic management, and the expense paid out of the general revenue of the country. Mr. Grahame brings Sir Henry Parnell's plan of expediency in favour of trusts very nearly to this point; 1,200,000*l.* a-year is the sum at which Sir Henry estimates the annual cost of turnpike roads in England; and he thinks the public would grumble at paying this sum in a general tax. But he forgets that the trial was never made, and overlooks that the public have paid far greater sums for purposes in which they had no interest whatever. So that a case of "distrust in the government," as alluded to by Mr. Grahame, is not made out here; and we have already said that the grand measure is the removal of the distrust, and not the withdrawal from government of the management of the most general and the most useful accommodation which the public possess. All parties admit that the business would be in itself better and more cheaply done; and it is not an over estimate to suppose that a full third, or 400,000*l.* annually, would be saved in wages, salaries, and other unprofitable items, named or nameless.

As is well remarked by our author, the joint-stock corporation system is worse in principle than that of trusts, and not better in practice. Very many of these undertakings have been jobs from the very outset, in which the sanction of the public legislature has been obtained by private parties, for the direct and avowed purpose of enabling those parties to make a profit at the public expense, which they could not gain without the assistance of the legislature. We may naturally suppose that matters are better now, and it may be that they are altogether pure and patriotic. But every one who has been familiar with parliamentary business, and is old enough to remember times long gone by, must be aware that local acts for the establishment of such corporations were among the chief sources to which these ancients looked for getting back the purchase money of their seats, together with reasonable wages for their parliamentary labour, and some small opiate to keep conscience tranquil. Furthermore in these olden times there were solicitors, professing engineers, and other busy-bodies, who made a regular trade of getting up schemes for these joint-stock corporations, and also parliamentary committees and majorities to carry them through, so much so, that people lived in constant fear of having the burden of a parliamentary improvement imposed upon them. The expense of this was enormous; and it is exceedingly doubtful whether, if all the property of these joint-stock corporations in England were brought to the hammer at this moment, it would sell for as much as would pay for the parliamentary expenses alone.

What has been mentioned are no doubt the vices of the system, and not the system itself; but really the system is nothing without its vices, and it would be curious to ascertain upon what plea the first knot of individuals came before the legislature, and asked the grave and learned inmates of its two houses, to league with them (the said knot) against the common interests of that public which they (the inmates of the two houses) were specially appointed and solemnly pledged and sworn to protect. It appears, however, that they got seasoned to the practice (what will not time accomplish?)—for within the period of ordinary memory, and when there was in the House of Commons, a man at least as vigilant as Hume himself, a bill for converting the revenues of the port of Leith into a rent of heritage for a knot of persons, was sailing smoothly toward the haven of enactment, till a gallant captain, then understood to be a staunch Tory, bore down upon it, and blew all the craft to splinters. We could have wished to make an extract from this part of the work; but the entire passage is too long, and it cannot be abridged without doing injustice to the argument.

At page 34—which, by the way, ought to have been the commencement of a chapter—Mr. Grahame proceeds to consider the three species of communications—roads, railways, and canals—with reference to their general usefulness to the public. Here he shows very clearly, and indeed the matter is nearly self-evident, that the common road is the true path for the public; the one which, under no circumstances, can be dispensed with, and therfore the one which the legislature, as guardians for the public, are pre-eminently called upon to protect and promote. A road opens up the whole country through which it passes, and answers every purpose of communication to the whole people along its line; and, as the settlement of the people has followed the lines of the public roads for a very long period of time, the improvement of every line of public road should always be made with due regard to all the people who are to use it, whether for longer or for shorter distances. In the more thinly inhabited parts of the country, where the population is scattered, and there are no towns, the line of road can be made along the most advantageous level; but in more thickly inhabited districts, it is often impossible wholly to abandon the old line, however bad, without more serious loss to individuals than any public improvement can justify. But even here the restrictions are chiefly confined to making the road touch upon the principal towns, excepting in the case of those of the first class; and sometimes in the case of these, it is better that the road should pass close by the side of the town than through the middle of it. The pasture from town to town, may thus be considered as one whole, and as such it can never be practically managed by several sets of trustees, because there will always be as many deviations from the best general plan as there are trusts.

The present system of licensing public-houses, by which a fictitious value is given to that description of property beyond what the same quantity of bricks and mortar applied to any other purpose would command, and the fact of the road trustees being often both proprietors and licensers of those houses, have no inconsiderable influence in preventing the adoption of better lines of road; whereas, if that trade were like other tradesmen, and there is no *good* reason why it should not, the house of entertainment could follow the new line with as little inconvenience as the farrier's shop does at present. There are arguments in favour of a more general superintendence of the great lines of road, especially than that under which they are at present.

There is another and a very important general advantage arising from the adopting of new lines of road upon the principle of modern engineering. The old lines were made when the lower and richer parts of the country were marshy, and, besides being rendered more difficult by slopes than if they had been laid further down, they pass over the least productive parts of the country; and, therefore these, when made, are the least needed, and the most easily kept in repair. The great farmers who cultivate the rich bottoms, are thus subjected to a considerable expense in the use of their men and teams, and also in keeping their farm-roads in repair; all of which would be saved if the road were carried along the level. The smaller occupiers, who live partly by the land, and partly by the road, are by the same means driven to those places where their crops are of the smallest quantity and worst quality, though reared at the greatest expense. No doubt the road brings population to the bleak moors, but where there are no means, as manufactories, in which that population can be employed, the wretchedness of the whole accommodations of these people plainly shows that they would be better somewhere else.

These and many other considerations which will suggest themselves to the reader, all tend to prove that the public roads of a country, especially of a country where facility of intercourse for all distances, whether long or short, is of such primary importance as in Great Britain, ought not to be parcelled out into petty local administrations, unconnected with each other, and independent of the public; but that they should be under the public itself, through the medium of its general and responsible government, in order that persons of all ranks may be equally accommodated, all interests equally protected, and all improvements both of the road itself and of the district over which it passes, dully promoted and encouraged. Before, however, we can enter fully and advantageously into the subject of these roads, we must wait for the second part of Mr. Grahame's treatise, which he promises shall soon make its appearance.

Canals and railways are not, from their pecular nature, so generally useful to the public as roads. To persons walking, riding on horseback, or in their own carriages, or using their own ordinary machines and domestic animals, which are useful on common paths, those means of intercourse are of no value whatever; and as such parties must ever constitute the great bulk of the people, a canal or a railway can never become, in the most general sense of the term, a *public* work. A ship-canal, by means of which a circuitous or dangerous navigation is avoided, comes, indeed, in a country somewhat dependent on its marine as Britain is, very nearly within the peculiar description of a public work, and, with a government peculiarly responsible, would be far safer in the hands of that government than in those of any private proprietor or company. For such a canal, there is generally only one line; and if that line is vested in private hands, a monopoly is established against the public, which effectually puts an end to all competition and all further improvement. A boat-canal, on which there is a great and permanent carriage, approaches to the nature of a ship-canal; and the bad effects of monopoly in such a case, are well instanced by Mr. Grahame, in that of the Duke of Bridgewater, between Liverpool and Manchester. But the principal canals in England were all executed during the time when, as Mr. Grahame very justly says, there was "a great distrust on the part of the community in the government, and in its justice and proper management."

Thus, these means of conveyance, supplemental to public roads, have from the first been private speculation, sanctioned by acts of parliament, really for the advantage of the undertakers, and with a view chiefly of securing them both a large profit and a close monopoly. Still, as Mr. Grahame observes, there was, in the canal, as originally formed by the corporated proprietors, some resemblance to a public road under a trust: the public had the use of it for their own boats on payment of the canal dues. Thus, though a monopoly, it was but a partial one—a monopoly as to the dues, but open to competition in as far as the freight of boats is concerned. The boats, too, were cheap vehicles, and no great capital was required in order to become a canal carrier. It was the interest of all parties, too, that the limits of the canals without lockage should be as long as possible; and this gave great facility to the conveyance of heavy articles for short distances along the lines, which conduced much to local improvement. Such canals have, therefore, proved useful additions to the common roads; and though this was certainly not the original intention of the projectors, they have probably been, upon the average, more beneficial to the public than to the proprietors. But for this branch of the inquiry also, we must wait the appearance of the other parts of Mr. Grahame's treatise. Rail-roads are the species of accommodation which, in the present part, Mr. Grahame considers more in detail; indeed, with a searching keenness of investigation for which the public owe him their most hearty thanks.

The work is, indeed, highly valuable, inasmuch as rail-roads, along which passengers and goods shall be conveyed at rates unprecedentedly rapid, and charges as correspondingly low, are the mania of the day, —a subject which admits of much amplification in speech, and about which every body speaks; but which, as is not unusual in such cases, very few understand. One can hardly go into any company where public improvement is at all spoken of without hearing that these roads will speedily supersede all other means and modes of intercourse, and change the whole state of society "very much for the better." This is exactly that temper of the public mind which lays the unthinking most open to the imposition of schemers; and forms the great merit of this, the chief part, of Mr. Grahame's work.

He puts aside all the public excitements, and all the eulogies of the parties, as well as all bias or prejudice on his own part, and then proceeds calmly to estimate the future value of railways, from the data by which the probability of any thing future can be safely estimated—the experience of the past.

Only two railways have been constructed in England upon a scale sufficient to afford any judgment of their value as public ways—the Darlington railway, in the valley of the river Tees, and the Liver- and Manchester railways. Both of these have the advantage of peculiar trades; the former between mine and port for the conveyance of coal and lime; and the latter between port and manufactory, where the usual carriage was, as already stated, swamped by a monopoly. Both of these are, therefore, experiments made under the most favourable circumstances; and no one has a right to assume that success will be better in any other case than it has been in these. Mr. Grahame examines these, not from any hypothesis of his own, favourable or unfavourable, but from their own published documents and declarations; and, therefore, the conclusions at which he arrives have all the truth of demonstration, and should have all its influence upon the public mind.

Previously to entering upon the details of these railways, Mr. Grahame makes some observations on the fluctuating and variable value of time, which are well worthy the consideration of those whose minds are carried away by the great advantages which society at large is to derive from the increased speed produced by locomotive engines upon railways; and, indeed, without any such experience, it is perfectly evident that this speed never can be of the smallest value to one in a hundred of the whole community. Not one of those who are distributed over the country, and engaged in its cultivation and improvement, can derive the smallest value from this speed. The pedestrian, the equestrian, the team-driver, and the charioteer, must all keep aloof from the railway. It can answer none of their purposes; and if they venture near it, some of the locomotives may crush them to atoms. It is of no use to the located artisan, even if in the town; and he in the village is injured by it; the engine cannot stop to take him up as the stage-coach can; and if he will ride, he must in many instances submit to a walk equal to his whole ride, before he can get at the starting-point. Stage-coaches go to the inns in different parts of a great town, and travel the principal streets in their whole length, so that by them the passenger and his luggage can be taken up at his own door. To the community generally there is, therefore, no saving of time—at least, of time which is of any value; for, what with the time spent between the locomotive and the residence or the place of call, and what with that spent in waiting for the starting, very little will be gained. Frequency of arrival and departure have their value, as well as speed along the line; and as the rail-road and the locomotive engine can neither create passengers nor goods, their trips must be fewer in number than those of coaches. From these and various other considerations, which will readily suggest themselves, it is quite evident that much of the *general* accommodation which this species of conveyance is said to afford, is mere delusion; and that, however valuable it may be in peculiar localities, something not only additional, but very unexpected, must be discovered, before it can be used as a substitute for common roads, or even for canals. But it is also worthy of inquiry whether these—the most expensive of all works—have, in their unequal formation and maintenance, been of corresponding advantage to the stockholders, to justify (if any thing can justify) their co-operate monopolies against the public; and this has been furnished by Mr. Graham, of whose dissections of the Darlington and Liverpool railways we shall now give a short analysis.

Darlington Railway.—This is twenty-five miles long, four miles hilly, and requiring fixed engines; and the remainder nearly level, and worked by locomotives. The cost of the work is not known. The prices are:—Coal to be exported, 3*s.* 2*d.* per ton from the coal-mine to the ship, but this the managers say is not a profitable trade. Coal for home consumption, 2½*d.* per mile, or 50 per cent. more; Mr. J. says 150—but it is probably an error of the press—the total cost of coal carried along the whole length of the Darlington railway, for home consumption, is, therefore, 4*s.* 8¼*d.*, the distance being twenty-five miles; or, allowing for the return of the empty waggons, which is the more laborious part of the matter, as it requires five hours, while the descent with the load is performed in four hours, the total is fifty miles. From the 50 per cent. advance upon coal for home consumption, and the new publication of the accounts, it may be presumed that the main object of this railway is to enable the coal-masters in the fields to which it leads, to compete with those on the Tyne, and the dealers in the export market; and that the accommodation of the country is but a secondary object.

Mr. Grahame contracts the rate of carriage for home consumption along this line, with that along the Scotch canals, from Lanarkshire to Edinburgh. The coal carried on these canals is sold on the average at 8*s.* per ton. This is about 1⅜*d.* per ton per mile of the whole distance, for the entire cost of the coal to the Edinburgh consumer, which is 8 per cent. less than the mere carriage per mile of the export coal by the Darlington Railway (which does not, according to the statement, remunerate the proprietors of that work), and it is 64 per cent. less than the mere carriage per mile of coal for home consumption. It is to be borne in mind, too, that the whole sum at Darlington goes to the owners of the railway, to replace their outlay and afford them a profit; while the sum paid at Edinburgh not only remunerates, but affords a profit to many hands. First, the collier must have his wages; secondly, the coal-master must cover his expenses, and make a profit; thirdly, each of the canal companies—the Monkland, the Forth and Clyde, and the Union—must have their profit; fourthly, the tracksman on the canals must have his profit, for he is distinct from all the canal companies; fifthly, the Edinburgh coal-merchant must have his profit; sixthly, the Edinburgh purchaser has his fuel. Here, then, are eight different parties, from the man who "wins" the coal from the mine, to the consumer inclusive; whereas, the same distance on a railway, even so well-formed and so judiciously placed as that of Darlington is understood to be, would, for mere carriage alone, cost the local consumer 13*s.* 1¼*d.*, or 5*s.* 1¼*d.* more, exclusive of the prime cost and the coal-merchant's profit. It is true there are two inclined planes on the railway, which are worked by stationary engines; but there are twenty-five locks to be passed on the canals, and twenty draw-bridges to be opened and shut by the boatmen.

This is a case of the utmost importance to the public, and one which completely describes the question of the comparative public utility of canals and rail-roads with locomotive engines for the transport of heavy goods. The question of time is here not worthy of consideration; for if the public were to be charged more than double price for coal, which they would be (and more) by the substitution of railways for canals, it would be but a poor consolation to tell them that the coal had only been one-third of the time upon the road. Nor does this great comparative cheapness of the canals, which Mr. Grahame has taken for the estimate of the two modes of conveyance, depend in any degree upon a better natural adaptation in the one locality for a canal than there is in the other for a railway; for, in this respect, the railway has decidedly the advantage,—so that, upon the average, railway conveyance would be considerably higher in proportion. We shall now very briefly advert to Mr. Grahame's other instance.

The Liverpool and Manchester Railway.—In as far as magnitude, expense, extended power, and determined resolution to overcome all opposition offered to it are concerned, this is one of the most splendid works that ever was executed; and it is also one, the facilities for constructing which, and the expectation, nay, the certainty of trade by which, are far greater than can occur in any other line of equal length in the British islands. This is, therefore, a case in which the capabilities and advantages of a rail-road with locomotive engines should appear in the most favourable light. Mr. Grahame examines it with great minuteness and accuracy, in so far as the documents published by the parties themselves can be considered accurate; but we must content ourselves with the results.

Cost.—The capital for which the original shareholders were procured in 1824, was 400,000*l.*; that on which the act of incorporation was obtained in 1825, was 510,000*l.* with a power to borrow 127,000*l.*, in all 636,000*l.*; in March 1830, the estimate rose to 820,000*l.*; and at the close of 1833, the expenditure had risen to 1,089,447*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*, or more than double the estimate on which the act was obtained. The same parties who drew up the original estimate had, we believe, the charge of carrying the work into execution.

Trade.—The orignal estimate was as follows:—

1,500 tons goods daily.
2,000 tons coal do.
500 tons cattle do.
200 tons passengers do.

4,200 tons per day, or, at 313 days to the year,
1,324,600 tons.

This is the net weight of merchandize and passengers estimated for, exclusive of 3,500 tons of full and empty waggons daily, or

1,095,500 tons annually; in all 2,410,100 tons annually, to be carried; and this, according to the engineers on the railway, was to be done at an annual expense of 20,307*l.* 18*s.* 2*d.*, exclusively of the wear and tear, and interest of capital on the rail-road and the machines.

The actual traffic for and cost of transport have been as follows:—

						per ton.	
	tons.		£	*s.*	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
In 1831	125,184	Cost . . .	20,052	11	3	3	3½
1832	145,914	Do	22,237	11	3	3	2½
1833	170,279	Do	27,101	4	10	3	2
Total traffic	441,395	Total cost . .	69,401	7	4		
Estimated traffic (say) .	3,744,000	Estimated cost	60,923	14	6		
Over estimate	3,302,605	Under estimate	8,477	12	10		

Thus, in the three years, the traffic is rather less than one-eighth of the estimate, and the cost about 14 per cent. more. Therefore, while the capital expended on the work has been more than double the sum estimated, the traffic amounts to little more than one-ninth. Wherefore, without any reference to errors in the estimates of maintaining the road and the machinery, than in the prime cost and the traffic alone (as founded upon certainty in the one case, and three years' experience in the other), the shareholders' chance of profit is reduced to *less than one-eighteenth* of that originally held out.

And when we look at the gross annual receipts and disbursements, we find that the prospects of the concern are far from flattering. Here we must refer the reader to Mr. Grahame for the details, and shortly mention that in 1831 and 1832 the gross recipts were nearly the same—namely, a little more than 155,000*l.*; but in the second of these years, the gross expenditure had increased more than 10,000*l.*, making 60 per cent. of the gross revenue, whereas in 1831 it had been 54 per cent. In 1833, the state of matters was as follows:—

Gross receipts	£183,305
Expenditure........	109,250 or 60 per cent.
Clear revenue........	£74,055

Thus, by the shewing of the directors themselves, the railway became less valuable—that is, yielded 6 per cent. less on the gross receipts in 1832 than in 1831; and Mr. Grahame shews that a similar deterioration should have appeared for 1833. There are three items not stated, which account for this; first, a lowering of the rate of interest on loans (apparently from 4½ to 3½ per cent.), which makes (say) 1,500*l.*; secondly, a relief from the omnibus dues for conducting the passengers to and from the waggons, 4,831*l.*; and thirdly, a surcharge on the tax levied on passengers, amounting to 4,454*l.*: taking these together, they amount to 10,785*l.*, or very nearly one-tenth of the gross expenditure, thus reducing the clear revenue to 63,270*l.*, or 8,828*l.* less than it was in 1831, though the weight carried had increased 36 per cent. The carriage of passengers had become upon the whole less profitable in 1833 than in 1831; for though, by the giving up of the omnibuses and the surcharge on the tax, the receipt from each passengers had been raised 11 per cent., there had been a falling off of 13 per cent. in the numbers, leaving a deficiency upon the whole of 2 per cent. on the passengers.

It would seem that the falling off of 8,828*l.* in the clear revenue of the railway, notwithstanding the increase of 27,803*l.* in the gross receipts, is not the only diminution of hope of profit to the shareholders; for the directors admit that, owing to the smallness of the increase, they were unable to execute the necessary repairs of the road. The amount of these repairs cannot be estimated till the statement for 1834 is published, if they can be relied upon then; but to delay the repairs of such a work in wet weather, is not the way to get them done much cheaper, or to work the engines at the least expense in the interim.

That the public have not gained by this diminutory rate of profit to the corporation, is pretty evident; for the sum paid by each passenger to the company has been raised from 4*s.* 6⅞*d.* in 1831, to 5*s.* 1½*d.* in 1833; and the whole, including omnibuses, from 5*s.* 0⅞*d.* to 6*s.* 1½*d.* Let us see if there is any diminution in the carriage of goods; and here, Mr. Grahame very justly remarks that, in the latter year, considerable quantities of cheap carriage goods had come in from the branch railways, but that the whole were lumped together in the public statements, and that thus the cheap ones go to diminish the apparent charge for them along the whole line. The totals are as follow:

1831.—Total, tons . .	125,184	—Gross receipt	£155,502
Passengers, tons	37,087	—Fares . . .	101,749
Remain, tons . .	88,097	—Goods . . .	£53,653

Average per ton, 12*s.* 2½*d.*

1833.—Total, tons . .	170,297	—Gross receipt	£183,305
Passengers, tons	32,208	—Fares . . .	99,038
Remain, tons . .	138,089	—Goods . . .	£84,267

Average per ton as before, 12*s.* 2½*d.*

This is a very costly carriage for heavy goods, being at the rate of 4*d.* 3⅓ farthings per ton per mile, or, allowing for the expense of delivery to the rail-road waggons, about 5*d.* per mile. This must limit the use of the rail-road to goods which are of considerable value; and must, on that account, prevent its coming into general use, even if it were not open to any other objection. It may be, that this rate per mile is not higher than what was paid on the canals, before the rail-road was constructed, but that was owing to the monopoly of the canals; and the high price then, though a good argument against the canal monopoly, is not good in favour of the rail-road, which is also a monopoly, and one which does not admit of the same cheapness as the canal. This is the most important point to the public, which the much-agitated question of the relative values of railways and canals involves; and the clearness with which Mr. Grahame brings out this point would alone entitle him to the thanks of his countrymen.

The great advantage to the public in the conveyance of heavy and low-priced goods, is cheapness; and in the care of them, quickness of transport is a very secondary consideration. We have it stated on personal knowledge, that the ton of coal at Edinburgh, after being carried seventy miles, is sold on the average for 9*s.* Suppose the whole of this is carriage, it is but a fraction of what it would cost by the Liverpool and Manchester railway. That at 5*d.* per ton per mile, would be about 30*s.*, or more than three times the total price of the canal-borne coals. But not above a third of that is canal dues; so that, in the articles of coal, the rail-road is more than nine times—indeed, ten times, as costly as the canal. No lowering of the original price could cause this heavy expense of carriage, as a carriage on the rail-road for forty-five miles would be more than the total cost of any coal carried by water the same distance, or any distance within the island. The Somerset coal, which is brought about eighty miles by canals and rivers from the pits to Reading, costs 10*s.* 6*d.* for the whole charge of carriage. The route by which it comes is an expensive canal navigation; and this coal is sold to the public at about 27*s.* per ton. The carriage of it, at the rate of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, (which lies nearly upon a level), would be 33*s.* 4*d.*, or 6*s.* 4*d.* more than the public pay for it as brought by the canal.

In all heavy goods, the increase of cost by railways must be the same; and, therefore, the fair conclusion is, that their general introduction in place of canals, would go far to put an end to the transport of heavy goods inland, to great distances. Now it is by the transport of heavy commodities—of those commodities which come under the denomination of materials—that cheapness becomes of the greatest value to the public.

But, heavy as is the expense of carriage, upon the showing of the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester rail-roads themselves, it does not appear that it yields a profit; for in the list of the three years for which the accounts are published, there is an increase of capital more than equal to the sums paid in dividends; and the expense on the capital account, amounted to 76,000*l.*, while the road was out of repair. Put this to the sum stated in the accounts; and the real cost of the rail-road for the year is between 1,000*l.* and 2,000*l.* more than the returns. Thus this rail-road is more favourably situated than any other in the island can be, as having a greater and more constant trade along its whole length, being for the greater part nearly upon a level, and having been begun in opposition to a canal monopoly.

One of the most striking results at which Mr. Grahame has arrived in his investigation of the published accounts of this company, is the diminution of profits by an increase of the carrying trade. This is so contrary to what usually takes place, that it excites very strong suspicions against the system as a means of general conveyance for goods.

But Mr. Grahame shews that the profit which the company "are said" to derive from their coaching trade, or the carriage of passengers, arises wholly or chiefly from their being taxed less heavily than common-road coaching. The mileage per passenger is only half the amount, or one-eighth of a penny, while the coach pays one-fourth;

the rail-road coaches pay only on the number actually carried, and the road coaches on what they can carry, which is estimated at two-and-a-half times the real number, as the road coaches are, on the average, two-fifths full; consequently, the mileage which the road coaches pay on their trade is five times as great as that paid by the rail-road coaches, or one halfpenny per mile on each passenger in favour of the railway. But this is not all; for the other taxes paid by coach masters are much greater than those paid by the company; and it is clear that any profit which the company can make in this item must be paid out of the public revenue, and whether it operate in lowering the rate of carriage, or in adding to the profits, it is a bounty given to the company out of the pocket of the country.

Mr. Grahame takes his comparison from the road between Edinburgh and Glasgow; the distance there is forty-three miles, performed in four hours including stoppages, and the average on the out and inside passengers about 9*s.* 7½*d.* The difference of duty, which at a halfpenny per mile is 1*s.* 9½*d.* deducted from this, makes the total return to the canal master 7*s.* 10*d.*; and for this the passengers are taken up and set down at or near their own houses. The railway charge, including the same accommodation, is 6*s.* 4*d.* for thirty miles, or for forty-three miles 9*s.* 1*d.* very nearly, which is 1*s.* 3*d.* more than the road coach, if allowance is made for the duty, both in amount and mode of charging; and even if no notice is taken of the duty, the road coach is only 6½*d.* on the forty-three miles, or about three-fifths of a farthing per mile. That is to say, as matters now stand, a coach could carry passengers from the middle of Liverpool to that of Manchester, or thirty-two miles for less than 5*d.* more than the railway charges; or if the duties were equalized, in amount and manner of exaction, the stage coach could carry passengers at the rate of eleven miles an hour, including passages through the towns and stoppages, for 11*d.* less than they are now carried by the railway.

Thus it appears that the public are not gainers by the railway any more than the shareholders will ultimately be; for we must not suppose that the paying of dividends with borrowed money is any more calculated to afford profit, than a sinking fund of borrowed money is calculated to pay off that debt which in reality it increases.

Mr. Grahame exposes in a very conclusive manner, that appeal to vulgar prejudice on the subject of saving human food by the use of steam instead of horse power, which, like many others of the same class, is very sounding, just because it is very hollow, and for no other reason. The fable of "the boy and the goose" cannot be too often repeated to those who advance such opinions. Domestic animals would be worth their keep even if they did little or no work; and instead of the 250,000 horses which are said to be connected with the internal communication of this country, consuming the food of 2,000,000 of human beings, they really cause the production of much more human food than the country could yield without them.

Such are the leading points in the first part of Mr. Grahame's essay: we shall look with some impatience for those which are yet to appear.

THE DEATH OF MARSHAL NEY.

Much has lately been said both in England and France respecting the death of Marshal Ney, but with the particulars of that dreadful tragedy few of our readers we suspect are fully conversant. With the strictest adherence to historical accuracy, we shall therefore give a brief and succinct narrative of the facts, more particularly as regards the Duke of Wellington's connexion with it. It will be necessary to give a short review of the events which preceded it.

Michel Ney was born at Sarre Louis in 1769, and entered when a mere youth into a regiment of hussars, in which he had risen to the rank of *sous-officier* when the revolution of 1789 was effected. During the sanguinary wars waged by nearly the whole of Europe against the French republic he served in every campaign, and for his good conduct, talent, and patriotism was made general of brigade in 1796. In the following year he commanded a division under the celebrated Hoche, and subsequently under Schaumberg, Massena, and Moreau, contributing in no slight degree to the gaining of the glorious battle of Hohenlinden.

In 1804 he was, for his distinguished merit, created a marshal of the empire by Napoleon, and the following year gained the battle of Elchingen in Suabia, for which he was created duke of that name. Marshal Ney subsequently commanded a division at the decisive battle of Jena with the most signal success, but as it would occupy too much space to enumerate all the invaluable and glorious services he rendered his country during his life, we shall only add that at the terrible battle of the Moskwa, in Russia, Ney commanded the centre with his usual talent and success, for which the emperor conferred on him the title of Prince of the Moskwa, observing at the same time—"*Le Maréchal Ney est le brave des braves*—his soul is of tempered steel!"

After the disastrous campaign of 1814, finding it was no longer possible for Napoleon to continue to reign, he was one of the first generals who submitted to the Bourbons, who soon after created him a peer of France.

In 1815 he was at Condreaux when Napoleon landed from Elba; he immediately received orders from the Bourbon government to assemble a military force at Besançon, with which he marched towards Lyons; but some proclamations from Napoleon having reached the troops at the same time that intelligence arrived of his triumphal entry into that city, Ney, yielding to the desire of the entire army and a united people, declared for the emperor, who in a few days again occupied the Tuileries.

During the hundred days, Marshal Ney used every exertion to save France from a second invasion, and, two days previous to the decisive battle of Waterloo, seriously checked the Anglo-Belgian army commanded by the Duke of Wellington in the actions of Ligny and Quatre Bras.

After the defeat and partial destruction af the French army by the allies, Ney proceeded to Paris, where he gave a true statement of the disaster in the Chamber of Peers, and being averse to the new order of things, retired from public life.

In the meanwhile the English and Prussian armies approached Paris, where the remains of the French army had rallied, and being reinforced by several divisions not engaged at Waterloo, it still presented, with the national guard, a very imposing force; but Napoleon having signified his intention to abdicate, a convention for the capitulation of Paris was agreed to between the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Blucher, on the one side, and the governor of Paris, on the other, to the effect that private property should be respected, and *no person be molested for their past political or other conduct.* By virtue of this convention Louis XVIII. entered the capital, and was a second time proclaimed King of France.

Notwithstanding the above convention, Marshal Ney was arrested on the 24th of July, and thrown into prison, accused of having contributed to the revolution of the 20th of March, or, in other words, having aided the return of Napoleon. A court-martial was summoned to try him, Marshal Moncey being appointed president; Moncey, however, nobly refused to sit in trial on such a man, *for which he was imprisoned three months in the château of Ham.*

The presidentship now fell by seniority upon Marshal Jourdan, who accepted it, and with Marshals Massena, Mortier, and Augereau, and three lieutenant-generals, composed the court-martial, which in its second sitting declared itself incompetent to try the prisoner, and immediately dissolved itself, to the undisguised delight of the French people, with whom Ney was, as he merited to be, highly popular.

An ordinance of the king next directed that he should be tried before the Chamber of Peers; and so great was the interest excited by the approaching mock trial, that, in addition to the capital being surrounded by the English army (during Ney's trial and execution, be it observed, the English were the only foreign troops remaining in Paris), special commissioners of police were appointed, the press was rigorously restrained from alluding to it, men were selected from each regiment of the line, for their opinions, for the service of Paris, the national guards were removed from the principal posts, patroles traversed the town in all directions, and the city was filled with gendarmerie, plainly indicating the apprehensions of the government, lest this cold-blooded murder should be prevented.

About the beginning of December the peers assembled in the palace of the Luxembourg, which was surrounded constantly by 2,000 men, and immediately proceeded to the trial of Ney, who was ably defended by the celebrated advocates and deputies, M. M. Berryer and Dupin; but it was evident that the accused could have no hope of justice from a tribunal, of which three-fourths of the members were enraged aristocrats, rendered poor and vindictive by their long emigration from France, and now eager for victims on whom to wreak their vengeance.

Marshal Ney was fully aware of his position, and though he allowed his advocates to defend him, he appealed, as he hoped, to a more impartial and independent power, previous to the trial.

The Duke of Richelieu, as minister, demanded Ney's condemnation in the *name of Europe;* he told the chamber they owed the world a signal reparation, and must not allow the prisoner a longer impunity.

Against these expressions M. M. Berryer and Dupin vehemently protested, and produced the convention of Paris as a complete defence; this the president refused to allow to be heard, and ordered them to continue the defence *without reference to that document!*

Marshal Ney on hearing this rose, and said, "I forbid my counsel to defend me more; my judges, I well knew, were long since determined; I am accused against the faith of treaties, and the law of nations, and you will not let me justify myself.—I appeal to Europe and to posterity!"

His advocates, nevertheless, made one more attempt to save him, by showing that Sarre Louis was included in the territory ceded to Prussia; and that, consequently, Ney was not a subject of France; but he refused to allow the plea, and indignantly exclaimed—"Never, I am a Frenchman in my heart, and a Frenchman I will die!"

While the chamber was still affecting to deliberate, Ney returned to his room; he appeared to be supported by a feeling of deep resolution; he embraced his defenders, who had nobly exerted themselves, exclaiming—"It is all over, my dear friends, we shall meet each other in another world!"

He ate his dinner calmly, and with appetite; and observing that a small knife was an object of uneasiness and attention to the persons charged to guard him, he exclaimed—"Do you think that I fear death?" and with a smile threw the knife away.

We now come to the Duke of Wellington's share in this transaction, to which we entreat our readers to pay great attention, and in particular to the following letter, upon which the unfortunate Ney had placed so much reliance:—

"To his Grace the Duke of Wellington, Generalissimo of the Allied Armies, &c.

"Your Excellency,—Cannot be ignorant of the gross violation which has taken place in my person of the convention of Paris, on the faith of which the French army laid down its arms, and I remained in France.

"It was on the following articles I relied, and now appeal to you, not for justice, but simply as the only party to that convention remaining in Paris, who possesses the power to see that solemn engagement enforced.

"'Article 12.—Private persons and property shall be equally respected. The inhabitants and *all* individuals who shall be in the capital, shall continue to enjoy their rights and liberties without being disturbed or called to account, either as to the situations *they hold, or may have held,* or as to *their conduct* or *political opinions.*

"'Article 15.—If difficulties arise in the execution of any one of the articles of the present convention, the interpretation of it shall be made *in favour of the French army* and of the city of Paris.'

"Without these terms is there a human being, who believes I would not have died sword in hand, joined and supported by all the brave and virtuous that remained in France?

"It is then in direct contradiction to this capitulation I am now under arrest; and as a soldier, an Englishman, and an honourable man, I demand of *you* my instant and unqualified liberation.

"MICHEL NEY."

After several visits to the Tuileries, his Grace found leisure, in the intervals of his splendid entertainments at the Palais de l'Elysée Bourbon, to reply to the unfortunate writer. His answer must ever be considered as a stain upon the national character. With the casuistry worthy of a pettifogging lawyer, he observed that the 12th Article *applied* only to the military authority established in Paris, and was *not intended to tie up the hands of the French government.*

That this was a most treacherous and jesuitical interpretation of the 12th Article, must alone be evident to every unbiassed mind, but a few moments' consideration will place its injustice in a still stronger light.

Marshal Ney was clearly included in the terms of Article 12, for he had his residence in the capital, in law and fact. The army and the inhabitants of Paris, possessing a certain force, stipulated with the generals of the allied armies for their safety and inviolability. The competency of that force being thus admitted, terms were assented to, which precluded all further resistance. But can it for a moment be supposed that the object of the besieged was to obtain a mere temporary protection—a respite for 48 hours? and that the same army which had kept in awe a hundred thousand men, surrendered at discretion to a government the nation abhorred, and which had not a soldier at its command without the co-operation of the allies.

Such a machiavelian doctrine is contrary to all reason, and such a principle once established might cover the earth with scaffolds. England, who prides herself on her advanced state of civilization, cannot suffer such destable maxims to be promulgated, and must view with horror their advocate and author.

Ney was informed of his sentence late at night, and was hurried to execution early the next morning. The sentence was carried into effect on the 7th December, 1815, in a clandestine manner, near the observatory, for all who were in any way connected with this detestable transaction, appear to have been ashamed of it.

When Ney reached the place of execution, he walked firmly from the coach to the fatal spot, and refusing to have his eyes blinded, calmly faced the detachment; taking off his hat with his left hand, he exclaimed, "*Je proteste solemnellement devout Dieu et devout les hommes de l'iniquité de mon jugement—l'histoire me jugera.*" Then placing his hand upon his heart, he added, "Soldiers, straight to the heart —*Vive la France!—feu!*" He fell dead upon the spot, twelve balls having taken effect. Thus perished one of the greatest men France could boast, exhibiting to the last moment that undaunted courage which had ever distinguished him in battle. It needed not to wait for *posterity,* as Ney predicted—the justice of his death is already decided.

As the noble and patriotic Armaud Carrel, the most talented political writer in France, boldly stated to the peers, many who had condemned Ney being of the number, when sitting in judgment on the *National,* for breach of privilege, "*Time has pronounced, at the present period the judges have more need of being reinstated in public opinion than the victim!*" After having been violently interrupted by the president. he continued "*If, among the members who voted for the death of Marshal Ney, who sit in this assembly, there is one who considers himself aggrieved, let him summon me to this bar; I shall glory in being the first man of the revolution of* 1830, *who came here to protest, in the name of indignant France, against that abominable assassination!*"

This feeling is deep, and we may say universal, amongst our neighbours; it cannot, of course, be expected that the Duke of Wellington, as commander merely of the invading allied forces, could be popular in France; still his name would pass without indignant remark, were it not a lamentable error in his otherwise glorious career.

SONNET: TO BURNS.

THIS SONNET IS INSCRIBED TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, WITH SENTIMENTS OF SINCERE ADMIRATION, BY KENRICK VAN WINKLE.

There are more wrecks on thy enchanted shore,
Sweet Poesy! than on the rocks that guard
Cape Horn's terrific coast, where winds blow hard,
And waves their everlasting thunders roar.
Dear Burns! thou child of inspiration! Bard
Of eagle intellect, and fate ill-starred!
Thy strains shall live though thou art seen no more.
The soldier, far away in battle scarred—
The shepherd boy, roaming the mountains o'er—
The sailor, clinging to the main-mast yard—
Each fond enthusiast holds thee in regard,
And cheers his spirit with thy tuneful lore.
May I, though tossed upon the self-same sea,
Escape the rocks that made a wreck of thee!

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHÂTEAUBRIAND IN ENGLAND.

Landing of M. de Châteaubriand as ambassador.—His reception by the ladies of Dover.—His opinion of the degeneration of the English people.—Visit from the son of M. de Montesquieu.—His reception by the *corps diplomatique*.—English and French soldiers.—His opinion of the English aristocracy and democracy.—English and French ideas of liberty.—Profession of principles.—On mediocrity of talent.—Reasons for choice of residence.—His poetic temperament.—English and Arabian blood horses.—Eulogium of the ass.—Glory.—Buonaparte.—Wellington.—Pitt.—Voltaire.—Kensington-gardens.—Canning.—Literary fund.—Annual dinner.—Anecdote of the Viscount and coursing.

THERE are men who even in their life-time may be said to belong to posterity—predestined mortals, who, from their first entrance upon the business of existence, stand apart from their fellows, and the minute episodes of whose career seem stamped with a distinctive character. Of such men the Viscount de Châteaubriand is incontestibly one. His memoirs are amongst the few whose perusal leaves a trace behind them: they in some measure redeem the credit of autobiographies in general, and rescue that particular class of literature from the utter damnation of the reading world. We have been deluged with the egotistical tediousness of many worthy personages of both sexes, and of all ranks, grades, and professions. Patricians and plebeians, soldiers and sailors, old gentlefolks both of the masculine and feminine gender, have shamefully maltreated us in this particular line. Wherefore do we hail, with a feeling of thanksgiving, the advent of something of richer promise. We have at last found a green spot and barren waste, and there would we fain rest our staff.

M. de Châteaubriand seems to consider that he has played his part on life's eventful stage—that he has done with its toils, its cares, its perils, and its passions. Like the traveller who has long struggled to gain some rugged steep, inaccessible to ordinary wayfarers, he feels a pleasure in looking down from his commanding eminence, and contemplating far in the distance beneath him the clouds and storms through which he has passed. His race is run, and to close accounts with the world, he bequeaths to posterity a history of his chequered career—a sort of poetic last will and testament, carelessly blending, in one common record, emotions and feelings with facts;—the reveries and idealities of genius with the sad and sober realities of life. A favoured few admitted to the intimacy of the noble poet, and enabled to snatch a furtive glance at his precious pages, have revealed some passages to public curiosity. But, notwithstanding the undoubted authenticity of the autobiography, to which the illustrious author daily adds some fresh recollections, we may reasonably entertain doubts on the score of its completeness: we may question if the self-constituted biographer will set down every fact creditable to the man—if his pen will or can retrace every thought and feeling—all the impassioned and involuntary poetry, which his soul, in the full tide of its overflowing, may pour forth in the ear of friendship. Of a truth, we have the consolation to reflect that any hiatus on these points will infallibly be filled up by one or more of the literary resurrectionists who do business in the reminiscence and last speech line—whose mission it is to wiredraw the social inspirations of genius in *dishabille,* and to imprison in one or two, or mayhap three goodly octavos, the fugitive sallies of the illustrious departed. So has it been with Byron: the nothings of his idlest hours have been "set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote;" the very stones have prated of his whereabouts. He has had his chroniclers from "the Hebrew nasalities of Nathan," to the mellifluous mawkishness of Moore. Thus have the book-makers dealt with him; and in the spirit of our "prophetic fury" do we say—so will they deal with Châteaubriand. His sayings will be resuscitated in the shape of "conversations," and his doings appropriately attired in the costume of "reminiscences."

We repeat, our world of letters is occasionally subject to singular chances, and precisely by one of these do we stand possessed of materials which enable us to put forth a brief sketch, forestalling the more elaborate efforts of those well-meaning bibliopoles touching whose probable designs we have already spoken with the tongue of prophecy. In a word, we are able to communicate a few particulars, the substance of which has been gathered from a diary that has fallen into our hands—honestly, we conjure the reader to believe, but that main point stated, we have reasons, or it may be caprice, for declining to give further information as to the *quo modo.* Our journal contains not a few details touching the celebrated writer, whose name figures at the head of this chapter—details which relate to the period of his embassy to England, and of which the printed page, whether of quarto, octavo, pamphlet, or periodical, has hitherto been innocent.

On the landing of M. de Châteaubriand at Dover, which took place on the 4th of April, 1822; he was welcomed by a sort of homage which, how flattering soever in itself, was, at least to his Gallic ideas, somewhat singular in its manifestation. Scarcely had the news of his arrival been circulated by one or more of the hundred tongues of Fame, when the literary ladies of the ancient and respectable town of Dover hastily resolved themselves into a committee, and named a deputation consisting of twenty-five of the most poetical and romantic of their body, who, headed by the mayoress of the town, were charged to compliment, not the ambassador, but the poet, in the name of the female rank, beauty, fashion, and literature of Dover. Ineffable was the modest confusion of his excellency at the approach of the formidable phalanx to which he was obliged to capitulate by accepting an invitation for that evening at the house of my Lady Mayoress.

About twenty years had elapsed since the period of M. de Châteaubriand's first residence in England, which had commenced with the emigration of the French noblesse. The feelings produced on him by his second visit were rather painful, and the more so when contrasted with the impressions which his too faithful memory still retained of the first. Above all, the metropolis itself was, in his eyes, wholly changed, through the inroads made upon the manners of its population by French revolutionary principles. The middle and lower classes appeared to him squalled, ill-clad, and deteriorated in healthy looks. The stature of the men had decreased—the beauty of the women had faded. Among other treasures hoarded during his foreign travels, the Viscount had carefully preserved a collection of old family paintings and engravings, which lent to the English female physiognomy a bland and gracious expression irresistibly pleasing, from its contrast with the more vivacious beauty of his own country women:—and for this soft winning grace—"such as youthful poets fancy when they love,"—his jaundiced eye now looked in vain. The race of Britons was, in the Viscount's opinion, degenerating. The melancholy truth is that the change was in the spectator, and not in the living and moving drama which he witnessed. The noble envoy was now some twenty years older than when he first saw the white cliffs of Albion, and his grizzled and thinly scattered locks but ill concealed the furrows which the hand of time began to write upon his brow. He gazed with the chilled and withered feelings of age on the scenes which he had first seen when warm in youth. All—even to his social position—conspired to effect a change in his sentiments. Who can wonder that the no longer youthful but aristocratical ambassador was unable to look with a complacent eye on much that had been congenial to the warm heart of the young, though impoverished and friendless emigrant?

A few days after his arrival in London, the Viscount de Châteaubriand received a visit from M. de Montesquieu, grandson of the celebrated author of *L'Esprit des Loix*. This gentleman had married and settled in England, where he lived in great privacy and retirement. As soon as his name was announced to the ambassador, the latter advanced eagerly to meet him, seized him by the hand, and in a tone of great emotion,—"Ah!" said he, "how this visit rejoices—overpowers me! you will smile at the thraldom which my fancy exercises; but it almost seems to me that your grandfather in your person deigns to visit me!" M. de Montesquieu could do no less than draw upon his vocabulary of compliments in return. He was in fact inspired by the occasion. "My duty," said he, "no less than my inclination leads me to present myself to your excellency, whose person is a noble compound at once of my grandfather and of the immortal Fenelon." This was a handsome, and at the same time a just eulogium; and so deeply did it affect M. de Châteaubriand that his eyes involuntarily streamed with tears. In juxta-position with the adroit and spiritual flattery of the immortal president's grandson, it may be curious to place a brief notice of M. de Châteaubriand's reception by the *corps diplomatique*, shortly after his first audience of his Britannic Majesty.—"Gentlemen," said the king, presenting the illustrious Frenchman to Prince Lieven and Prince Estherhazy—"you are reinforced by a new colleague."—"We are happy and proud to see him amongst us!" coldly replied the Austrian ambassador.—"Delighted and honoured by the accession," re-echoed his Prussian excellency. Here was a set-off to the involuntary tributes of M. de

Montesquieu, and to the genuine though turbulent admiration evinced by the ladies of Dover!

During the period of his stay in England, M. de Châteaubriand's remarks in general and familiar conversation were rather subtle and curious, than accurate or profound. He often expressed his surprise at seeing but few external and prominent signs of that military force which had successfully fought the battles of old England against France and her revolutionary principles. Prodigious was his wonderment that he seldom encountered, as in Paris, some *vieille moustache,* whose hoary and formidable redundancy denoted its possessor's long familiarity with the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." He seemed almost to regret the absence of those sun-burnt, iron-faced professors of the sabre, who may be seen on high days and holy-days "frighting" the good city of Paris "from its propriety," laughing loud, drinking hard, and ruining grisettes *à la cosaque.* The noble stranger forgot the prudent jealousy which England entertains of military influence, and that ardent spirit of constitutional and civil liberty so hostile to the usurpation of the sword. But that his appreciation of the social and political state of England was often just and delicate, will perhaps be admitted after a perusal of some of his opinions which we here put together nearly as they were uttered—that is to say, without much regard to order or connexion. "Here," said he, "the framework of society is formed of circles, each turning on its own centre. Even the opposition is aristocratic. The monarchy has ceased to exist, and has dwindled to a mere oligarchy. The government, such as it is, will *fall only by the hand of its aristocracy: it has nothing to fear from its democracy!* From the nullity of the monarchy and the power of the aristocracy it results that, strickly speaking, and in the French acceptation of the term, there is no court; in other words, none of the nobility cringe to a master, or bow before his nod. England has comparatively few court-flies, few court intrigues. The nobles, instead of passing their days in base adulation of the sovereign, are busied in preserving their power and influence in the country. The aristocracy of England is at least an enlightened aristocracy: its members might be deprived of their wealth—of their properties, and yet their personal merits would still suffice to place them at the top of the social wheel. Hence the contrast, so often remarked elsewhere, between the splendour of posts and the incapacity of their occupants, is of more rare occurrence in England. Public men there, are more frequently in their proper places."

We are far from agreeing on *all* these points with the gifted ambassador of his late most christian majesty Louis XVIII.; but not a few of them bear the indelible impress of truth. Above all, the opinion that "the government will fall only by the hand of its aristocracy," seems to us at this moment to have been dictated by the spirit of prophecy. The forecast shadows of coming events, big with the destiny of a nation, are already visible.

The comparison which M. de Châteaubriand establishes between English ideas of equality and liberty, and that republican enthusiasm for *égalité,* so characteristic of a large portion of France, is, in our

our opinion, drawn with much force and accuracy. "In England," observed the Viscount, "the principle for *égalité,* as interpreted by the French, is little understood. An Englishman often asks, does equality consist in the power of obtaining honours or places of emolument? Does it mean equal rights, even-handed justice, and equal protection afforded by the laws? The French are already in possession of these blessings, and Englishmen are unable to conceive that any other species of equality can exist." After a short pause, M. de Châteaubriand concluded with the following illustration of his idea:—"The old nobility of England," said he, "has not been annihilated by the mere fact of its political defeat along with Charles Stuart on the field of battle. It has passed through a period of revolution without abandoning a single right, and without incurring the slightest stain. It has still preserved its aristocracy, and constituted itself into the order of the peerage. The French noblesse, on the contrary, has entirely perished under the guillotine—it has been vanquished by the executioner—its order is irretrievably extinct—and from its ashes has arisen a sort of bastard nobility, without privileges, without dignity, and without honourable recollections!"

It would be an injustice to suppose that even at this period M. de Châteaubriand betrayed the slightest feeling of bitterness against the revolution of 1789, which had thus annihilated the aristocracy, and crushed to the earth the principle of sovereignty. At this very period—in 1802 (the date here is of some moment)—he openly made the following profession of faith, which we believevhe has registered in his unpublished memoirs; it affords the key to his whole political career:—"I am," said he, "a republican from taste, a Bourbonist from duty, and a royalist from reason and reflection." Assuredly none will maintain, at least none can fairly show, that he has proved an apostate from this triple creed.

In passing from the consideration of opinions to that of individuals, and weighing in the balance many of the personages who have figured as public characters for the last thirty years, M. de Châteaubriand expressed his opinion, that mediocrity of talent, though impotent in its isolated state, acquired a certain degree of power and vigour when placed in exalted situations. "The mediocrity," said he, "nay, the nullity of those in power, is often sufficient for its day. Men in office sometimes acquire factitious strength from the very circumstances which invest them with authority. Their force increases with the exigencies of the time."

With regard to France, M. de Châteaubriand invariably maintained that she would best consult her dignity and safety by taking a decisive part in politics, without waiting for the authorization of examples. This opinion he expressed in 1822, when he was the ambassador of Louis XVIII. How profound would have been the noble Viscount's amazement, had some voice, "foreboding luckless time," whispered in his ear, that twelve years afterwards a popular government, which had hoisted the national colours, would urge the expediency of strictly adapting its line of policy to the wishes of Europe!

The reader would be in error, were he to imagine that M. de Châteaubriand is habitually of too grave a cast of mind, to handle with grace and playfulness those lighter themes which form the staple topics of modern conversation. If, when some abstract question is started—some discussion nearly connected with the interests of nations or of mankind at large—

"The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter——"

he is no less gifted with that happy versatility which can turn from grave to gay—which can abandon the domain of philosophical speculation for the fairy land of poetry and romance. The first genial ray of spring, piercing the substantial veil of fog and mist in which a London atmosphere is usually enveloped, has often sufficed to draw from him a rhapsody peculiarly his own, and, as may be seen from the specimen which we subjoin, but slightly connected with the idea that served him as his *point de départ.* On one such occasion he exclaimed—"Were the choice of a residence left to me, I would fix my abode in Rome. There all is grandeur, even in ruin—all is sublimity and recollection of former glory. In the environs that surround the wrecks of ages, all is silence and solitude. In the midst of the long tangled grass which overgrows the deserted fields, rises some solitary column; or, perhance, as in the days of infant Rome, groups of wild steeds are seen approaching to slake their thirst in the waters of the Tiber. In this genial climate, existence acquires double vigour—man breathes a purer air—the warm sunshine of heaven gives new elasticity to his movements, and may be said to clothe him like a garment. He quits the majestic solitude, and returning to the eternal city, kneels before some aged minister of peace, and receives the pious blessing, which in Rome is invoked alike upon the rich man's purple and the beggar's rags."

These were the poet's moments of sunshine—fleeting and transitory as the few brief rays of a London spring morning to which they owed their birth; his mind, like the external atmosphere which affected its mercurial temperament, being soon overclouded and dark. In his gloomy hours he was by no means nice as to the vehicle through which his fretfulness might be vented, his vigorous paradoxes being recklessly hurled against the subject under immediate consideration. Sometimes he would inveigh bitterly against smoky London "and all that it inherits"—against the city of steam-engines and rail-roads—the metropolis of gas, coal, and coke—against the prosaic cockneys who, as he said, turn even the elements to material use, burning the air, and the very earth on which they tread. On such occasions his strictures, though unjust, were not divested of a certain character of originality and playfulness. Crossing Hyde Park one day, with some friends, he suddenly broke forth into a poetic and passionate anathema against some of the finest blood horses that ever exhibited their paces round the ring. Passing next from comparisons between the objects of his affected disdain, and the proud steeds of Arabia, which he characterized as possessing a sagacity approaching to intellect, the angry poet all at once diverged into a rhapsody on the spirituality, as he was pleased to term it, of the ass! "In the East," said he, "the ass is superb.

A troop of camels would be unable to cross the desert unless headed by an ass! In an age like the present, when firmness of purpose is recognized as a virtue, can too much praise be given to the tenacity of the ass? I have ever," continued he, "admired that splendid comparison which Homer draws between the stern immobility of the warrior and the firmness of the ass, that having once effected his entrance into a field, resists with unshaken constancy all attempts to expel him from the favoured spot of his election. It is only in the west that the ass has ceased to be poetic. When warlike and barbarous tribes found it expedient to render the horse the accomplice of their guilty ravages—from that moment the ass lost his place in society, and became confounded among the democracy of the brute creation. His noble qualities were thrown into shade—his faculties degraded—his intelligence paralysed by vulgar toils—and his very name used as a symbol to represent the hopeless incapacity that would have been too much honoured by a kick from his hoof. This wanton injustice will perhaps be redressed by future ages."

Though by no means convinced that the reader will sympathize with the opinions here advanced in favour of assinine intellectuality, we yet believe the advocate to have taken up the cause, not in a vein of irony, but in a genuine spirit of zeal for his *protégés;* and, undoubtedly, if the universality of the prejudice existing against the defended constitutes the disinterested generosity of the defence, few will contest the liberal motives which actuated the pleader.

Few literary men of the present day are subject to more frequent moods of despondency and gloom than the noble and illustrious author of Moise. Often has he confided to the ear of friendship a most doleful and incoherent chapter of confessions. "There are men," would he say, "who are fond of seeing sights, but mine is not an inquisitive temperament. My whole existence, from infancy till now, has been devoured by *ennui.* I have travelled with indifference to external objects, urged by mere weariness of life. I have observed nothing, felt nothing, with interest. I attach myself to nothing. I serve my king cordially, and yet without enthusiasm. My existence is, in short, a system of perpetual self-restraint. It would pain me to think that I have done ill, and yet—must I confess it?—to have done well affords me no intense gratification. Virtue is dear to me, but as a divinity that moves my reason rather than touches my heart. The faculties of him who can worship her as he ought, must be peculiarly organized. Buffon has occasionally appreciated her—Voltaire has loaded her with derision—Rousseau has treated her as a prostitute, and, at the same time, adored the beauty he endeavoured to degrade. And glory!—who, in his hour of sober sad reflection, can seriously worship glory? The greatest man of the age has even now departed from amongst us: Buonaparte is no more. I have heard scores of discharged ballad-mongers roar themselves hoarse in the streets of London with the announcement of his death, and not one passenger turned aside to pay the tribute of a penny for the bulletin! Glory! Wellington, the great English captain of the age, willingly sacrifices his fame to fashion—to the pleasures of a London season, and he and his fame are alike lost in the crowd. He has become the rival of the *petits maitres* of

Almack's, and their glory eclipses his. Of all the names of the past or the present generation, perhaps one only will survive, because associated with literary merit—and that name is Pitt. Two small tiny volumes sometimes hand down a name to posterity, for whom alone an author should write; and it is simply because I doubt if generations yet unborn will speak of my own works, that I hold them cheap. I feel an intimate conviction that my literary fame rests on no solid foundation: it will not resist the hand of the destroyer—Time! When these reflections assail me, *ennui*, like an unwelcome guest, returns. Even the solitude to which I have devoted the last twenty-five years of my life is now distasteful to me. I was happier when exposed to danger; my soul was then absorbed by the excitement of a struggle. For this reason, my ten years of persecution under Buonaparte were perhaps the best of my life. When the king returned, his imbecile ministers prolonged my satisfaction for some five or six years, inasmuch as I had to combat their system, and their pernicious measures. But now that we have gained the battle, I am again the victim of *ennui*. I have been named Ambassador; only one step more remains to complete the mishap: the probabilities are a hundred to one that I shall one day be appointed Minister. Who has *not* been Minister? 'Tis true, when I compose I am less subject to *ennui*. *The Martyrs*, the first two acts of *Moise*, which I finished in my garden at Aulnay, afforded me some hours of mental activity. Mine is the trite story of the cobbler, who toils and toils at an old shoe, and yawns when his work is finished. There are but two or three things in the world which excite my admiration. Buffon sometimes awakens that feeling within me—Rousseau never. Of all the authors who have spoken of the Romans, Montesquieu is the most eloquent. It was unquestionably a glorious age that produced those three men—and Voltaire. I have never read the first scene of Athalie without shedding tears. An ode of Horace, and a little poetical piece of Voltaire, which has approached the nearest to it, produce the same effect upon me.—

'Si vous voulez que j'aime encore,
Rendez moi l'age des amours;
Au crépus-cula de mes jours
Rejoignez, s'il se peut, l'aurore.'

In that and the following stanzas there is a tone of feeling which affects me sensibly. The Bible, and the solemn hymns of the church, some of the canticles, and the *Dies iræ*, that fearful portraiture of the terrible day, terminated by the sublime cry of prayer, have always struck me with admiration. The following lines, too, by an obscure author, appear to me to breathe the genuine spirit of poetry:—

'Arrête-toi, passant—contemple ma poussière,
Il ne me reste rien de ma beauté première;
Vois l'état où la mort m'a mis.
Je n'ai plus mes parens, mes biens, ni mes amis.
* * * * * *
On doute en me voyant si j'ai jamais été.
* * * * * *
La mort ne m'a laissé que les os."

In the old church music," continued M. de Châteaubriand, "there is a something of inexplicable and celestial harmony—a something which disdains subordination to the rules of our modern musicians and artists."

Such are the thoughts which M. de Châteaubriand has often confided to the friends whom he cherished; but who shall say what balmy odours of poesy his soul has exhaled towards heaven when communing with solitude—the poet's divinity? From the period of his arrival in London to that of his departure for the congress of Verona, he was in the habit of walking for several hours every day in Kensington-gardens, where he occasionally met Mr. Canning. Being questioned as to the reason of his preference for the gardens, which were at a great distance from his residence, whilst the Regent's-park was almost close to his door, he replied, that the predilection was by no means a mere caprice, but was attributable to his repugnance to visit a place that too painfully reminded him of past sufferings. He said that, during his emigration, the Regent's-park, which was then nothing more than a dreary marsh, had frequently been the scene of his wanderings, when a prey to hunger and to the most poignant anguish both of mind and body; and that he was naturally anxious to shun a spot which, even after a lapse of twenty years, revived the recollection of that bitter period. In keeping with the noble simplicity and frankness of this avowal is the trait related in the following anecdote, with which we shall terminate our chapter:

Our readers are no doubt aware that there exists in London an association, called the Literary Fund Society, the object of which is to afford relief to literary men in distress. No such institution exists in France, where, however, distress amongst men of letters is by no means uncommon. M. de Châteaubriand had made a donation of one hundred pounds to the Literary Fund Society, and as this sum far exceeded the amount of an ordinary subscription, the ambassador received an invitation to the annual dinner of the association, to which were also invited several other distinguished guests, and amongst the number Mr. Canning. After dinner, the health of the Viscount de Châteaubriand was proposed, and the poet was delicately thanked for his munificent offering. He immediately rose, and as he felt some embarrassment in addressing his auditory in English, Mr. Canning, who was seated next to him, declared in his name and at his request, that he had given nothing—that he had merely discharged a debt, having, at the period of his first visit to London, been himself frequently assisted by the society—that in repaying the obligation, he had merely done as one of the literary fraternity should do towards another; and that it was from him that thanks were due. In our minds the munificence of the act was enhanced by the nobleness of the declaration. The ambassador of France, laying aside his dignity, his pride of office, and placing the forlorn and pennyless author of 1802 full in the recollection of the proudest aristocracy of Europe! And Canning, too! the prime minister of England! Canning, who, as our readers may know (for he never disguised the fact), had in his early days availed himself, as a literary man, of the society's assistance! It was a glorious scene—a scene of simple and genuine grandeur—one to be written among the few bright pages that redeem the insignificance of aristocratic recollections.

PETER GOFF, THE MAN WITH HIS MOUTH OPEN.

A TALE OF A YANKEE LANDLORD.

(*From a Traveller's MS.*)

It was one winter evening that I stopped to pass the night at a little village in the state of Massachusetts, where a tidy inn, kept by Colonel Solomon Shagbark, offering good entertainment for man and horse, had tempted me to suspend my wayfaring. 'Twas a cool evening, and I sat luxuriating over a blazing wood fire, big enough to roast an ox, while a knot of countrymen were convoked in the bar-room, guessing, questioning, calculating—drinking cider, and telling stories. I was particularly amused by the noise of one of these junketers, who kept up a continued chorus of laughter throughout all the variations of their harmony. He was a tall fellow, of wide mouth and India-rubber lungs, and sent forth every five minutes such a stentorian peal, that a nervous man would have given both his ears to have been an hundred miles off.

"Moderation! moderation!" cried one of the talkers; "say nothing, but laugh, and do that slily."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!" continued the laugher.

"Have a care how you stretch your jaws," cried another; "remember poor Peter Goff!"

"Especially such a night as this," rejoined the first speaker, "for if your face should happen to freeze just as it is now——"

"The man with his mouth open," said the laugher. "Ha! ha! ha! ha!—I've heard the story. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"Come, now," replied another, "a man that won't believe anything old Uncle Josh used to say——"

"Pooh! old Uncle Josh never looked through a millstone but once, and then he peeped in at the hole."

"The story may be true, and it may not," said a third speaker; "but if you had heard what the deacon told me——"

"Ay, ay!" returned the laugher, "the deacon could always see more moons in the shade than any body else. Ha! ha! ha! ha!—the man with his mouth open!" and he roared ready to split.

I continued to listen, but could gather nothing more distinct of the subject in debate. The talk soon turned into another channel; the man with the lungs continued to laugh, but it was evidently subdued into something like a chuckle. Doubtless he had a lurking fear that the story *was* true.

"Landlord—Colonel," said I, as mine host of the Washington's Head stepped into the room; "it is a cold night, let us have something warm, and I must get you to tell me a story."

"A cold night you say, squire?" (a Yankee always calls you 'squire'—who dares say the Yankees are not civil?) "A *coldish* night, rather—that is, not so warm; but if you want to know what cold weather is, just stay here till the last of January, and you'll see a cold snap that will make you hum!"

"Why, Colonel, I have no curiosity in the matter of a cold snap, but I should like much to hear something of what they have been talking yonder—the man with his mouth open!"

"Ahem!" said the Colonel, with a sly sort of look, "we have some good gapers here in the neighbourhood. Now, there is Tom Take-a-bite, he has got a mouth like an alligator; but as to the real, genuine man with his mouth open—'tis only now and then one can get a peep at him."

After some little coquetry on the part of the landlord, to enhance the value of his narrative, I prevailed on him to sit down by the fire, and begin, but it was in the most approved fashion of story-telling, by a round affirmation of the truth of it:—

"'Twas a strange affair that part of it about his mouth," he commenced; "many is the time I have laughed to think of it, though, to be sure, 'tis no laughing matter for a man to have his mouth open, and not be able to shut it. But it is just as true as I sit here. Some folks make more of it in telling the story, but it's founded on fact, as people say that write novels and such like. Well, this Peter Goff, you see, was an odd chap, one of the oddest of all flesh; he would read his Bible upside downwards, just to be different from other folks. We paint our houses white, and Peter painted his house black, with red borders to the windows—ha! ha! such a sight!—it looked for all the world like a nigger with sore eyes! But it's all of another colour now, because Jerry Jones, one of Peter's creditors, who took possession the time that Peter went off in the fog, had it new painted, out of a neighbourly kindness to the deacon, for the deacon's wife used to have a regular fit of the hypochondriacs every time she went by; but the old woman never liked Peter, because he was so much given to laughing. 'What's that to you!' Peter used to say, 'I've a genius for it; every man has a genius for something, and I have a genius for laughing!" Sure enough so he had, if a body might judge by his looks, for he had a mouth big enough to take in half a cheese; but it was the ruin of Peter. Let all men take care of their mouths—but that is neither here nor there. Peter got into a sort of baddish way—he worked less and drank more. We gave him nothing but good advice, the deacon and I, hoping that he would lay it to heart. We talked to him in a fatherly way like; so did every body else. Pooh! what did he care for it; 'twas just like throwing apples into a bag without a bottom. Peter went on neglecting his farm; 'twould have made any man's heart grieve to see what a fine piece of land there was all going to destruction, and all for want of a good take-heed. As for Peter, he used to pass whole days idling and frolicking, and turning up jack, and laughing as loud as ever. Every body swore he would come to no good, because his concarn was all wearing out and there was no money coming in. But the more his affairs went to ruin the louder Peter laughed! There was no knowing what possessed the creature to laugh so much. His mouth, as I told you, was as wide as an oven, and when he set up a haw! haw! it was like the roar of a buffalo. The deacon and all of them took a great scandal at it, and quoted scripture, prophesying that Peter would come to a morsel of bread. But Peter said he hoped he should never come to worse, and then went on laughing and getting in debt till he had got through his cash and mortgaged his whole estate, so that it was as clear as preaching he must go to the dogs. Finally, the deacon undertook to give him a desperate sort of a lecture by way of a last trial; so he called upon him one Saturday evening—'Peter,' says he, 'you are little better than one of the wicked.'—'Have you any objection?' says Peter. 'Ah, Peter,' says the deacon, 'if you don't give over laughing, Old Nick will make you grin on the other side of your mouth.'—'Laugh and be fat,' says Peter. 'Not of a Saturday night,' says the deacon. 'May Old Nick scratch my jaws,' says Peter, 'but I am going to a frolic to-night, and I'll laugh a good stick if I laugh my everlasting one.' The deacon went away quite scared to see Peter so hardened, as he said, for the creature was determined to have it out; and it happened that very night."

"What happened?"

"Peter's catastrophe. It was a terrible cold night, and they sat over a rousing fire, drinking hot punch, and flip, and sangaree, and what not, and laughing, and singing, and roaring, and making such a halliballoo.—Hark! isn't that my wife?"

"What?"

"That voice I hear calling? No—never mind—it's only the deacon's pig got stuck in the gateway.—Well, they went on drinking and making a tantarra that disturbed the whole neighbourhood. 'I wish,' says Peter, 'that the deacon was here to hear us.' Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—hickup! hick! hick!—*The clock struck midnight just at that moment!*—Hick! hick! hick! went Peter; and what do you think? he was in the midst of one of his most uproarious laughs, and had stretched his jaws wider than he was ever known to do before; and when he had laughed a regular peal that lasted a quarter of an hour, he tried to shut his mouth but could not! Strange enough, you'll say; but that is the fact. Hick! hick! hick! he went on.—'That's a long laugh,' said the other fellows. 'Hick! hick! hick!' says Peter. 'Stop, and let me take my turn,' says one. 'Hick! hick!' says Peter. 'You'll strain your lungs,' says another. 'Hick!' says Peter. Finally, he stood still gaping as wide as a barn-door. 'Shut your mouth,' said they. But, Lord! he could not shut it to save him from going to the Old Harry! And how it happened—whether he had stretched his jaw-bones out of joint, and got them off the hinges; or whether it was a sort of witchcraft and judgment upon him, I don't pretend to say; but there he stood stiff as starch. Peter's companions thought him bewitched, so they took to their heels and ran off, frightened out of their wits. Peter was in a sad pickle; he tried to call for help, but how the dogs can a man speak without the use of his jaws? Well, after trying a long while, and finding he made no more noise than a mouse in a cheese, he gave it up for bad coffee. What could he do for himself? Nothing—so he mounted his horse, and set out to go for Dr. Drybones. It was one o'clock in the morning when he got to his house. Now the doctor was a mighty fretful, touchy, worrisome sort of a man, a good deal troubled with the hypo, and nervous complaints. He had got into a strange way about that time, imagining that somebody was going to eat him up alive. He could not abide any one with a large mouth, and whenever he saw Peter he used to feel a special fit of the horrors; so you may suppose it must have been a pretty considerable shock to his nerves, when in the dead of the night he was roused out of bed by a thundering knock at the door, and going down with a light to behold Peter with his big mouth stretched wide open to devour him. Mercy on us! he jumped back about a rod and a half, and then, in his desperation, catching up a broomstick, he went at him with such a mauling that he was glad to save himself at full gallop, and got off with an open mouth and a shirt full of sore bones! Well, his only course now was to make for the next town, where there was another doctor; so away he went, though it was a good distance. By and by the moon went down, and it was pitch dark. He lost his way, and wandered hither and thither without meeting a living soul. There was nobody abroad, and the only house he saw was inhabited by an old woman who was always afraid of seeing ghosts; and when Peter tried to get admission, the old woman was so frightened that she cried murder! thieves! hobgoblins! and Peter, fearing he should be shot in the head for a robber or wizard, made his retreat as quick as he could."

"With his mouth open all the time?"

"Certainly.—So the story goes, and no doubt of the fact, for the night was so cold that it must have been hard work to move a man's jaws any way. Uncle Josh remembers the time; he was in the army that season, and many was the morning in camp that he could not get up for two hours after he was awake, because his old *queue* had froze fast to the ground!

"Well, Peter went on, but could not tell which way he was going. It was dark as pitch, as I said before, and he had got into a lonely part of the country; there was no fence to the road, and he soon found himself rambling over the fields, scaring the owls, and frightening himself with the expectation of breaking his neck among the ups and downs that gave him a jolt and a bounce every ten steps. After he had well battered the shins of his horse across the ditches and stone walls, he found himself upon the river. It was frozen pretty hard; but presently he came to an air-hole, and souse! he tumbled in! After floundering about some time, he was lucky enough to pick himself out, horse and all: indeed 'twas the horse that saved him, according to the best authorities. Peter and his horse got upon dry land again—which of them swallowed the most water during the accident I'll not say, as I was not there to see, but I rather think it was Peter. Well, they got upon dry land, as I said; but they were neither dry nor thirsty, you may suppose. It was terrible cold, as I said before, and Peter would have froze to death if he had not been as tough as a pine-knot. But uncle Josh always said there was no killing him. Peter and his horse were soaking wet, and so in less than half an hour he found every rag of clothes about him as hard as horn,—in short, he had frozen to the horse's back, and could not move a limb, any more than if he had been hewed out of a block of stone!—There he sat as stiff as a poker.—The horse gallopped on.

So the story goes,—and it stands to reason.—On he gallopped up hill, and down hill, hither and thither, over field and over pasture, through the bogs, and the swamps, and the woods, and among all sorts of scarecrow places, for Peter could not move an arm to turn him to the right or to the left. In short, he made a regular circumbendibus all round Robin Hood's barn."

"Pray, Colonel,—I beg pardon for interrupting you,—but how are all these particulars known?"

The Colonel paused at this question and looked a little puzzled. He scratched his head and gave two or three hems.

"I can't exactly say, but they rest on good authority: there's Giles Godkin's will take his oath on the bible book, that he spied him about four o'clock the Sunday morning as he got up to fodder his cattle; Peter was going at a full canter down Break-neck hill into Dead-man's hollow. Giles hallowed after him, but he kept cantering on till he was out of sight in the darkness. Giles did not know what to make of it, thinking it might be the witch of Endor on a broomstick, or the ghost of old Sagamore Saul, the Indian marauder, astride of a black bear. However, some days afterward the whole story came out, and Giles found that he had seen Peter Goff."

"And what became of Peter the next morning?"

"You shall hear. All night long, as I said, he was tramping about, snuffing the gentle gale that blew just then from the north-west about sixteen degrees below nothing. Many a man remembers that cold snap, the deacon in particular, for he kept a grocery-store there, and his whole stock of rum and brandy froze as hard as rock Dunder. But that was easily accounted for.

"Well, it blew as I tell you, pretty considerably keen; and Peter was cool enough for comfort. He was right glad when he saw the day break, so that he could find the road again; and just after sun-rise he got into Firetown.

"Now Peter's horse stopped at the tavern, for that is a horse's trick, whether his rider wants to stop or not; but Peter of course could not get off; by-and-by somebody came out—now it happened that this was old Crusty, that used to keep the Punch Bowl.—Tim, as the devil would have it—for certainly nobody but the devil ever could contrive to twist up such a snarl of accidents—Tim, I say, had just caught a terrible cold, which made him so hoarse that he could not utter a voice louder than a whisper, and, moreover, he was so stiff in the neck with the rheumatism, that he could not turn his head the hundredth part of an inch. Well, Tim came to the door, and you may think he was pretty considerably surprised at the sight of Peter; for Peter, you may depend, made a horrible hobgoblin appearance by broad daylight. However, Tim was not a man to be frightened, for he had been in the old French wars, and, besides that, he was inspector-general of our brigade of militia, so that, you know, he was used to all sorts of scarecrow sights. Tim stared, without saying a word—for why, he was not able to speak.—Peter neither spoke nor stirred, for the same reason. Tim looked at Peter, and Peter looked at Tim!

"There was little tale-telling lost between them, I promise you, for both were as dumb as haddocks. Tim waited for Peter to speak, and Peter waited for Tim to do the same. Tim wondered why Peter did not dismount, but Peter sat stiff as as ever. Tim wondered that Peter did not move, and Peter wondered ditto at Tim—so they took it out in staring. After a long while came out Simon Stumper, the stable-boy; but here was another crook in the lot. Simon stuttered, like a cat a-choking, so that he was little better off than Tim. I'm blessed if they did not find it awkward enough. Simon was struck all of a heap when he saw the two figures throwing silent looks at one another, like the compliments between the cow and the haystack. It was a long time before he found the use of his tongue; but by-and-by he stammered our, 'Wha—wha—wha—wha—wha—wha—wha—t's the ma—ma—ma—ma—mat—mat—matter?' And what said they? why—just nothing at all. Then Simon began to stare at Peter, and says he, 'But—but—but—but—who are you?' Peter gave a sort of a wink-like, but could not move his jaws. 'But—but—but—but—who the de—de—de—de—de—devil are you?" says Simon, but Peter said nothing in reply. Whatever he thought is nothing at all to the purpose. Peter sat stiff, Tim stared, and Simon stuttered: but in the end, finding that Peter kept up such a horrible gaping, Simon concluded he was making mouths at him, so catching up a stick of wood, he let drive at him such a lick, that if it had hit him 'twould have smashed in his front teeth, I guess. Peter's horse took a start, and away he went.

"Well, Peter was off, as I said, and gallopped a pretty considerable pace along the road. It was Sunday, you know; by-and-by the bells rung, and he found the people were going to meeting. The first man he met was Billy Dough-head, the new parson, who was to preach his first sermon that day. Billy had been sent to study divinity, because his friends found he was good for nothing else, and they were sure he would make a capital preacher! They say he was a little sert of bashful at the thoughts of mounting the pulpit, and made a first trial by going into the garden and preaching to the cabbage-heads. But as Billy was plodding along, mighty solemn and minister-like, he lifted up his eyes, and behold! Peter came thundering along the road, all a-gape as before. Billy was thrown into a horrible consternation, not being particularly powerful in the nerves. He took him for one of Belzebub's light dragoons, on a scout up and down after stray sinners. He dropped his sermon, took to flight, and scampered off as fast as his legs could carry him, without once looking back. The people collected at the meeting-house; the bell kept tolling and tolling, but nobody came to preach. In short, Billy got home to his grandmother, and has never been seen in these parts since. Peter put the parson to flight, but that was no fault of his, for it was not yet warm enough to thaw him off; so he kept on. It was not long before he was spied by old Solomon Screech, the tything-man. 'Aha!' says Sol, 'a fellow travelling Sunday! I'll put a stop to his peregrination;' so out he sallied to intercept him, and sung out to Peter as he drew near, "Soho! Soho! you wicked sinner! how dare you travel on the Sabbath? Stop! stop! or I arrest you in the name of the commonwealth!'

"Peter would have been glad to stop, but he had no voice in that matter, for why? his voice was dead within him. 'Stop! stop!' says old Sol, but finding Peter had no design of stopping, and Sol being in a sort of bank-like as he passed, he made a catch at him, but it was like catching at a post; so to save himself from being dragged he sprang up behind Peter. At this the horse got to be in a sort of antic and furious way by this time, and drove a-head like a whirlwind, so that Sol, in the room of stopping him, found himself carried away. But he was determined not to give up, so he kept fast hold, astride of the animal behind Peter."

"Peter's long hair, for he had lost his hat in the river, stuck out with frozen locks on all sides. Old Sol was crook-backed and hump-shouldered, so that both of them together flying along at full speed might have been taken for the great beast in the Revelations, with seven heads and ten horns. As you may suppose, the dialogue that passed between them during the journey was all on one side, like the handle of a jug. Old Sol kept calling out 'stop! stop! why don't you stop? I'm a tything-man—I'm an elder of the church! I'll fine ye, I'll imprison ye!' and all that sort of talk; but whisht! on the old horse galloped faster than ever, and Peter never said a word. Old Sol began to wonder a little, but presently he grew somewhat scared, for the horse got to be right-down furious, and pulled a-head as if bewitched. 'Stop! stop!' said Sol, 'let me get off! stop! stop, and I'll let you go!'—but not a straw did the old horse care for all that. On they drove like a stream o' chalk, and Old Sol was frightened out of his wits. By-and-by they came to Artichoke Bridge, and it happened the bridge was a little out of repair, some of the timber and planks being rotten. So as they were going thundering over it at a furious pace, the bridge gave way and down they went. Old Sol expected to be drowned in the river, so he kept hold of Peter to save himself; and as to Peter, he stuck fast to the horse of course, so in the upshot they all three got safe to land. Well, off they set again, for Sol had not time to dismount, the horse was so antic; and it was not long before he found himself froze as stiff as Peter, and all three of them were stuck as hard together as the bricks in that chimney."

Whether I looked a little incredulous at this part of the story, I do not know; but the landlord seemed to think so, for he continued:—

"Pooh! I never heard any one object to that, because the first part being true, the rest follows of course: it stands to reason. Away they went frightening every body on the road. Peter in front with his horrible wide mouth, yawning like the bottomless pit, and Old Sol behind, screaming and roaring like mad. I'fags! 'twas a sight to see. I can seem to imagine the whole bunch of them right before my eyes——there they go! Peter, Sol, and old Fire-the-Faggot, all in a bunch! There they go full chisel; hurrah! [The colonel here became highly animated.] Peter gaping; Old Sol roaring; the old horse kicking up his heels and making the gravel fly; the people staring and running away frightened. On they drive through Dogtown! and Grab-all! and Pigwocket! and Munkifunk!——"

"Egad, Colonel, your neighbours had some odd names."

"That's neither here nor there—on they went—on they went—hurrah!—hurrah!—through thick and thin, like a streak of lightning, that asks leave of nobody.

"On they went—further and further. I see them going, rushing past like a mill-stream. But stop, my story is nearly at an end now," said the Colonel, pausing a moment to take breath, and wiping away the perspiration from his forehead, for the excitement of the story had got him quite into a blowze—"It's pretty near an end, for Peter never came back!"

"Never came back! and what became of his companion, the tything-man?"

"Oh, as for that old Sol, there is no knowing how long he stuck to him; but as the weather happened to moderate a little while afterwards, a shower of rain came on, so most probably he thawed off."

"Dead or alive?"

"Something between them both; for he was picked up on the road in a sort of bamboozlement of the mental faculties like. Indeed he never got the better of it; for he has been a little cracked ever since."

"But was nothing more heard of Peter?"

"Not very direct: some say he's wandering now in the Alleghany mountains, though a great many people are positive they have seen him on dark nights flitting here and there, trying to shut his mouth. Several times they have spoken to him, but he never made answer, and that is natural. There are many opinions about it to this day; and to tell the truth, Squire, I have many times had a distant glimmering of something like suspicion as to the mystery and witchcraft of the affair; for you must be informed that Peter left a good many debts behind him; and old Commodore Keelson said that he was struck with a lock-jaw very *àpproposs*, as he calls it, just in the nick of time, as one may say; for he would have been taken up for debt had he staid till Monday. In fact, I have been told there is a man still living in New Hampshire State, that has a strong resemblance to Peter. Old Commodore Keelson always maintained it was quite a natural occurrence, and that Peter cleared out to escape the land-sharks."

"But you say his ghost still walks—rides I mean?"

"Ay; so many a fellow thinks of a dark night, after telling stories of the 'Man with his Mouth open.' But the Commodore says that can be nothing but the flying Dutchman with his land-tacks abroad, and he has seen that himself."

MAKING SUGAR FROM BEET-ROOT,

AS PRACTISED IN FRANCE DURING THE WAR.

During the whole of the late war with France, but more particularly the latter part of it, that country was altogether deprived of the means of obtaining sugar from the West Indies, and indeed from any other quarter, excepting with great difficulty and at an enormous expense compared with the price at which it could be obtained from us. It is true, that the French privateers occasionally picked up in the Channel, or near its mouth, a West Indiaman that stress of weather or other circumstances had separated from the fleet; but this was a matter of rare occurrence, as the men-of-war appointed as convoys made the best possible arrangements and kept a sharp look out; still, however, they did occur, but so rarely and at such distant intervals, as not to afford even one thousand part of the supply of sugar required in France. In the northern part, with which I was more particularly acquainted at the period in question, the usual substitute adopted for sugar was a piece of sugar-candy placed between the lower lip and the teeth, a small portion of which was dissolved at each succeeding sip of coffee. Many indeed got into the habit of drinking it without any sweetening—a practice which had the powerful sanction of fashion for its adoption.* Sugar, however, was still in great request, as it was used not only with tea and coffee, but was also mixed with cold water, which is considered a very pleasant and cooling beverage. The want of a sufficient supply of sugar was severely felt throughout the country, and to supply the deficiency several speculative persons proposed to make sugar from beet-root. The experiment was tried on a small scale, and was found to succeed perfectly. Amongst those who embarked most largely into this speculation was a Mr. Le Dreux, a gentleman of considerable landed property, who set about his new occupation with all the ardour of a man who felt persuaded that he must in a few years realize an immense fortune. In order that nothing should be wanting to carry his objects into effect, he disposed of a considerable portion of his property, and raised money by mortgage on the remainder to such an extent, as to enable him to enter to the fullest extent upon his certain plan of making money. A large farm was hired in the neighbourhood of Arras (in Artris), and upwards of six hundred acres of excellent land were planted with beet-root. This was in the latter part of 1811 and beginning of 1812. In the mean time extensive premises were taken in the city of Arras, where a mill (such as it was), a press similar to a common cyder press, boilers, tanks, coppers, coolers, &c. were erected. But the most important point still remained to be settled. Mr. Le Dreux, who thought that in suppling money he had supplied every thing, found out that his ignorance of the chymical part of the process must be supplied by the assistance of some person competent, from his knowledge, to conduct that part of the operation. Enquiries were made, and after a little time, a young "gentleman" from Lisle was engaged, at a large salary, for that purpose alone. His office was to be a *sanctum sanctorum*, beyond the threshold of which not even the anxious proprietor himself was permitted to enter. Thither the materials were conveyed. They consisted of large bottles of vitriol, a quantity of slack-lime, large pails of new milk, and some chalk; but in what proportions these articles were mixed together remained the secret of the young chymist. Things being thus prepared, the beet-root was carefully dug from the ground, and the tops were removed, and it was conveyed in large quantities into the store-house; other portions were deposited in deep pits, dug in the ground, which were carefully covered over to prevent the frost from reaching it before it was required for use. When the process of making commenced, the beet-root was placed in large tubs of water, and scrubbed with hard hair-brushes, in order to remove every portion of clay from it. It was then left to drain for a short time, and the water having run off, it was placed beside the *rape* or grinding-machine, by which it was to be reduced to a pulp. This machine was a cylinder of iron, having teeth set in diagonal lines from its upper to its lower surface. It stood in a vertical position, and was inclosed in a wooden case, fitted almost closely to its shape, which case had two holes in it, each of about four inches square, one a little above the other. To these holes there were wooden plugs attached, which fitted them exactly. The *rape* was set in motion by a very clumsy arrangement of machinery, which was worked by a winch, having double handles, one at each side; these were acted upon by four men (two on each side.) One or two pieces of beet-root, according to their size, were placed in each hole of the frame, and forced against the *rape* by the wooden plugs, a man pressing forcibly against the handles, one of which he held in each hand. As the beet-root was reduced to a pulp, it fell down under the framework in soft masses, and was from thence removed by other persons, and placed in hair bags, in which it was spread evenly, and the mouth of each bag being folded over, it was placed in the press, a piece of basket-work of the breadth and depth of the press being placed over each bag, to secure the free passage of the juice. It will easily be seen that during this process a certain portion of the juice must escape; to prevent its being lost, lined grooves were constructed, which inclined gradually towards a large leaden tank, sunk in the ground, with its edge placed a little below the surface, which received all the juice coming from the frame in the first instance, as well as that flowing from the press when at work. Although not more than four pieces of beet-root could be placed against the rape at a time, yet so awkwardly was the whole machinery put together, that it required the united strength of four able-bodied Englishmen (the only persons equal to the task), to keep it in motion, and they were obliged to be relieved every twelve or fifteen minutes. These men were paid 18 sous (9d.) per day each, and, there being thirty-two of them employed in this part of the work alone, it will be seen that the mere manual labour cost 28 francs 16 sous, or 24s. per day, to do that which, with proper arrangements, could be done by two ordinarily good horses. Besides, this calculation does not include a certain portion of spirits per day for each man. Well, a sufficient quantity having been ground to fill the press, it was set at work by the application of a long pole, placed in the eye of the screw, and here again nothing but manual labour was applied. The tank having been nearly filled with juice, it was allowed to settle for a few hours, after which the vitriol, milk, lime, and chalk, were added, and after being well mixed up, it was allowed to rest until about four o'clock in the morning, when it was placed in a large boiler and a large fire set at work. As the juice heated and approached to a simmering boil, it threw up considerable quantities of scum and mud, which was carefully removed and placed in vessels appropriated for that purpose. After boiling for some time, it was tried by a *pese liqueur* (areometer), and when found fit, the fire was removed from the boiler, and the liquid having been allowed time to settle, it was carefully drawn off by a cock, and placed in two large, long, but shallow coppers, under which a gentle fire was made; the impure part remaining in the copper was then taken away and placed in the casks with the scum and mud already mentioned. The liquid was again boiled until it was ascertained by the *pese-liqueur* that it was in a state to be removed, the fire was reduced, it was drawn off, and placed in large tubs of fifty or sixty gallons each, where it was allowed to remain eight or ten days, by the end of which time it had all the thickness and sweetness of honey, but it was darker in colour. This *syrop*, as it was called, was then removed into tin pans of about two feet in length by eighteen inches wide, and four inches deep, two gallons and a half being put into each pan. There was a large room, called a floor, without any scutellage save from the door, which was furnished with stoves. In this room was fixed a frame extending not only nearly from side to side and end to end, but also reaching to the ceiling, and open on all sides and ends like the frame of a chest of drawers which was open every way. In this frame tiers of these pans were placed both in the centre, on all sides, and up to the top, and the stoves being heated to the utmost, the room was closed for forty-eight hours, continual supply of fuel being kept up during that period. At the end of two days the fires were abated, and time being given for the fire to cool, so that the heat could be borne, men were sent in for the purpose of examining each pan, and breaking with a small hammer the crust which had grown upon the surface of each. This crust appeared about the thickness and strength of the ice which would form a small sheet of water after a smart night's frost. This crust having broken and detached from the sides, immediately sunk in the syrop; the four was then closed, and the stoves heated to the utmost. This process was repeated until nearly the whole of the contents of each pan was crystallized, and but a small portion of the syrop remained. The contents of the different boxes were placed in hair-bags and put in a press worked as before. That which remains in the bags is sugar, and only requires the ordinary process of rolling and breaking to be rendered fit for sale. The liquid which runs from the press on this latter occasion, passes into a reservoir placed for the purpose, and is, after a little preparation, disposed of as molasses. The sugar thus made is sold at an average of from five to six francs a-pound, and the molasses sold at from twelve sous to twenty sous per pound. But this is not the sole advantage derived from the beet-root. The pulp after the juice is squeezed from it by the press, is boiled for some time, and all remaining strength extracted as far as possible. It is then used as food for cattle, and is considered nutritive. The whole of the refuse of the juice, sugar, and molasses, is then fermented and distilled, and a very pleasing spirit is extracted from it. Had time been given to carry this manufacture into full effect, there is little doubt but the improvement in machinery, and the observance of that economy for which there was ample scope, would have rendered it in the course of a reasonable period a most profitable speculation. But Mr. Ledrew's prospects were blighted almost in the outset. In the early part of January, 1814, an alarm was given that the Russians were about to cross the frontier; all appeared to Mr. Ledrew to be lost, and the unfortunate man in a fit of desperation blew his brains out, and thus ended the speculation.

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* It is quite true that after the passing of the Berlin and Milan decrees, prohibiting all intercourse between the continent and Great Britain, licenses were granted to favoured individuals in certain quarters, under which British produce might be imported into even France herself in neutral bottoms, but this only to a limited extent, and under certain restrictions. For instance, for any number of tons of British goods sent to France, an equal number of tons of French produce must be taken back in exchange. But the folly of this restriction soon became apparent on this side of the water, for the English merchants being only limited to ton for ton, without regard to quality, took care to export to the continent their most valuable and profitable articles, whilst in return, they brought back the poorest and lowest wines, at that time a mere drug both there and here. There is no doubt that some of the superior French wines did find their way into this country in the course of this intercourse, but the former was by far the more general practice.

SONG.

CHORUS.

Meet me, love, where streamlets stray,
To the green leaves singing,
And the star-lit dews betray,
Where each flower is springing.

When the partridge on the hill,
To his mate is calling,
Where, in sparkling spray the rill
O'er the cliff is falling.
Meet me love, &c.

When the distant abbey-bell
Down the breeze is dying,
When the shadows o'er the dell
From the hills are flying.

When the drowsy beetles flit,
Through the stilly even,
When the stars like gems are set
O'er the brow of Heaven.
Meet me love, &c.

When each gently drooping flower
Veils its snowy bosom,
When the streaming perfumes pour
From the hawthorn blossom;
Down the sheltered woodland walk,
When the dew drops clearest,
Bend each rose-bud on its stalk,
Then oh then, my dearest!

Meet me where the streamlets stray,
To the green leaves singing,
And the star-lit dews betray
Where each flower is springing.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

The elections have so completely engrossed both the press and the people, that we are quite at a loss for notes. The country papers have been filled with speeches of candidates and returns of members. We have been unable even to detect a single apple-tree of unwonted precocity, and turnips of singular dimensions have ceased to grow. Everything takes a political tinge—"Rush to the poll"—"Jenkins and independence," is all the cry. Even the dead walls are alive with "Gubbins, the man of the people!" or, "Higginbottom and the Constitution!" while dirty flags and cracked clarionets betoken the rapture of succesful candidates. One thing is certain amidst all this, that the Tories have clutched the loaves, and that their eyes are sparkling with the desire to secure the glittering fishes; how it may turn out will be seen next month at the opening of parliament; meanwhile, we must content onrselves with the few crumbs which may fall from their table.

Hunt the "Slipper."—In his address to his Tamworth constituency, the new Premier repudiates the notion of encroaching on the honey-pots of the state-pensioners, but admits the necessity of restricting these sweets in future to such only as shall render equivalent service to the country *or the crown.* The Chancellor of the Exchequer being the representative of the nation's breeches'-pockets, and the first lord of the treasury of the willingness of the crown, to sinecurise the elect Sir Robert Peel will hold the thermometer of "Services." Whether Mr. Hudson, the celebrated flyer-by-night, who succeeded inhuntingthe Right Hon. Baronet out of the "lone mother of dead empires," will reach the requisite altitude on the scale of preferment, it would be premature to conjecture; but surely so good a roadster will not be neglected by Tory hacks. In the *Standard* of the 5th of last month we find the following epitome of his achievements:—

"Mr. Hudson arrived at Apsley House at half-past one o'clock this morning. He left Rome on Wednesday, the 26th of November, at half-past one, p.m. He arrived in Paris on the following Wednesday, (3d December). The journey was performed in as short a time as it has ever been done by a courier on horseback. He was detained five hours by his carriage breaking down. He arrived at Bologne yesterday, at a quarter-past twelve, the steam-packet had just sailed, and he crossed to Dover in an open boat in six hours, having been obliged to row the greater part of the voyage."

When the tricks of harlequin and pantaloon in the Christmas pantomies shall have ceased to excite the astonishment of children, theatrical lessees might find it advantageous to exhibit the "identical" wheel which broke down with Mr. Hudson in his chase for a premier, or the "very" boat that carried consolation to the Horse-guards on the fourth of December.

Problems for the Contemplative.—"A bee," says Pope, "is not a busier animal than a blockhead;" had he added that a knave is not unusually as industrious as either, few would have accused him of indulging in the fiction of his craft. Ministers are marvellously anxious, it would appear, to be doing something—Much for the same reason, we presume, that the gentleman in the farce bites his finger to convince himself he is not dreaming of a piece of good luck that unexpectedly befalls him. The Treasury, say the court chronicles, have ordered a chapel to be built adjoining the barracks, in the Regent's-park, for the use of the troops! Wherefore this unwonted fervour in behalf of the military morality. Are the iniquities of the soldiery about to be augmented that facilities for repentance must be increased? Is it intended as a compliment to the Irish clergy that tithe warriors be stimulated to a renewal of their ghosts' warfare, by multiplying the already over numerous indications of a bayonet-supported creed? The latter would seem the most proper solution of the enigma, as accounts are daily arriving from the sister kingdom of the wholesale slaughter of beings who practically indicate their scepticism of the doctrine that inculcates payment without an equivalent. Probably ministers are so enamoured of the wisdom of our ancestors as to exemplify the veracity of the nursery doggrel:—

"The devil finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Riding a Hobby.—Tories are so far conservative as to sneer at those who are emancipated from all credence in omens. Now, since the turn-out of the Whigs, both his Grace of Wellington and the redoubtable Bishop of Exeter—pugnacious in pamphlets—have been thrown from their horses! May we be permitted to take up the discarded mantle of the defunct Francis Moore, and say, in the true prophetic vein, "About this time two illustrious individuals in the church and state began to feel uneasy in their saddles!" The indulgence of a favourite hobby sometimes brings disagreeable consequences.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—Some years ago a few individuals, perceiving that native talent was much neglected in this country, in order to give it something like encouragement, projected the Philharmonic Society, for the express purpose of encouraging it; but it unfortunately happens, that the Philharmonic Society have been always opposed to the interests of the English musician. Did this conduct proceed from any want of talent on the part of English composers? They would not trouble themselves to learn, for when any works were sent for approval by Englishmen, they were invariably returned unlooked at—unopened. Therefore, in self-defence, a society has been established *actually* for the encouragement of native talent, under the name of "The Society of British Musicians."

The intention of this meeting is to perform the works of Englishmen exclusively; for this purpose, all those who are members register the works they wish to have performed, and certain days are set apart for the purpose of the Committee passing their fiat upon them. These are termed "trial days." One day is set apart for the trial of vocal music; another for that of instrumental. The works thus registered have all the advantages of being performed by a full band, and sung by principal singers; they are, consequently, heard in a perfect state, and the Committee are thus enabled to exercise their judgment in the selection of pieces to be performed at the concert.

The Society is supported by subscriptions of one guinea each subscriber, which entitles the subscribers to admission to the concerts (six in number.) This sum serves merely to defray the various expenses of rooms, lighting, printing, &c. &c., the band and singers performing gratuitously.

This Society must tend to raise the character of English music; it may well be called the cradle of genius—inexperienced, though gifted men, will have an opportunity of attaining perfection in the various requisites of their art. The composers will have the advantage of hearing their works performed with care and precision. Thus they have ample opportunities of study. and will receive the encouragement that genius merits.

Five concerts have already taken place, and have been attended with great success; various pieces of instrumental and vocal music of great merit have been introduced by the following persons, some of whom were hitherto unknown to us:—Lucas, Macfarren, Tinny, Griesbach, Colkin, Tutton, Bennett, Horsley, Attwood, Barnett, &c., &c.

We strongly and earnestly recommend this Society to the warm support and encouragement of the English public.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE EXILE OF ERIN; OR, THE SORROWS OF A BASHFUL IRISHMAN. LONDON, 1835.

ALL men are modest—with a difference. But it would be as absurd in a man (especially since the mining and banking speculations of a few years ago) to wear his heart upon his sleeve, as to carry his modesty about him. He leaves it at home with his wife, or commits it to the custody of his attorney, or securely conceals it somewhere, so that it may never be discovered. This may not, at the first blush, appear to be the case; but after a little reflection we shall find it to be strictly true. A large capitalist invests his property, or keeps a banker; but your puritystriken rogue carries his loose cash in his pocket. Accordingly, it would seem that the most modest men make the least display of their modesty; and that the bashful blockhead will soon run through the miserable pittance of blushes left him by his father. Of the really modest man it may be said—

"Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;"

but the paltry pretender mounts his bit of red with all the prompt alacrity of a train-band captain.

The ingenious author of the book before us appears to have adopted this philosophical view of the question, and Mr. Terence O'Blarney, the Exile of Erin, and the narrator of his own sorrows, displays in every occurrence of his eventful life a truly Milesian modesty.

The Exile of Erin is a book, which, to be properly appreciated, should be read throughout. There is no giving a fair notion of it by extracts. It is sustained by a lightness and elasticity of style, which we should have been glad to see charged with more materials. There is in it enough of incident and adventure; but being professedly a history and not a novel the characters introduced, as in real life, "come like shadows, so depart." It should have been longer, or we must bargain for a continuation of the Bashful Irishman's sorrows. We feel, when we arrive at the end of the book, that we could wish to know more of the very pleasing individuals contained in it. It is like taking one of the short stages and discovering that, by a happy accident, we have fallen in with four or five choice spirits; when, behold! the coach stops—the steps are let down; the wags make their exit, and we follow with a heavy heart, wondering where they came from, where they are going, and whether we shall ever see or hear of them again.

And yet, notwithstanding our avowed belief that the extracts we are about to make from this lively and humorous work, will hardly convey a true notion of the book as a whole, we cannot resist offering a taste of its quality to our readers. The following extract is in the grave style of our sorrowing and bashful friend:—

"Oh London, who art the cradle and the grave of Hope, how many aspiring pilgrims, some destined to achieve celebrity, but more to die neglected and broken-hearted, are at this moment, while I write, bending their steps towards thee! What acts too of folly, madness, and guilt, are at the same instant of time in course of perpetration within thy circuit! Yet if sin profane thy name, the virtues, sure, redeem it by their presence. Lo, thou canst boast Humility in lawn sleeves; meek Charity making public announcement of her benefactions; Modesty gazing at some half-denuded dancer through an opera glass; and Patriotism defending the pension-list from a back seat on the treasury bench!

"Oh London, who can listen to thy eternal whirl and roar—who can gaze on thy palaces, thy temples, thy solemn gray cathedrals, or pause on the stately fabrics that span thy famous stream, scarce seen for the forest of masts which crowd and blacken above its bosom to an extent no eye can traverse—who can pace the wondrous range of thy streets and squares, stretching away, as if to infinity, in showy splendour or sombre grandeur;—who can "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" all this, and not feel every petty, personal consciousness of Self swallowed up in an overpowering sense of astonishment and admiration?

"Yet, oh vain—ambitious—paradoxical London, lay not the flattering unction to thy soul, that because thou art great, thou art necessarily immortal. Already the seeds of decay are at thy heart. Thou art dying by inches of a plethora. Thou art swollen and bloated with a dropsy, though thy massive shoulders and wondrous breadth of chest might seem to promise a lengthened life. Dream not then of immortality, but fall to thy studies, and learn wisdom from the past. Think of Rome, *now* the "Niobe of nations," but *once* queen-regent of the universe! What she is, thou must one day be. The time shall come when thy gorgeous edifices shall fall, like hers, in ruins to earth; when the grass shall grow in thy streets; when the owl shall hoot from thy roofless palaces, and the adder crawl into sunshine from among thy mouldering fanes; when Silence and Solitude (twin mourners) shall sit with folded arms and weeping eyes beside thy grave; and the pilgrim from some far-off land, as he wanders through a scene of desolation, shall say—"And was this London?"

The following is a gloomy picture of the disastrous chances to which modest merit is exposed. Mr. O'Blarney, it seems, favoured the world with a fashionable novel; and presented it with an elaborate historical work. "Truth is strange, stranger than fiction," although the degree of acceptance which both met with at the hands of an unworthy public appears in this instance to have been equally strange.

"No sooner had the work appeared, than public attention was still further attracted towards it, by a series of mysterious paragraphs in the papers, indirectly ascribing it to the eloquent and sprightly pen of his Royal Highness the Duke of ——; and, that nothing might be wanting to confirm its celebrity, a fresh string of advertisements was issued, with the following extracts from the literary journals of the day attached to them by way of rider;—

"'Bon Ton' is a tale of first-rate ability; the author is the Scott of fashionable life."—*London Museum.*

"A most talented tale, full of point, wit, and sarcasm. The writer forcibly reminds us of Sheridan."—*Weekly Literary Miscellany.*

"We have been favoured with an early copy of this work (which is yet *unpublished*) and may conscientiously say of the author that he is quite a prose Byron."—*Town and Country Magazine.*

"Transcendent!—astonishing!—superlative!"—*Star.*

"It is truly refreshing in this age of cant and humbug to meet with a novel like 'Bon Ton,' penned in the good old spirit of Smollett and Fielding."—*Weekly Repository.*

"The puns of this exceedingly facetious novelist are worthy of Mr. Rogers, the eminent banker."—*John Bull.*

"From these discriminating criticisms, it will naturally be concluded that 'Bon Ton' created quite a sensation in the world of fashion and literature. But no, nothing of the sort. Notwithstanding I attired my hero in lavender-coloured slipperes; made him sarcastic on port wine; intolerent of those abandoned miscreants who eat fish with a knife and fork; learned on all gastronomic matters; and profoundly ignorant of the localities of Russell-square;—notwithstanding all this, 'Bon Ton' fell as still-born from the press, as if no royal duke had been conjectured to be its author!

"Having thus failed in *fact*, I thought (for the *cacoethes seribendi* was still strong on me) I would next have recourse to *fiction*. Nothing venture, nothing gain; so I set about a History of Italy, with which my residence at Naples had of course made me familiary acquainted. Strange to tell, my book, even though filled with elaborate descriptions of Rome—a city which nothing but accident prevented me from visiting—met with as discouraging a reception as 'Bon Ton'—nay, I may even add, a worse, for on bargaining for a portmanteau a few months afterwards in Long Acre, I found it lined with one of my most impassioned apostrophes to the glory of ancient Rome!

"This was vexatious, but it was not my only grievance. Misfortunes never drizzle upon a man's head. They always pour down on him in torrents. The landlady,

'—— Oh! sound of fear,
Unpleasing to an author's ear,'

at whose house I boarded, having long suspected my condition, now began to look after me with that restless curiosity which a discreet father exhibits towards an only son who has evinced a predilection for the sea. At first the good dame's inquisitiveness was confined within the pale of politeness; but at length as my arrears with her increased, she exchanged the oblique glance for the direct frown, and daily vented her spleen in coarse allusions to my appetite."

The most original character in the work, and one fully worthy of more elaborate development, is unquestionably that of Justinian Stubbs, the philosophical fatalist. The reader will obtain some insight into the peculiar moral perplexity of this worthy gentleman's idiosyncracy from the following conversation:—

"This stranger, whom I soon discovered to be a piquant mixture of the scamp and the pedant, making me a profound obeisance, whilst at the same time he eyed me from head to foot with an air of scientific discrimination, expressed his regret at my presence in a place so ill-calculated to improve my moral or physical condition. 'But, Sir,' he added with amazing pomp of manner, 'you have the consolation of knowing—no matter what be the cause that brought you here—that you are, like myself, the victim of destiny. Vice and virtue, Sir, are mere matters of impulse as I endeavoured to show in a little treatise I lately wrote, entitled 'Death, the fulfilment of Destiny,' for which a man is no more to be blamed or praised, than he is for being short or tall, thin or stout. For my own part I have come to the conclusion that, do what we will, neither the best nor worst of us can control our actions, being alike mere spokes in the wheel of fate; and that the sum and substance of all human wisdom may be comprised in this one sentence—what will be, will be.'

"'A very sagacious conclusion Mr. —— I beg your pardon, but may I ask whom I have the honour of addressing?' I inquired, but a little amused by a new companion's loquacity.

"'Stubbs, Sir—Justinian Stubbs, late professor of language at the Humbug Charity School—a gentleman, and (I trust I may add) a scholar, who, by one of those sudden vicissitudes to which the best of us are liable, has been but just subjected to the unchristian persecution of the pillory.'

"'Indeed!'

"'Yes, Sir, the humble individual before you has 'fretted'—I would add 'strutted,' but the quotation would be inapplicable—his 'little hour' in that elevated position.'

"'May I inquire the cause of such an accident?'

"'Oh, certainly, Sir; I need have no reserves with one of your respectability. It was my fate some months since to be detected in certain verbal inaccuracies touching the amount of a few Corporation subscriptions for the Humbug Charity School, and to be publicly exhibited, in consequence, to the gaze of the most unpolished rabble I think I ever saw.'

"'They certainly did let fly uncommon sharp,' interposed the turnkey; 'the cabbage-stumps flew like any thing.'

"'Vulgar beast!' whispered the fatalist.

"'You scarcely could have expected otherwise, Mr. Stubbs;' I replied, 'the pillory is no place for the cultivation of the gentilities.'

"'Sir, your position is unanswerable. After the most impartial consideration I can give to the subject, I find it impossible to reconcile myself to the idea that it is either an elegant or creditable exhibition. Still, like every thing else, it has its redeeming points.'

"'How so?'

"'Why, Sir, if it panders to the malignant tastes of the oppressors, you must at least allow that it teaches the oppressed a lesson of forbearance; enables him to put in practice the receipts of philosophy; to endure adversity with becoming resignation.'

"'Sweet are the uses of adversity,' I observed.

"'You are right, Sir; and the poet who broached that wholesome truth, must himself have tasted them in the pillory. It is the very Paradise of such sweets.'

"'You seem to entertain a very soothing recollection of them.'

"'And why not? On me, Sir, the pillory had no effect but what was strictly salubrious. Conscious that I was the victim of destiny. I bade a philosophic defiance to the storm that hurtled round me. Besides, I reflected that the pillory was classic ground, and derived inexpressible comfort from the consideration that though I was nearly pelted out of all shape there, I yet had not my ears cropped like that illustrious sage, De Foe.'

"'Why, no,' said I, with an arch smile, 'it is plain they are as long as ever.'

"'You're a wag, Sir, I conjecture, and inasmuch as a little seasonable facetiousness in no wise detracts from, but rather give an agreeable relish to, the grave discourse of wisdom, I partake your mirth. By the way, talking of such trifles—the bye-play of the mind, as the learned Helvetius calls them—could you oblige me with a shilling?'"

We would earnestly recommend the author of this book to apply himself to the composition of a novel. In our opinion he possesses every qualification for the task. His style is sparkling without apparent labour or effort; and the more effective, that it is never strained for effect. We can honestly assert that we have not for many years seen a work of fiction so good in itself, and yet so full of promise of better things, as the "Exile of Erin," which we strenuously advise our readers to peruse forthwith.

A NEW GUIDE TO SPANISH AND ENGLISH CONVERSATION, &c. BY J. ROWBOTHAM, F.R.A.S. SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., CORNHILL.

A VERY unpretending simple little volume, giving to the learner a very sufficient conversational vocabulary of perhaps the most dignified expressive language in Europe, to the study of which the events of each succeeding day add a fresh interest.

ROBERT D'ARTOIS, OR THE HERON BOW. 3 vols. WILLIAM MARSH. LONDON, 1834.

THIS work, we presume, comes under the denomination of an historical romance. We confess that we are rather surprised that any author should be rash enough, or any publisher sufficiently courageous, to enter this field at the present time. The halo of fame round the works of Scott is still too splendid to permit any very small orient star from being seen, and though there is a craving demand for novelties, the public taste has been so highly stimulated by the glorious romances of the northern minstrel, that any thing less savoury palls, and is at once neglected. The author of " De l'Orme" pleads, indeed, some exemption, but then his is a peculiar case, as he manufactures his romances from scraps of old tapestry, which he very ingeniously contrives to paste upon his pages in a kind of mosaic. Besides, he is privileged, as we understand he has taken out a patent for his invention.

The style of the romance before us is singularly repulsive. There is an affectation of quaintness that sets ill in a modern dress, and there are a a multitude of oddities of language which are really quite unpardonable. Thus we have—" he affectioned him" for he loved him ; " 'twixt, 'twould, th'accused, 'haviour," and others really quite beyond our comprehension. The work, too, is curiously broken into several strands, that have little or no connection with each other, and for which it is impossible to account, as the straggling portions have not the merit of being interesting. Again, the author has a most culpable way of thrusting in personalities, and scraps of moralizing, which have not the slightest reference to the incidents of his story. His chief heroes on such occasions are himself, Lord Byron, and Napoleon. This last is repeatedly introduced in this way,—" as Napoleon was used to say ;" and this is followed by some truism which we are quite sure Napoleon was not used to say. Poor Byron is treated still more scurvily, as he hauls him in a neck-or-nothing fashion whenever he has a a bit of sentimentality to dispose of. A passage to this effect occurs at the end of a chapter in the midst of what ought to be exciting events, and is fit only for the pages of the various scribblers who hope to acquire reflected fame from the glory of Byron. It is also a specimen of the author's style, and any thing more roundabout and involved it has never been our lot to encounter ; " like a wounded snake it drags its slow length along," and one actually forgets the leading nominative of the sentence before the verb is reached.

We have another grave fault to find, and that is that he does not know the female heart. One of his principal characters is Inez, who becomes the mistress of Philip ; he paints her as more than once yielding—not from passion, but from reason. No woman ever did this in the way detailed by the author of " Robert D'Artois."

The character of Robert, though it has been evidently much elaborated, does not please us, inasmuch as it is out of nature. His wife Jeanne, is, however, well drawn, and there are some good touches about her. Edward of England, his Queen Philippa, and Sir Walter Mauny, make of course a figure, and amongst the rest, the historian of " knights and dames," Froissart, plays his part. We first find him in Hamault, and we let the book before us explain why he was there. Froissart had been promoted to be chaplain to Philippa of England, and for a rondel had been brought under her Grace's jurisdiction as *la reine d'amour*.

How far the message from her Grace of England was likely to lead to its object, we do not pretend to say ; but we fully agree with the author " that it cannot be thought to tell strongly for the morality of the age.

But no matter, all that's done with now, people know better. The *march of intellect* has made a devil of a commotion since then, and forced us to keep such things snugger."

SKETCHES OF CORFU, HISTORICAL AND DOMESTIC; ITS SCENERY AND NATURAL PRODUCTIONS. INTERSPERSED WITH LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS. SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., LONDON.

THIS is a most delightful volume. We know not indeed when any thing so thoroughly readable and interesting has been laid before us. It is delightful equally for its sketches of manners, its descriptions of scenery, its graphic details concerning natural objects, its snatches of true poetry, and for the beautiful spirit which pervades it. Its interest is doubly enhanced by its telling of an island, rich in historical associations—and of the manners and habits of a people of whom less is known than of the New Zealanders. But the fair authoress must speak for herself—as her own speaking is her best recommendation :—

"The Countess—I can but smile at her title—looks more like a slatternly cookmaid, than anything else. She wears the Italian dress; indeed I know only one Greek family among the higher orders who persist in wearing their own costume. One day in the week, the lady is dressed for company; any other day, if her friends call, she is not at home; she goes about the house in a wrapping-gown, and dirty untidy night-cap; a bunch of huge keys dangle from her waist, and an enormous pair of diamond ear-rings repose tranquilly on her shoulders. She can neither read nor write; but pickles and preserves to a nicety; and she is the sole nurse of her little grandchild. This good lady is a great enemy of all innovation, and would not eat a potatoe for the world, for she says, it is the very fruit with which the devil tempted Eve. The eldest son, Count Giovanni, is married, and lives in the house. Giovanni has travelled and seen the world—nay, I believe, he spent three years in a college at Pisa—he fancies himself a prodigy of learning and talent; and because he had an English master for three months in Italy, he talks cleverly of Stern's romances and Goldsmith's sermons. He assured me very solemnly, that the sun never shines in England; and when I asked him, with becoming humility, how, in that case, our fruits and flowers came to perfection? he answered, 'your fruits ripen in hot-houses, and your roses are pretty enough, but they have not the least fragrance.'"

The following is a bit of natural history worthy of White, Jesse, or Mudie:—"You have seen the bee, or clius, it is very common here, an insect among flowers; we have also flowers amongst insects. I first saw one on my dress, and took it for a head of grass; but it moved, walked, and at last I found out it was an insect—a mantis. We have the brown and the green mantis, which last is also called the 'walking leaf,' and in very deed its wings are exactly like long slender delicate green leaves. I kept one of them for many weeks, and it used to sit for hours on my work table. The mantis has an odd way of waving about two long feelers—so they call it the praying mantis—and the country people here call it another name, 'the devil's horse.' And they say, if a child loses its way, and has the luck to find one of these insects, it shows him the road with its feelers. We find also the nest of the mason-bee, a long purse buried in the earth, and neatly lined with a soft hairy substance, with a lid at top, which shuts down exactly, and is fastened with a hinge. Sometimes we amuse ourselves with watching the ant-lion, who burrows a deep hole in the sand, and lies snugly down at the bottom of it, covering himself slightly over; presently an unwary ant, trotting along with her burden, tumbles down the pit, and out walks the treacherous monster to devour his victim. But the most beautiful of all insects, after the mantis, is the green beetle, that lives in the cistus, a gem bedropped with gold, in a palace of ivory."

There are some pretty notes on the cicada, and some touching lines on this poetic little creature. We give one or two verses:—

"Glad child of summer! much I love
To hear thy merry song
Ring out at eve, the dark pine grove
And the bright flowers among.

"Oh! say what lessons sweet from thee
To thoughtful heart is sent?
Whate'er our path in life may be,
Therewith to be content.

"To praise our God at morning prime,
To love him all the day,
And at the holy evening time
To thank him ere we pray."

Throughout the entire volume the authoress displays a fine perception of the beauties of nature, and many of her descriptions of the thousand beautiful things which she observed are touchingly grand.

There are some curious accounts in the volume of the religious ceremonies, and of the multitudinous superstitions of the degraded Greeks. The following hint will, we hope, not be thrown away upon the young and old scape-graces that are sent to our various diplomatic stations.

"I tell you," said Count Laurelli, "that when the English first came amongst us, neither I nor my countrymen could be persuaded to believe that you professed any religion at all. We never saw you at your devotions; you had no church here, and your sabbaths were spent in riding over old women, making bets, and ransacking our orange-groves and vineyards. It was not till two or three good English missionaries came among us to teach our children, and to comfort our poor, that we could be brought to believe that the English nation was not a nation of heathens." The Corfuites seem to have a very great contempt for us; and, all things considered, we do not much wonder at it.

We cannot give an analysis of the book, because its style and contents are essentially anecdotical and sketchy. The historical parts and the legendary tales are well told, and made to amalgamate well with the general matter. There are a great many entertaining and instructive stories, and some little bits of poetry of considerable beauty. Here is a Stanza worth remembering:—

"Oh! the morning prime of youth,
How beautiful it seems!
With its high and glorious fantasies,
Its fair and fairy dreams!

Its faithless constancy
That nothing can estrange:
Its pure and lasting faith,
That never dreams of change!

Its hopes that like spring flowers,
Upspring from every tear:
Its boundless fount of love,
The love that knows no fear."

We most warmly recommend this volume to our readers. It is fitted equally for the winter fireside—the spring-time ramble—and the summer and autumnal sea-side residence. As a book for pleasant family reading, it is better than a hundred novels.

SKETCHES IN PORTUGAL, DURING THE CIVIL WAR IN 1834. BY CAPTAIN J. E ALEXANDER, K. L. S. COCHRANE & CO., LONDON.

THIS is a light and pleasant volume—containing a good many anecdotes and sketches of Portuguese manners and habits. It does not at all improve our notions of that city of dogs and filth—Lisbon; and the details given of public assassinations, and of open violence, exhibit a fearful picture of the social disorganization ever attendant on civil war.

Captain Alexander was present before Santarem, the strong-hold of Miguel. His remarks will do much towards dispelling the belief that the Miguelite soldiers were nothing but a set of rascally cowards—the off-scourings of fanaticism. They seem to have fought bravely, and, under the peculiar circumstances of their position, to have shewn great fortitude. The book contains many sensible observations on the present and future prospects of Portugal, both of which are undoubtedly gloomy. The long continuance of anarchy—the repeated changes of government—the occupation by foreign troops—the checks given to industry and enterprise, will require good political nursing to regenerate the nation—a nation which, by-the-by, deserves well of mankind. The book is well worthy a perusal—there are some capital sketches in it.

THE FRENCH READER'S GUIDE. BY M. DE LA AUVIERE. LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., CORNHILL.

WE have seen many works of the same class in different languages, but have not often met with a more judicious selection, whether the matter or the style be considered. The names of Voltaire, Rousseau, Sant Pierre, La Harpe, La Fontaine, and De Lille, at once inform us that the extracts have been made from the best models of French writers, and it is no slight recommendation to the youthful reader, that whilst he is made familiar with the beauties of these great authors, he is safe for any sentiment or expression that might " raise a blush on Virtue's cheek." He may revel amidst the flowers, secure that he will find no sting concealed among the sweets.

THE MANAGEMENT OF BEES, WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE LADIES' SAFETY HIVE. BY SAMUEL BAGSTER, JUN. WITH FORTY ILLUSTRATIVE ENGRAVINGS, LONDON, 1834.

SPIRITUAL HONEY FROM NATURAL HIVES; OR MEDITATIONS AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE NATURAL HISTORY AND HABITS OF BEES. FIRST INTRODUCED TO NOTICE IN 1657, BY SAMUEL PURCHAS, A.M. LONDON, SAMUEL BAGSTER. 84.

To our country readers these little volumes, which have a relation to each other, will be a valuable acquisition. By those who have already tasted the enjoyment derivable from the study of nature and the habits of animals, they will be fully and immediately appreciated. Those who have not yet entered into this wide and fertile field of pleasure, we confidently assure they will not regret the trifling expenditure of their cost. Many books have often appeared within a short period, treating of natural history, in its various branches, but these have a peculiar claim to attention. The first, in a concise and interesting form, connects with a minute history of the character and habits of bees, such information as will enable those, who have the opportunity, to avail themselves of the benefits which these wonderful and industrious little animals so largely afford to man. Various improvements have at different times been introduced into the method of keeping bees, both with reference to themselves, and the form of the hives they inhabit; and Mr. Bagster, whose attention has been fixed on the subject from his early youth, here draws a candid comparison of the several places adopted by different experimental naturalists, such as Huber, Kirley, Spence, Mdlle. Jurine, Reaumur, Thorley, Bevan, Keys, Patteau, Bosc, Huish, Swammerdam Maraldi, White, Gelieu, Nutt, and others; adding at the conclusion, the further improvements which this comparison, aided by his own observations and experience, has suggested. To those with whom the keeping of bees is a business, this treatise is highly important.

The tendency of the second volume is indicated by its title—an administering to the physical wants and comforts of man is not the only reason of the value of bees. There are no parts of nature which to the observant eye are not rife with lessons of moral instruction, but the habits of these little insects are eminently calculated to impart instruction, not only moral, but political and scientific. The attention, however, is here confined to the morality they teach, and the reader is presented with a series of reflections, of honied sweetness, but not cloying, impressed upon the mind of the author, a large portion of whose time was devoted to the culture and examination of bees. Though this is not the time when "bees are on the wing," we do not know two books more worthy of selections than these, as presents to either friend or child.

SPECIMEN OF A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE LUSIAD OF CAMOENS. THE SECOND TRIUMVIRATE, A POEM. BY HENRY CHRISTMAS, OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE. J. FRAZER, REGENT-STREET.

HE was a wise man who said—"The Lord deliver me from my friends!" Mr. Christmas would have been a happy man if he had submitted his carols to some real friend, who would have saved his reputation at the expense of his vanity. Quite sure are we that if his judicious publisher had been consulted, the "Second Triumvirate" would never have made its appearance. Mr. Christmas may be the "Magnus Apollo" of St. John's, but if he canvasses for the opinion of the world, we fear that the voice of unprejudiced criticism will sound very harshly after the praises of admiring friends. We never meet with such lines as

> "I see, I see—slow roll the clouds away,
> Temples and towers start forth to meet the day,"

but we are involuntarily reminded of *Tilburnia*, in the *Critic*, and are tempted to reply with her father—

> "The Spanish fleet thou can'st not see—for why?
> It is not yet in sight."

The translation of the Lusiad, though it must not he compared with that of Mickle, is very superior to his original poem, perhaps for the reason stated by the author in his preface, that it contains nothing of his own. The versification is fluent and easy, the language well chosen, though somewhat overloaded with epithets, and if it never rises very high, it never sinks below respectable mediocrity.

Mr. Christmas has much to learn, more to unlearn. We should advise him, as his friend, to trust in future to Mr. Frazer. No one exercises a sounder judgment in these matters—no one is more able to correct his faults and form his taste.

WARLEIGH, OR THE FATAL OAK; A LEGEND OF DEVON. BY MRS. BRAY, AUTHOR OF FITZ OF FITZ-FORD, &c. IN THREE VOLS. LONGMAN, REES, AND CO.

WE are not usually partial to fatal oaks, or legends, of any place, and we had almost thrown this aside, but the name of Mrs. Bray, and a motto from the "Excursion," caught our eye, and we augured well of the contents; nor were we disappointed. There is much in these volumes to commend and admire. The time at which the story is laid is well chosen, being that period in the history of England immediately after the imprisonment of Charles the First, which of course affords ample scope for contrast of character and a stirring succession of incident. Here we have striking pictures of animate and inanimate life—the storm and the calm, the battle and the revel—confiding love and treacherous hate—the deadly cavalier—the stern and almost puritanical roundhead—all contribute their interest to the story. Perhaps the conduct of the tale, as a whole, is not so successful as individual scenes; be this as it may, there is much to admire. The last trial piece deserves our unqualified praise for the interest it excites, and the way in which the *denouement* is brought about. It is not the less to our taste because we believe it is in a great measure historical. We shall be happy to see Mrs. Bray again.

THE FRUIT CULTIVATOR. BY JOHN ROGERS. JAMES RIDGWAY AND SONS, LONDON.

THERE is a fashion in literature, or rather in book-making, as well as in dress-making; and in making announcements of expected works, the simplest and best way would be to head them—"Literary Fashions." During the last season works on horticulture, and so forth, have been leading things with some respectable houses in the trade. We are rather glad that such is the case, because during the prevailing mania, amongst many bad, some good books almost invariably make their appearance; and these, when the receding tide of fashion have left the strand crowded with rubbishing *débris,* are worth picking up and preserving.

The Fruit Cultivator, is one of this class, and will be a welcome addition to the reading of amateur gardeners. What more especially pleases us in this book, is its perfect freedom from pretension, and an utter absence in its pages of those ridiculous technicalities, which have hitherto been the worst enemies to the progress of botany, and indeed of science in general. Books are in many instances got up by parties, who have no practical acquaintance with the subjects on which they write, and errors are consequently continued year after year, till some man of original mind and an inquirer into things as they really are, produces a work having some pretensions to accuracy. Mr. Rogers, is himself a practical cultivator, and his remarks upon stocks, pruning, and planting are particularly good and explicit.

"In the general management of pear trees," the author says, "he is fully persuaded that moderate growth and consequent prolificacy may be given, by attention to planting on proper stocks (quince or seedling stocks, either by bud or graft), planting in light and shallow soils, prevention of unnecessary growth by disbudding in early spring, and the *least possible application of the knife.* He particularly recommends rich, deep, and moist borders to be avoided, and condemns very justly the fanciful and contorted training, ranging, and disbarking so much recommended by many writers." There is one remark which we quote, and which is worth gold to the gardener—"A tree may certainly with proper treatment be kept in moderate health and fruitfulness, without doing violence to either its natural habit or constitution." Here is common sense applied to gardening—and we would strongly recommend our readers, who delight in gardens, orchards, pineries, and hot-houses, to peruse Mr. Rogers's unpretending volume.

The Architectural Magazine, &c. By J. C. Loudon, F.L.S. &c. No. X. Longman and Co. London.
The Encyclopædia of Gardening, &c. Part XIII.

Mr. Loudon is a man after our own heart, and one whom we delight to honour. If an age of imagination should supersede the age of matter-of-fact, and a new mythology be constructed, Mr. Loudon will undoubtedly be deified as a kind hybied god—a compound of the Vertumnus and Bruma —and if it be our lot to live to see it, he shall certainly fill a niche in our Pantheon.

This gentleman has been of amazing service to almost every branch of domestic improvement. His industry is on a par with his talents—and hence nothing appears from his pen but what is well finished, and with all the details filled up. The two parts mentioned above, are continuations of numbers which have been well received, and which deserve every commendation. The reader will find in them the best and most recent information connected with every subject on which they treat.

The Works of William Cowper, with a Life and Notes. By J. S. Memes, LL.D. Vol. I.—Life. Vols. II., III.—Letters, Poems, and Translations. Edinburgh, 1834.

Numerous as the Biographies of Cowper are, none have hitherto come under our notice that have been so completely excellent as to preclude the wish for others. Mr. Hayley had abundant matter, of which he neither made a judicious disposition, nor grafted sound inferences, for the direction of his too confident readers. On the contrary, he seems anxious to hang a crape over the light which would display the real character of certain transactions, little creditable to the lady who had claims on Cowper's gratitude. Among the editors of his Poetical Works, the two best of his Biographers are the sensible Mr. Macdiarmid and the elegant and poetical-minded James Montgomery; but the limits of a preface did not allow either of those gentlemen to do full justice to their subject. To Mr. Macdiarmid, we believe, belongs the praise of being the first to demonstrate the misleading character of "Hayley's Comments." He has found a worthy successor in Dr. Memes, the object of our immediate observations, who, by arranging the letters chronologically, interspersing the occasional poems, and immediately subjoining them to the narrative of the occasions which called them forth, has, as far as was possible, rendered Cowper his own biographer. Notes, historical and explanatory, are attached to such of the letters as required them; for this, we are obliged to Dr. Memes. We could have spared many of his critical notes, for they are often invidious and senseless, and as such must lessen the value of his labours;—for example, (at p. 49,) Dr. Memes, in a petty spirit of false patriotism, praises Sir Walter Scott, and deprecates Richardson, whose line of excellence was different indeed, but surely not inferior. Cowper admired him; at which we do not wonder; for the Derbyshire Romancer could delineate the female character, both in its loftiest and in its tenderest forms. His power of elevating the thoughts, and melting the most stoic-hearted, is known from various attestations, and from observation of the effect produced by his writings, in many instances. Why then, in reading the life of a recent

English Poet, are we made to suffer the indignation which this ugly affront of envious nationality occasions us?

We find (vol. I, p. 120,) a note by Dr. Memes upon Classical Mythology; which is in a spirit that we could only have expected from a tasteless and illiterate fanatic—an ignorant and bawling field-preacher. It leads us to suspect, that Dr. Memes has never studied the beautiful fictions relating to the Gods of Greece, in any adequate and authentic shape; we, therefore, advise him to read Keightley's Mythology, and to cancel his foolish and uninformed censure, when he reprints this edition of the Life and Works of Cowper. There is one respect in which we have yet to do justice to our Editor—we must describe him as a narrator and a moral critic upon the incidents which he records; he is, on this ground, entitled to very high praise; he is discriminating and equitable in his judgments; he wisely thinks but little of the good influence of the Rev. John Newton upon the happiness of his author while living; and he has written enough to disabuse every one of the false impressions which Hayley's partial mode of publishing the Letters of Cowper must have left. It is no more than an act of justice to his memory for those to peruse Dr. Memes's exact arrangement of the correspondence, whose ideas, respecting the principal writer of it, have been derived from the original edition. With so amiable and conscientious a person as William Cowper for the subject of a life, it would be strange, indeed, if his Biographer did not find himself continually warranted in giving him very high praise. Dr. Memes evidently delights in doing justice to the virtues and the talents of Cowper; he assigns due commendation to the actual deserts of Mrs. Unwin: her benevolence to the Bard of Olney during many years, gives her a claim upon the gratitude of his admirers; but, in one important instance, she shewed a littleness of mind that we regret and feel ashamed of; nor is this all, she induced Cowper to act in a manner, the generosity and equity of which are at least very questionable. To the noble-souled, highly-gifted, and amiable Lady Austen, we fear that the verdict of Dr. Meme (vol. I, p. 162,) is likely to be final. Even if the suppressed letters to and from her ladyship should ever be made public, we feel assured from what is before us, that they would tend rather to corroborate than to invalidate the existing impression. The whole history of the Baronet's widow is given by Dr. Memes, (vol. I, 145—162); much of it is new to us, and it will be found of great interest universally. When these volumes reappear, we hope to find the very numerous errors of the press corrected. We read of Barker on the Microscope; Swammhoff in Norfolk, for Swaffham—*Cum multis aliis.*

We perceive that the editor of "The Young Gentleman's Book," and "My Daughter's Book," has announced the immediate publication of a third volume, to be entitled "The Book for the Million;" and that he contemplates the completion of a library of elementary knowledge, extending to ten volumes.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the exertions of the editor of these highly useful works, whose object it is to facilitate the diffusion of moral and intellectual knowledge of the choicest and most effective character. The volumes already published sufficiently evince the capabilities of the editor to bring to a successful completion a design which will not only reflect honour upon his learning, talents, and acquirements, but furnish a lasting monument of his energy and perseverance. We wish him every success in his undertaking; and we have the more pleasure in doing so, that we feel our wishes are not in this instance likely to be vain. Happily the spirit of the times is the best guarantee for its welcome reception with the public.

LONDON: BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

THE CONSERVATIVE REFORMERS.

On the recent accession of the Tories to office, a loud outcry was set up by certain organs of the party, probably instructed in their calling, to the effect, that unless the country consented to give the ministers "a fair trial," or, in other words, to stop the legislative machine until they were comfortably and securely seated; the inevitable consequence would be, that we should be all given up to the tender mercies of the Destructives.

Now, it must be confessed, the term "Destructive" has certainly a rather ugly and dangerous look, and has, by no means, so genteel an appearance as the title of "Conservative," which the Tories, of late years, have bestowed upon themselves. But it may be as well briefly to enquire what is meant by these two names.

A Destructive, to consult the Tory vocabulary, is one who has a strong itching to possess himself of the private property of other people—who would fain assist at the division of the landed estates—who would make one to rob the Bank—and who has a secret determination of pulling down the crown. Such a man as this would seem to be should surely be watched, and when you catch him, we would advise that he be well taken care of; but out of what bedlam, or, rather, in what madhouse will you find him? There is no such monster. He is the unicorn of which we are informed in nursery rhymes (congenial conservative lore), which was found "fighting for the crown,"—a fable of the fabulous. That there may be men in this country, who conscientiously believe that the constitution of England is not the best form of government that could be devised for a free and an enlightened people, we admit; but, that it thence necessarily follows that they would attempt to overturn the existing order of things, in defiance of morality and religion, and regardless of the civil rights of their countrymen, is a most preposterous supposition. Their very opinions, being founded upon patriotic principles, are the best guarantee for their remaining good citizens, so long as their undoubted rights and privileges are conceded to them.

That the Tory party is grossly ignorant of, or perversely misunderstands, the constitution of England, is apparent in its absurd endeavours to attach the term Destructive to many of the more liberal supporters of the late ministry. Now, we unhesitatingly affirm, that to these men, and to men like these in the present House of Commons, are we alone to look for a return to the first principles and the pure and unfettered practice of the British Constitution.

The theory of the constitution, as set forth by the highest authorities, is that the three parts of which it is composed form mutual and equal checks upon each other. Now it might reasonably enough have been supposed, that a party, calling itself a conservative party, would have been enabled, during their protracted enjoyment of power, to exhibit some few evidences of their love and veneration for a constitution which they have at all times professed themselves so anxious to conserve. It might naturally be imagined that, on looking back to their annals, we should have found the most equitable adjustment of the three checks forming the constitution; in other words, that with the most patriotic determination to uphold the King and the Lords, no less zeal would have been shown in the preservation of the privileges of the people, as represented in the House of Commons. We might have expected from a truly conservative ministry an equal desire to support the interests of the country at home, and to uphold its dignity abroad. We might have expected that they would have conserved our national honour—our national freedom—and our national independence. If, then, upon referring to their proceedings, during the last twenty years, we have not found that they have acted "with this view, and with these intentions," it is assuredly not unfair to inquire, in what sense the Tories can claim for themselves the distinction of conservatism. How, we ask, are they conservatives, or of what?

Hence, it is quite clear, that the term destructive, as applied by the conservatives to their opponents, and the distinctive appellation they bestow upon themselves, are, in both cases, either gross misapplications, or words which have no definite or intelligible appositeness. Neither of these terms is in itself a badge of merit, or a mark of ignominy. Because you propose to destroy, you do not therefore purpose to do mischief; and you may conserve till Heaven stops the nose at your conserves. Corruption will not keep well, and there is nothing very laudable in the attempt to keep it. The dragon was a conservative when he exercised his rather mischievous prerogative against the people; and St. George of Cappadocia was a destructive when he put the finishing touch to the dragon.

We readily grant that it is the paramount duty of every true lover of his country, to preserve inviolate the British Constitution; and that the most religious caution should be exercised by a party in power, or by a majority of the House of Commons, in advocating any measure that may, in the slightest degree, be supposed to infringe upon it. But it is because of that very love of the constitution, that we are intolerant of those who attempt to intimidate the true friends of their country from tearing away the unsightly and pernicious growths that weaken and disfigure it. He is no Destructive who would, without much unnecessary tenderness of handling, separate the ivy from the oak,—or remove the moss which has almost obliterated the tablet upon which the charter of our liberties is engraved in imperishable letters. We are, we say, impatient, and justly so, of those who, with an impudence of assertion rarely equalled, while they cry out for the constitution, are only solicitous about it, because it supplies the strength around which the monstrous abuses by which they live, and move, and have their political being, may be permitted to cling. They would conserve the constitution as a miser conserves his gold—it may be all safe, but it is never seen.

It will not fail to be remembered that, during the passing of the Reform Bill, the supporters of that measure were taxed with a most culpable disregard of the wisdom of our ancestors, as handed down to us in the page of history; and with a perfect contempt for the lessons which experience had been at great pains to set them. It has, however, become the fashion of late to insist, on behalf of the Tories, that we have nothing to do with the past, so far as they have been implicated in supplying it with profitable materials, except to forget it; and that we are to make to ourselves "some sweet oblivious antidote," by virtue of which we shall find ourselves in a becoming state of mind to accord to them a fair trial. For our own part, we are sensibly alive to the extremely profitable results to be drawn from experience; and from a brief and hasty reference to the proceedings of the Tories during the last twenty years, we have discovered ample and just reasons for their utter condemnation. We shall lay before our readers a few of the conservative acts of a Tory administration, and leave it to them to decide whether our foreign policy, our internal welfare—whether our national honour and our constitutional liberty, are in the hands best calculated to support and maintain them.

And first, as to our foreign policy, confided to the statesman-like guidance and direction of the Duke of Wellington, the great upholder of Holy Alliance politics, down to the present moment.

In 1814, an address was moved to the Prince Regent, praying him to intercede for the people of Norway, who were now reduced to the dreadful alternative of perishing by famine, or of submitting themselves to the subjection of a hostile and foreign power. It was urged by the Ministry that we were bound by the terms of the treaty, at the same time that we permitted Sweden to break the conditions into which she had entered at pleasure. The treaty referred to had recognized the cession of Norway, but the non-fulfilment of the conditions by one of the contracting parties, fully justified the Norwegians in calling upon us to interfere in their behalf. But the truckling principle prevailed, England being at that time a most serviceable make-weight in adjusting "the balance of power," to be used at discretion by the other powers forming the Holy Alliance.

In the same year, the Tory Ministry made a grant of money to Sicily, to enable it to prosecute a war against Naples, at the very moment we had entered into a solemn compact with the latter to preserve their king undisturbed in his dominions. So much for the national faith! We may mention that, as an agreeable diversion, we had, previously to this transaction, made ourselves parties to the partition of Saxony.

But Holy Alliance principles are nothing unless they be well followed. We were now about to shew that we were apt scholars at despotism, and that an enlightened policy called upon us in future not only to desert, but to betray.

In 1814, Lord William Bentinck told the people of Genoa, in a proclamation, that their ancient government was restored, and that he acted on the principles declared by the Allies in the Treaty of Paris. His Lordship, in the name of the British Government, made an appeal to the feelings of the Genoese, recalled to them the days of their former prosperity, and pledged his country to reinstate them in their former privileges. Eight months afterwards, when hopes had been held out to them that they were once more to enjoy their ancient privileges, a mandate was dispatched from the detestable Congress of Vienna, annulling everything that had been done in favour of Genoese freedom, and delivering up that unfortunate country to the King of

Sardinia! And this was done by a British proclamation, issued by a British officer. The people of Genoa were coolly informed, that the government appointed by Lord William Bentinck had been superseded by General Dalrymple, who surrendered it, by command of the Prince Regent, to the King of Sardinia. The foulness of this transaction has never been exceeded in the political history of this, or, perhaps, of any other country; and it remains, and must continue for ever to remain, a blot upon the character of the English nation.

> ———Widow'd Genoa, wan
> By moonlight spells ancestral epitaphs,
> Murmuring, " Where is Doria?"

and the English people of the present day, are called upon to reinstate a party which has shown itself, at all times, too zealous in the cause of despotism, to regard the obligation of the most solemn contracts, not to speak of the character of the nation, which, we believe, has been hitherto of very trivial importance in the eyes of a Tory ministry.

In 1818, Lord Castlereagh,—a reference to whom is, of itself, sufficient to recal

> " Orcus, and Hades, and the dreaded name
> " Of Demogorgon,"

this popular Minister—this Conservative Statesman, moved for leave to bring in a Bill for the continuation of the "Alien Act," at a period of profound peace. Well might Lord Durham, then Mr. Lambton, designate this Bill "as a system, which, violated at one blow the spirit of ancient regal enactments, which protected the liberty of all residing within the realms—which was in direct contradiction to an express provision of "Magna Charta," and, which went to destroy every thing that distinguished the constitution of this Country from the arbitary governments hitherto held up to the scorn and execration of all Europe."

We have selected these few specimens, for the purpose of shewing the faithful discharge, by Conservative Ministers, of the obligations they, by their tenure of place, entailed upon themselves, to preserve our national honour abroad; and we shall take the liberty of inquiring, whether, down to the moment of their leaving office in 1830, they, upon any one occasion, have evinced a desire to encourage more liberal and independent principles. Were they not too happy to recognise the claims of Don Miguel to the throne of Portugal,—claims, founded upon the violation of the most solemn oaths of allegiance to his Brother's successor?—and did they not make every possible occasion, after the Whigs came into office, of taxing them with indirect support of the cause of Donna Maria? In short, has not their Foreign Policy been at all times characterised by the most base and truckling subserviency to Foreign Powers?

Nor let the manner be forgotten in which they have upheld the constitution of England during their possession of place. Let us not forgot the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act, and the atrocious injustice and tyranny that were perpetrated under it. Let us not forget the employment of spies, who were schooled by their masters, first to tempt and to excite the lower orders, and afterwards to betray them. Nor can we do less than remember their Indemnity bill, by which they shielded themselves from the consequences of their infernal acts, and their vote of thanks to the magistrates who superintended the massacre at Manchester. And how were these doings effected? By large majorities of a corrupt House of Commons; a house to which, by the *constitutional* exercise of nomination, more than half its members were returned.

And yet these Conservatives, during the progress of the Reform bill, with an effrontery almost beyond belief, presumed to speak of it as an invasion upon the Constitution—as a bill which would effect the destruction of the Lords, and must inevitably succeed in tearing the crown from the head of the king. And at this moment we hear them professing to resist encroachments upon the Constitution, and at the same time threatening to dissolve an independent House of Commons, because it exercises the privilege to which, by the Constitution, it is entitled. Let the Tories have the manliness to avow their belief that the prerogative of the crown is not sufficiently extensive; that the privileges of the lords are not sufficient for their objects, and that the people are not entitled to continue one of the three estates; but let them beware how they insult the country by madly persisting in a course by which they purpose to give up the people, bound hand and foot to the aristocracy and prerogative, and this under the monstrous fiction that they are preserving the Constitution.

The Constitution of England, to remind them once more of a fact which does not appear to be often borne in mind by them, is composed of King, Lords, and Commons—their privileges equal, and the checks upon each mutual.

In the last event, however, it might be found, were the experiment once more hazarded, that, since governments were made for the people, and not the people for governments,—the people are the strongest power of the three, after all. —In plain language, it will no longer answer to affect a love for the Constitution, and at the same time to attempt to cajole, and failing that, to coerce one of the three powers of which it is formed. Let each be equal for a time, if it be only by way of giving it "a fair trial;" for let the Conservatives be assured, that the days of "divine right" are gone by—and would they know whither, let them once more exhume the head of Charles the First, and that may tell them.

Sir Robert Peel and his subaltern master will find it no easy task to bend the existing House of Commons to their pleasure. They may have gained a few votes in the last election, but they have only rendered their adversaries more determined to co-operate,—more implacable, more impracticable. Already has the Minister tried his utmost available strength—assisted by some few waverers, who may perhaps become deserters—and he has been thrown. Sir Robert still harps upon his "fair trial," and claims the confidence of the nation. He must not be permitted a trial—he can beget no confidence. A Minister must have entitled himself by years of service for the people to its confidence, ere he can be permitted to claim it. It behoves the people of this country to look upon their rulers with the most suspicious jealousy; and to give the present men what they call a fair trial, is to put the House of Commons into their hands, and to wait to see whether they will hand it over to the aristocracy, or no.

For what, after all, are the present set of men? Are they Reformers, or Tories?—No man can answer positively. They have, at this moment, the support of the Tory party, only because it has the most entire and implicit confidence in their insincerity. Except upon this supposition, can we believe that a whole party, which has to this moment, set itself obstinately against every thing in the nature of Reform; which hates the very word — which has denounced it as the signal for plunder and spoliatiion—for the destruction of vested rights and the annihilation of all government—can we suppose that this party would support them, if it believed that they were really minded to carry out any effectual or real Reform?—The idea is preposterous. We say, therefore, in justice to the nation—in justice to the men who have devoted themselves to the cause of reform, and have shown themselves determined to carry out its principles; and in mercy to the characters of the present ministers, they must be opposed at starting, and driven from their seats. If they are sincere in their present avowal of principles, they do not go far enough; and are, moreover, traitors to the principles they have advocated during their whole lives; if insincere, then are they worse than traitors to the people. They must not be suffered to run another long account with the country; they have been trusted too often and too long already. And if Sir Robert should conceive that the third estate is exercisising its right rather too rigorously, let it be remembered that the House of Lords has had its own way for no short period; and that it is now time for the people to look about, and see what their privileges are, and how they may be best maintained; and to know their rights and to exercise them; and, at length, to place themselves on an equal legislative footing with the aristocracy. Let us have the constitution—it is all we require. The word has been used often enough; now let us have its meaning—letter and spirit.

QUARTER SESSIONS.

In small market towns it is customary to hold what they term the "justice-day" once a fortnight; but it sometimes so happens that the magistrate, who generally resides in the county, is absent for a longer period, and it is not uncommon, on his return, to have a whole month's business to despatch in one day. Thus warrants are often issued against individuals, who, having ascertained the time for holding the meeting, contrive to give "leg bail" for their appearance, and evade their trial for several weeks. "Justice-day" is, however, mostly considered as a holiday, and the people repair to the town-hall, and are ready with their laugh when any thing droll is going forward. The calls of "order!" and "silence!" are disregarded, where perhaps not above a couple of constables are in attendance. And individuals have been known to refuse to pay their fines for misdemeanours, throw defiance in the magistrate's teeth, and walk off in the presence of the "justice of peace" and all his supporters; while others have grown so fearless as to stand amongst the lookers-on when they have been summoned, and refused to answer to the charges brought against them,—setting all law at defiance. In vain did the chief constable "charge the by-standers in the king's name to asssist him in the fulfilment of his duty:" the painted staff was set at nought, and the legal power defeated. The town about which I write did not at the time this sketch commences contain above eight hundred inhabitants, and, fell far short of the size of many a village. Markets we certainly had, which commenced at twelve o'clock; but as old Joe Straton once observed, "If you come at a quarter past it's all over." As for a watchman, the oldest man in the place never heard of such a thing; and excepting on particular occasions, half a score men might have stormed the town after nine o'clock, as most of the inhabitants were then in bed. A few of these worthy denizens I shall attempt to bring before the reader, for such a race of oddities as dwelt in Bingham are not every day to be met with. The chief magistrate, justice of the peace, and lord of the manor, was all vested in Sir Charles Harrison—a drunken, fox-hunting, roystering gentleman of the old school, whose heart was far better than his head. He resided in a beautiful mansion about three miles distant from the town; he was choleric, thirsty, and very fat, and on a hot day he would drive through an ocean of business, in the easiest way he could, so that he might the sooner get seated in the "Black's Head" over a good dinner and his bottle. He was an avowed enemy to hawkers, poachers, quack-doctors, and paupers; hasty and over-bearing when thwarted in his purpose, but very forgiving when his passion was over; a red-hot Tory, and a regular ferret at the elections. Vagrants he however would sooner at any time relieve than commit to Kirton house of correction. The chief constable was a famous hunter after this unfortunate tribe, which he often brought before the worthy magistrate, to his no small annoyance.

He was also a regular visiter at the public houses during those hours when, according to law, they should be closed, and an assiduous looker-out after young unmarried women, who bid fair to become mothers. Short weights and bad meat were an abomination in his eyes, and woe to the wight that he chanced to meet drunk. Constable Jerroms was also tax-gatherer and over-looker of the market; would allow nothing to be sold on the Sabbath but milk and mackerel, and fined all he could who did not wash their pavements at least once a week. He was a Whig, and how he managed to keep in office, so often as he had crossed the Tory justice, was a matter of wonder; for it was nothing uncommon for the magistrate to vent his ill-will upon the constable, instead of the culprit he had summoned. He however contrived to furnish himself with plenty of work, although he had not a few in his jurisdiction who set his power at defiance.

Amongst those who were seldom free from warrant or summons, stood foremost old Joe Straton, a man that contrived to pick up his living by selling a lotion, which he manufactured, and alike prescribed to man and horse. "No cure no pay," was Joe's motto; but as he seldom worked a cure, he contrived to get the pay as he could. He was always on the look-out for accidents, mounted on his donkey, and smoking his pipe; with a large bottle of the infallible in each pocket, he would wander round the country in quest of misfortunes. Did he meet a man grinning with the tooth-ache, out came his bottle, and he persuaded him to take a mouthful, and hold it in until the pain was gone away. And if he passed a horseman, whose hack was broken-kneed or had the spasms, the same medicine was recommended. Indeed, he used to assert, "that it was the finest thing under the sun, and would cure any thing, if they would but take plenty of it." "Broken legs, club feet, blindness, dumb, deaf, mad, man, horse, or dog," he would undertake to cure with his royal lotion.

The resident Esculapius was another conspicuous character, who killed more than he cured, and had studied until he was nearly mad. His principal hobby was in following a theory, which he swore was practicable, and by which he could bring the dead to life. This occupied his thoughts day and night, and was always his topic, when he chose the subject of conversation. "Let me but have a man," said he, "not quite dead, but past all recovery, and have another strong person to assist me, just before he expires, I could then, by bending him double, force the real elixir of life from his back. One drop—one small drop of the matter thus extracted, would restore a dead body to life." Where he picked up this wild idea, no one could ever learn; but so completely did he believe in it, that he had vainly offered twenty pounds to any one who would submit to the trial; but, as he could never be persuaded to pay the money first, his plan could not be executed. He had, also, a particular antipathy against his creditors, and seldom paid a bill without being summoned, and was, of course, well known in the justice-room.

Jackey Rattles was another character familiar to Sir Charles; but his crime was nearly always the same, that being, getting drunk, and calling the constable "bumble-foot," on account of the dimensions of his understanding. Seldom a justice day arrived that Jackey had not to appear; but, latterly, he became so regular an attendant, as to summon himself. And as he had once been compelled to pay four and sixpence, he now voluntarily appeared; and if he was not called upon, would step out, and say, "If you please, Sir Charles, your honour's worship, I want that four and sixpence back, as I was robbed on, for saying 'bumble-foot' one day to mysen, as I walked along the street. Now, your worship knows as I've said 'bumble-foot' more scores of times since, wehaut paying four and sixpence; and I don't think it's right to be done out o' my money for nought, when it would buy me ten quarts of ale." "Ask Jerroms for it," Sir Charles would answer." This Jackey never failed to do, meet him when he would.

The next two characters were Mathew Hardcastle and John Trevor. Meet when they would, neither of them would yield the wall but by main force; and they have often been known to stand arguing about the right each had to it for three or four hours, which they at last generally terminated by trying the strength of each other's sticks. Let them be passing up or down Bridge-street when they would, and but get the sight of one another in the distance, they would then immediately commence muttering to themselves like dogs, until they at length met, and made a dead stand. This, one day, happened exactly in the front of old Trown's door, so that his customers could neither get in or out, until he had cleared the way with a strong broomstick, which he found no easy matter; for, although they were both bitter enemies on all occasions, in this they united to attack what they thought their common foe.

Old Arnall was another regular attendant. He had been a pauper nearly all his life, and had several times resided in the workhouse. He was what they termed rather *cracked*, and, on one occasion, when the mistress of the poor-house was in a gay mood, she gave her hand to him in pretended marriage, while one of the overseers read some kind of a ceremony from his parish book. Farmer Duckles, also, as he said, had given him a large farm-house and forty acres of land. Thus he attended every "justice-day," to demand his wife and property, and had long seemed pacified by being told that both his cases were going on prosperously in the court of chancery. He would sometimes point to Miss Charlton, as she passed, and say, "Hey, that's my wife, if ever woman was married;" or take those whom he could persuade to look at his property, and show them what alterations he intended making when it was out of chancery.

Old Lawcock was another oddity, he was the landlord of a yard of houses, which was very appropriately called "Scolding Yard;" and seldom a week passed without his turning some of his tenants into the yard, taking out their windows, and nailing up, or putting padlocks on their doors. He never appeared happy but when engaged in some measure or other for their annoyance. True, he but rarely got any rents, for none would take his houses who could afford to pay others; so that when rent day came, they made a rule of fighting it out, as well as they could: and it was no uncommon sight, to see landlord and tenant engaged in battle, armed with mop and broom, or sometimes emptying pails of water on each other, for he loved nothing so much as a good row. Scarcely one lived under him who was not his master, and there were a few old tenants whom he dared not attack.

With such a variety of characters, it need not be wondered at that Sir Charles had even some curious causes to try; and as he did not possess all the patience that was necessary for his office, we may naturally expect, that, at times, his claimants of justice went away as they came, unless it was carrying with them an additional load of vexation. It was in the middle of the summer that the worthy magistrate was residing for six weeks at a watering-place, far away from the din and clamour of the justice-room; neither did he seem in any hurry to return, although constable Jeroms had written some very urgent letters. However, matters appeared rather beyond trifling with, and Sir Charles had given orders for his departure, not in one of his mildest moods, the next day, after having read the following letter from his pestering deputy:—

"*Bingham, June* 8, 1821.

"Honorable, Sir—If we hevent 'a justice day' afore another week the town will be turned tupsy turvy; old Lawcock is going it like a devil, an Doctor Getsi her almost killed a man; and Jacky Rattles, her tarned a regular Turk; and Trevor and Hardcastle hev had a strange piece of work, and cumplaints are cuming about John Wood daily. I hev no peace on my life, Joe Straton has caused a man almost his death by rubbing. An Arnal bothers me every day. The fellows seem as if they could'nt liv wehout justice an law, an warrants, an if your honour doesen't come, the town will be unlivible in very shortly; we hev much business to do. Come, your honour, and do justice, and oblige your honor's most very humble, sincere sarvant,

George Jeroms."

"D—m them, altogether," muttered the magistrate, as he threw the letter into the fire, and arose to pace the apartment, "I'll commit them every one—a parcel of quarrelsome devils!—they can't let a gentleman enjoy a moment's peace. And I must go there, and sit to hear their tales for the principal part of a day;—and, curse them, they have become so hardened as to care no more what I say to them than a stone; but they shall sit in the stocks for a few hours, and we'll see what that'ill do!—they shall sit in the stocks!—I'm too easy—too good—they're as bad as a parcel of schoolboys, when their master's back's turned; but it's in 'em; it's th' nature o' th' beast!"—(pulling the bell)—"Waiter, bring me half a pint o' th' best brandy, some hot water and sugar; and tell your master to let me have my bill immediately! — I'll justice them, 'pon my word and honour, will I!—I'll commit them! transport 'em! hang em! d—— them!" And he sat down to enjoy his brandy, after having worked himself into a perspiration, and swore until he was good humoured again.

In a day or two after this, a paper was posted upon the town-hall doors, which announced that,

"All persons wot hev any business whatsomever, are to attend at the Town Hall to morrow, when a "Justice Day" will be holden, as Sir Charles hez cymed. By order of

"Gods Save George Jerroms.
"The King Constable."

The long-looked for day had now arrived, and Sir Charles entered the justice-room, looking any thing but pleasant. The first object that caught his worship's eye, was the town-clerk, nearly hidden by law-books of reference, and mending his pens.

"I hope your worship's very well after your journey," said the constable, bowing and eddying up to the justice."

"Well? hey, that letter of your's would make the devil well; let's begin—what's the first?"

"Mary Kitchen, your worship—a case of filliation."

"Odds zound! what one of my own servants. How the devil come you to be in this scrape, Mary?"

"Your worship knows best," simpers Mary, curtseying.

"I know best!—what do you mean, madam?—speak!"

"I nobert means as your worship's father on't."

"Blood and thunder! Jerroms—break her neck down stairs! Hussey!—sauce-box!—cat!—she-devil! Jerroms—why don't you kick her out?"

"Your worship called me pretty Mary afore!" said the frighted damsel.

"Take her away, I insist—a baggage!" Then he whispered aside to Jerroms, "put her into a private room until business is over."

"Ha! ha! ha!" was heard from every side, as the magistrate stood looking at the window, as if he would leap through one of the panes. Then turning to them, he exclaimed—

"The first man that I find who believes what yon trollop has said against my character, I'll commit him for seven years!"

"Wew!"—"We can think!"—"Make Jerroms go halves!"—"Get some of old Joe's lotion!" and sundry other witticisms were muttered.

"Silence, sirrahs!—what case stands next?"

"Stevenson against Trevor and Hardcastle."

"State it quick!"

"Your worship 'ell be pleased to no that these two hed one of their regular stands under my window for five hours, till I thought as they were niver going to move on no more; so I orders my man to throw a bucket of water on 'em: well, an' what does they do but acts on, and breaks my window all to atoms, your worship, instead o' laying on one another we their sticks, as they mostly do."

"Oh! humph!" ejaculated the justice, "and what amount of damages have they done?"

"The glazier says it ell cost two pouuds, your worship, to make the panes good."

"Two pound—oh! What have you two old men to say for your conduct? Did I not decide, the last time, that whichever had the right hand of the wall, the other should give it up, as a matter of right?"

"But your honour must first tell us which is the right-hand, because when we see one another coming, we both set our backs to the wall, and so move on until we meet in that manner, and then your honour sees that neither of us has the right hand, but we're backs to it."

"Humph! hey! Yule—is there any such case in Blackstone that we may decide by?"

"None, Sir Charles."

"Then you'd better pay the damage you've done to John Stevenson, old men, and fight it out as usual."

"An' wot's he to pay us for spoiling our clothes, and giving us our death o' cold, by throwing a bucket of water on us, your honour?"

"Go into another room, and make it up as you can; and hear, if you can't agree, fight it out one amongst another, only don't come bothering me any more with your nonsense. What case next?—quick!"

"If you please, your Worship, since you've been away," said the constable, "Jackey Rattles hez allo been about that four-and-sixpence he says we owe him:—on the other day the wind happened to blow my hat off, an he picked it up an wouldn't give it me back, but selled it to a man for five shillings, an he's called me Bumble-foot, three hundred an forty-five times sin last justice-day—I've made a memorandum; an I can niver walk up th' street now, but what a parcel of children get after me an shout Bumble-foot, your worship."

"If they shout Bumble-head, I cant see what you have to do with it, but this hat 's another matter;—what business had you with it, Mr. Rattles? come sirrah, quick."

"Why, your worship, as I foun a hat one day in th' street, an I could'nt swear whose it was, so I picked it up, and there was a man going past as looked if he wanted one very bad, so he says, if you'll give me it, I'll give you five shillings, so your worship sees I did;—I couldn't swear as it was Mr. Jerrom's; an as to my saying Bumble-foot, I don't see what he has to do with that, because I think that when I'm walking along a street, Ive a right to say what I like."

"Yes, sirrah, but you have no right to pick a man's hat up and sell it; "you must pay him the five shillings back, or sit in the stocks three hours."

"Well sir, I shall prefer sitting in the stocks, until Mr. Jerroms has a mind to take sixpence of me, and then it ill make it all straight for that four-and-sixpence which he made me pay for calling him Bumble-foot."

"Jerroms, you must take the sixpence."

"I will, an' if you'll make him find bond not to call me any more."

"Jacky Rattles, you must be bound in your own recognizances for twenty pounds, not to abuse Mr. Jerroms any more."

"I'll be bound for a hundred if your worrhip chooses, and Mr. Bumble-foot may go my halves; and if he's a mind to go with me to the sign of the Lamb, we'll spend this sixpence, for I don't like to pay in dry money, your worship; but my tongue will say Bumble-foot somehow, whether I'll let it or not."

"Well, well, settle it as you can. Any more business?"

"Yes, your worship. There's Doster Getre, Thomas Lowcock, Old Arnul, Spouting Billy, an' Tom Nabbler, for poaching, we several others."

"For poaching, bring the scoundrel here immediately.—So, you have been poaching, have you?"

"They say so, your worship."

"Who says so?"

"Please your worship," said a gamekeeper, "I cotched him in our preserves about seven weeks back, on the afternoon of the 25th of April, with a lot of snares in his possession, an' two or three hares that he'd catched. I tried to teck him then, your worship, but he being a powerful man showed fight, and got away. So hearing that you'd come, I had him apprehended this morning, and here he is."

"Villain, to go a poaching when the season is over, it makes your crime double. I never shoot a hare in April—what have you to say in your defence?"

"No, but as this here chap's a thundering liar; and if it war'n't for the respect of your worship's presence, I would have doubled him up like an eeel, and thrown him out o' th' window," said Tom, clenching his bony fist.—"I say as I wasn't there, nor he didn't see me—it was some other man, about my size."

"Well, my man, how will you prove it—where's your witness?"

"Your worship's all the witness I hev, and all I want. He says, your worship, as it was in th' afternoon o'th' 25th of April; an' if your worship looks at your books, you'll find that to be th' justice day."

"Well, fellow, what has that to do with the case in point? quick."

"Don't be in a hurry, your worship, an' I'll come to that soon. We all know as them preserves, as he's keeper for, lies twelve miles from here, an' how could I be walking on the footroad an' see you stop your servant, an' ask him if he'd delivered those letters safe, as you was going home in the afternoon, if I'd been twelve miles off?"

"You're right, I did stop my man, John, and ask him about those letters; 'tis a plain case.—Keeper, I commit you for one month for false swearing."

"I can't help it, your worship; but I as surely catched him on our preserves on the day he mentions, as I stand here before your worship; and my master 'ill not let me lie in prison for doing my duty."

"Well, well, its a difficult case, I can't decide it.—Don't you come before me again, Mr. Nobbler, on such a business.—I dismiss you both. What comes next?"

"George Trueman against Doctor Getre, for attempt to murder, against the plaintiff's consent."

"Humph! is your name George Trueman?

"Yes, your worship."

"Well, where's your wounds? you look well, how is it? you wasn't murdered—state your case, sirrah."

"Your worship must know that I've been ailing for a long time, an' about five weeks ago was upon th' point of death, an' Dr. Getre attended me.—Well, your worship sees, as every time he come he was alluz telling I should never get better, an' trying to persuade me to let him do something with me afore I died, an' he would give me twenty pounds; it was to squeeze the 'lixer o' life out o' my back; an your worship, cus I would never cunsent, becoss he said, that as soon as it was over, I should die, an your worship knows, as while there's life there's hopes—so I refused. Well, your worship; one night, when I was in a very low state, what does he do, but comes an brings another man with him; an he comes an sits by my bed side and tecks hold of my hand—'George,' says he, 'your dying,' so I never spoke, but I felt very low, an he refused to give me any more medecine. So, he says, " if I try to shift you a hit, it will do you good ;' an would your worship believe, as all at once they took and doubled my feet and head together, to get the 'lixer of life out o' my back. If I hadn't screamed out murder, they wouid hev killed me, to get my 'lixer.

" Humph ! doctor, if you begin this game ot killing people, you'll soon get to dance upon nothing."

" Sir Charles," said the doctor folding his arms, and throwing one leg over the other, " what I intended doing I did not accomplish sufficiently successful ; but in the conglomoration of matters, vital and others, which my assidious studies have rendered down in my own visual organs to occular demonstration—created, embodied, conceived, and brought forth in my own mind—one man must be annihilated that many may live ; from the spine it must come at first, and be sent into all the arteries, ramifications, and vessels, and as it incrassates from the incurvate distillation, and becomes incorporated into the inexe of life-death——"

" All this may be very well, doctor, but to me it sounds a deal like nonsense, and would form but a poor defence if you ever come to be tried for your life. I would advise you to try the resurrection on somebody first, and see what that will do." No ! no ! no ! Doctor Getre, you must find two sureties for fifty pounds each, and yourself for another fifty that you will not during the term of your life, endeavour to squeeze any one to death. Go, Sir, and find your bail."

" That I can do, Sir Charles," said the mad doctor, cooly, " but this shall not prevent me from putting my most important discovery into execution. It is a duty which I owe to my fellow men ; and those ties of affinity will then never more be severed by death. I will petition government that those who have no relatives shall be compelled to give up their elixir."

" As you like—as you like ; but I insist upon your bail. 'Tis now time to close the court," says the baronet.

" But there are a few cases, your worship, which are rather urgent that have not come on yet," said the constable.

" Then you must come over to my house in the morning ; I shall do nothing more to-day ; and do you mind see as if you can come about business a little more orderly, and not as if all Bedlam was let loose."

" Yes, your worship, but I shall have to bring half of Scolding-yard at my heels, in Old Lowcock's cause."

" The devil you will ; well do as well as you can," and the court was cleared with three loud huzzas for the worthy justice ; in which Denman joined from his windows.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

It is frequently taken for granted that, as far as regards the principle of establishment and ascendancy, the English and Irish Protestant churches rest upon the same foundation. No one denies that the Irish establishment involves more and greater grievances than the English; but most men seem to think that were the Irish church so far altered as to invalidate the principle of its legalized ascendancy, the English church could not be consistently maintained. Thus, the desire to prosecute improvement in Ireland is much less determined and effective than it would otherwise be; for Englishmen, who prefer an established to a subscription clergy for themselves, are afraid to probe the Irish evil to the bottom, lest the violent remedy perhaps necessary [for it should be adopted into the English practice, and applied to the English disease. It is hardly possible to suppose Lord Stanley exempt from this common error; but surely he will not continue to insist, as he has hitherto, upon the maintenance of the mere show of Protestant ascendancy in districts of Ireland entirely Catholic, for the sake of any good he may expect therefrom to the Protestant cause *in that part of the empire.* Lord Stanley cannot but be well aware, that the Protestant functionary and edifice must be abominations to a Catholic population, since even persons of cultivated minds scarcely avoid prejudice against matters of opinion, especially in religion, when it is attempted to place such matters unfairly and offensively before them. Lord Stanley cannot hope for converts to Protestantism in Ireland through church and parson; nor is he quite improvident enough to exasperate the multitude of Irish Catholics for the mere convenience of two or three Protestants in a parish: that is, to save them the trouble of going some distance to church. When, therefore, Lord Stanley will have churches and parsons, not only where there is no demand for them, but where they are a positive scandal to the surrounding population; when this zealous churchman vows that, by the blessing of God, the people of Ireland shall have the pure word taught them, whether they will congregate to hear it or no, we understand him to mean, that an established Protestant church is essential for England, and that, therefore, the principle of establishment must be maintained, cost what it may in other respects, in Ireland. Lord Stanley's family is notoriously too much interested in the maintenance of the church, pretty nearly as it is, to qualify him for dispassionate entertainment of the question. But we are not now canvassing his reasons for fending off all challenge from the principle of establishment. It is enough for our present purpose that he evidently is determined so to do; and we are convinced he views the Irish church question through the medium of fear and misgiving for the future fate of the church of England.

That the English church is in some disrepute, cannot be denied; but whence arises this unpopularity? From the Tories, and with them, in church matters, Lord Stanley and his friends. Abate the political arrogance of the church; abolish the purely factitious grades of dignity within the church, which tempt clergymen to assume a worldly importance, and with it personal vanities and affectations unbecoming philosophy, and at open hostility with religion; convert tithe property into a government fund, thus providing for the liberal though not luxurious maintenance of a parochial clergy; admit of no pretence for pluralities; such alterations as these, accompanied by the removal of all offensive restrictions upon dissenters in every department of the state, would rid the principle of a church establishment of that unfriendly scepticism towards it which now exists, and is increasing. But Lord Stanley, the *church*-Tory, is essentially aristocratic, and devoted to the showy and magnificent. He has no regard for any institution without splendour and dignity, and will abet the *civil*-Tories in maintaining the worldliness of the church against the sense of almost all the laity of the kingdom. Hence the unpopularity of the established church.

But from Ireland the English establishment has nothing to fear. Should amendments in Ireland go even the length of leaving episcopal Protestantism to shift for itself, as well as Presbyterian or any other form of Protestantism; still the cases are not sufficiently parallel for inference, that the like would one day be the fate of the English church. On the contrary, the Irish church might be swept away, and leave the English church stronger rather than weaker in consequence, by ridding it entirely of the chief instance of its intolerance and injustice.

In the first place, Protestantism, though at the outset forced upon the multitude in England, originated with natives, and soon acquired the character and rights, which national adoption alone can bestow. The church of England, however dissenters may disapprove of it, is at all events Protestant, and so far in theoretic accordance with their fundamental principle of dissent. All that can in England be fairly urged against the church, on religious grounds, when divested of its abuses, amounts to this: that a certain portion of various denominations of dissenters, differing with each other in most respects, agree in disliking the ascendancy of the elder and larger sect. Before the dissenters can succeed in displacing the church of England by fair means, they must prove it to be inseparable from political abuses, and prove also, that a high average of mental cultivation is of no use in a religious functionary, or can be insured by voluntary subscription.

But the Irish Catholics can fairly argue, that the Protestant church amongst them is based upon the sandy, unhallowed foundation of national *conquest;* that it has gained nothing but through power, and oppression of an "enemy," for history forbids us English to call our ancestors friends to the Irish; that national and most justifiable risings amongst them have in past ages been hailed as excuses for settling Protestants on confiscated property; that, in the course of years, the prospect of wealth and protection of power have added other Scottish and English settlers to the descendants of the interlopers; that hence has gradually accumulated a church Protestant population, of importance no doubt, considered merely with regard to its disreputably acquired property, but still numerically inconsiderable as compared with the native Irish Catholics.

Secondly. It may be urged against the Protestant Irish church, that it is a DESERTER from the principles of Catholicism, as well as an usurper of its rights. However true the position, that the Protestant episcopal church is the more in accordance with primitive Christianity, and therefore, in fact, the older church of the two; this is a purely theological position, too controversial, and dating too far back to influence national conviction, or affect the question at issue between England and Ireland. In the popular and equitable view, the Protestant of the established church is a dissenter from the Catholic church. The Protestant has, in the judgment of the world at large, deserted from the faith of his ancestors, and rebelled against the spiritual authority of him whom those ancestors regarded as God's representative upon earth. Beyond all question, the Irish Catholics are justified in laying thus much to the charge of episcopalian as well as other Protestants; and with much more justice, and consistency too, can they anathematize us for our apostacy, than we can censure any of our dissenting brethren for seceding from our establishment.

Thirdly. Who shall deny the Irish Catholics the right of protesting against the appropriation of Catholic endowments to the uses of a Protestant church? Our laws may have made it illegal to withhold from Protestants what was intended for Catholic uses; but it is not, therefore, unjust or ungenerous in Catholics to complain of laws they are forced to obey. Nay more, no reflecting and candid man, of whatever religious creed, would deny that it is a grossly tyrannous stretch of power, by which the Irish Catholics are deprived of all share in the ecclesiastical funds of their country.

Fourthly. We English of the established church, who are scandalized at dissent from ourselves, and talk censoriously of heretics and schismatics, must not, in common fairness, deny the Catholics the *right* of maintaining the fundamental principles of that church, from which we are ourselves dissenters. The fundamental tenet of Catholicism is that, beyond the pale of the church, naught is religiously worthy. Without this tenet the Catholic system is theoretically null and void. The charities of the Catholics of Ireland are not coerced by this absurd tenet. Probably but a very small portion of even the most unlettered of them could feel or act towards Protestants as this tenet might be supposed to suggest; just as but few Protestants relish or act upon the dogmas of "the Athanasian creed." But, since this tenet is inseparable from the Catholic system, and is not more offensive and hurtful than our own Athanasian tenets, if the Catholic religion is to be tolerated at all, this item of its theory must be tolerated along with it: we must, together with the *now constitutional admission that Catholics are as trustworthy subjects as ourselves*, admit, that they are justified in maintaining all the peculiar tenets of their system; and amongst them the following, *viz.* that *Protestants are in a damnable predicament, and that Protestant parsons and churches are abominations in a Christian land.* Whilst mere theoretic dogmas do not excite Catholics to civil outrages against Protestants; whilst it is notorious that Catholics, fairly treated, are humanely disposed towards their heretical fellow-subjects, we are bound to allow them the entire prejudices of their system. Thus, the maintenance of a Protestant ascendancy amongst the Irish must be allowed to be a far greater grievance than any which English dissenters can allege against our national church. The Protestant principle is wholly inadmissible by the Catholic church: we English are bound to respect the maintenance of this uncompromising theoretic hostility, and must, for consistency sake, be *inclined to concede much more to the Catholics than to any religious sect which is, like our own, based upon the Protestant principle.*

Fifthly. If a government aim at sincere obedience, and ready cooperation with its policy and enactments, it must not merely bear in view what it may deem expedient for the whole empire, as regards external interests, but it must be guided also by a strict principle of impartiality towards its own subjects. Occasionally, no doubt, circumstances may occur to require greater sacrifices from one portion of an empire than another. Such temporary and unavoidable evils always bring their own apology with them, and never excite dissatisfaction against a government; for the much-abused people are always generously disposed towards rulers, whose general spirit they believe to be considerate towards them. But strict impartiality must be the rule of the governing power, else it will not be obeyed by freemen as soon as they can shake off its authority. The justice of this reasoning being, it is presumed, indisputable, it follows that the privileges enjoyed by the Church of Scotland justify the Irish Catholics in feeling the more aggrieved, and oblige us to indulge them, *as nearly as possible,* to the same extent.

Before the Catholic disabilities were removed by parliament, and, whilst the "laws" stigmatized the Irish Catholics as men of mere precedent and statute, the *classical politicians* had some excuse for deeming the Irish case too anomalous for regular treatment. But, now that the constitution has dubbed our Catholic brethren trustworthy, with but one or two exceptions in "civil" matters, it becomes our paramount duty to apply this spirit of impartiality to "ecclesiastical" affairs also, to the utmost extent compatible with the Protestant principle and Protestant *jealousy* of our national constitution. It is indeed painful for a generous mind to recognize the political necessity which really does exist of maintaining the Protestant principle of the constitution in Ireland. So much gratuitous tyranny and gross selfishness has Protestantism been guilty of towards the Irish, that an enlightened Protestant, knowing it to be impossible for the Catholic or any other religious system again to uphold "divine right" in prejudice to "civil liberty," would fain erase the Protestant provisions from the constitution.

There is not in reality the least reason why the Catholic church should not, in the present age, be as completely established in Ireland as Presbyterianism in Scotland, if we look to the spirit of the constitution instead of the letter; for it is an indisputable and most important truth, that the constitution does not meddle with religion *for religion's sake,* as Lord Stanley seems to suppose,* but only to prevent the interference of false religion with civil liberty. Unfortunately, however, the Protestant mind, throughout all our religious varieties, has not yet emancipated itself from the tyranny of historical recollections, as regards the Catholics. Should ever the salutary truths be established, that *the politician's first duty is to labour to understand man of the present age;* and that *the risks of misinterpreting human nature through the accidents of history are greater than those which accompany actual observation;* then, but not till then, will the utility of anti-Catholic provisions be questioned by the public at large: therefore, though it be painful to require the concession from our Catholic brethren, there is no present alternative but the dissolution of the empire. The state of the Protestant Irish church must and will be so altered, in the course of time (probably ere long), as to free the Catholics from all but its theological grievances; but it is impossible to calculate upon an entire abatement of Protestant fears and prejudices within an assignable period of time; consequently, Ireland must either submit to the mere theoretic ascendancy of the Protestant church, or by force sever herself from the British empire.

Taking for granted, then, that our generous and patient Irish brethren do not wish to be quite separated from us (especially in these hopeful times of approximation to an understanding), it must be assumed, that the "Protestant ascendancy" is to be "nominally" preserved throughout the empire. Ireland, not expecting us to be wise beyond our generation, will be content with somewhat less than her abstract rights; will condescend to accept what is sufficient to evince our compunction and desire to conciliate her, in lieu of that which she really ought to receive, and which our ignorance alone denies. But it behoves us, if we are not lost to all sense of shame; if we are not absolutely callous to the universal disapprobation of civilized Europe; if we are not prepared to maintain that wealth, and wealth alone, will uphold the cause of Protestantism; if we would fain eschew the imputation of using a religious pretext for keeping a gallant and resourceful nation in a state of dishonourable and barbarous subjection; it behoves us, as men and Christians, to exert our utmost ingenuity in making amends to the Irish Catholics by all concessions short of admitting the "political establishment" of their religious faith. Instead of thinking, for a moment, how we may "pacify" Ireland by the smallest concessions, we ought to rack our brains to find out how much we may "voluntarily give up," without scandalizing the weakness of our sincere and zealous, though mistaken Protestant brethren.

What, then, can we give up to the Irish, without surrendering our "darling" ascendancy? Is it more, or less, than the Whig Ministry, under Lord Grey, wished to grant? Much more, abundantly much more might be granted, without trenching upon Protestant ascendancy in Ireland.

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* The spirit of the constitution is simple and unmixed. Its object is one, and only one, viz. to guard civil liberty from all restrictions but such as insure its permanence, and most extensively administer its blessings. The spirit of the constitution is a civil, not an ecclesiastical spirit, and, unless when liberty be in danger from pretended religion, the most appropriate constitutional motto is—*Tros Rutulusve fuat nullo discrimine habetor.*

No one is mad enough, in the present age, to aim at preserving ascendancy over the minds of men by legislation. Obedience in outward act is all that can be hoped for. Nor can any but a small portion of the "masculine" community uphold Lord Stanley in expecting proselytes to the Irish Church from the "forcing system." It is fair to assume, that Protestant churches and parsons cannot increase the "moral" ascendancy of the Protestant cause in Ireland, in districts which do not provide a "quorum" for a congregation. In such districts, the insolent pertinacity of the domineering system can only tend to heighten the general exasperation against it. An unpretending, conciliating, soliciting dissenter from the Established Church might hope to gain some hold upon the esteem of his Catholic neighbours, and, through personal esteem gradually insinuate his own religious opinions into their friendly and unconscious breasts. But the parson is the representative of those bitter grievances of tyranny and spoliation, with which Irish history abounds; there is an insuperable objection, *à priori,* to make overtures towards a good understanding with the parson; by the inherent principles of human nature the Catholic population must be set against him; "charm he never so wisely, they will refuse to hear his voice;" he will never be able to win over his neighbours from the religious tenets of their injured forefathers; his residence amongst them can only tend to keep alive a flame of political animosity, which would else soon be extinguished. Moral ascendancy then being impossible for Protestants to acquire over their Catholic fellow-countrymen; and the British constitution having patronized Protestantism, not from a religious, but mere political preference, in order to preserve the civil liberties of the country, it is our business as politicians, and our duty as men, to repudiate at once the proselytizing spirit of Lord Stanley and his Tory friends. We cannot, try as we will, make Protestants out of Irish Catholics; therefore, it is folly to prate about preaching the "pure word" to them: *we are not warranted by the constitution to meddle more with religious systems than may be requisite to preserve our civil liberty in England; therefore, whether Protestants increase or diminish in Ireland, is no matter for our concern.* The paramount duty of the English portion of the empire at this moment is to do justice to and conciliate the Irish portion. No question approaches within many degrees of the importance of the Irish church question. No ministry can deserve to be maintained for an hour which is not prepared to make the fullest amends to our Irish fellow-countrymen. No branch of our constitution must be left in its present state of organization which will not consent to Irish measures at least as liberal as those of the late Whig ministry.

The Whig ministry has, indeed, accomplished wonders for us. Lasting and unbounded be our thanks for its beneficent instrumentality. Its Irish church measures were, too, highly valuable in one respect, viz. *in setting up the principle of accommodating the appropriation of church revenues to the relative numbers of Catholics and Protestants.* It will be a great gain if, by throwing at the present

Tories, we can get a Whig "Irish Church Bill" passed; for the generous and long-enduring Irish will be satisfied for the present with the establishment of this grand principle. But the principle fairly carried out would effect a much larger reduction of Protestant temporalities than the Whig ministry contemplated, nor would this larger reduction in the least invalidate the political ascendency of the Protestant church. It is important to insist upon this fact, not with a view to disparage the improvement contemplated by the Whigs; but in order to thrust forward into striking prominency the gross folly and unconstitutional spirit of the present system of Irish Protestantism.

The Irish Catholics, generous and disposed to conciliation as they are, can, and do, make allowances for Protestant fears and fantasies, however idle now, which have been derived through history. There can be no doubt but that they would cheerfully assent to some such final provisions against them as the following; which, while they would not tend to repress the vitality and energies of the Catholic religion, as a system of faith and observance, nor amount to an insult, intolerable to freemen and equal fellow-subjects, would still suffice to humour the fastidiousness of Protestant scruples, and satisfy the nation at large, that the Protestant spirit of the constitution still maintained the ascendant.

1st. Let the Catholic clergy be prohibited from expressing publicly the least degree of political subservience to the Pope.

2d. Let them be barred from occupation of cathedrals, lest, growing inflated with personal importance, they should assume worldly airs and vanities, which are graceful and edifying, and above all, "constitutional" in our own Protestant clergy alone.

3d. Let not Catholic bishops be recognized by their titles.

4th. Let no existing parochial churches be appropriated to Catholic uses.

5th. Let not concessions of church revenues, in support of Catholic priests be construed into a "cession of rights;" but, on the contrary, let it be understood, that the stipends paid the Irish Catholic clergy, by the government, proceeds from Protestant liberality.

Such provisions as these would quiet the national Protestant mind; and to such restrictions would the Irish Catholics, for the common good of the empire, cheerfully submit; for they know well enough, that were they, in the present age, to be treated with all the liberality they deserve by a Protestant government, the fanaticism of the various Protestant sects would be excited to a high degree of holy exaltation; a "No Popery" cry would be raised, and the hope of a final adjustment and sincere fraternization with Ireland thus removed to a most discouraging distance.

But forbearance need not be preached to the Irish: their demands have always been surprisingly moderate, and are so at this present moment: they do make allowance for Protestant jealousy and prejudices: they are, without solicitation, content to put up with whatever may be needful to maintain the "political" ascendency of the Protestant principle.

Now, the provisions above specified are, beyond question, sufficient to assert the ascendency of the Protestant church; nor does it require much sagacity to admit that nothing else is wanting, or can be made available to *ensure* that ascendancy. *Numbers* of bishops and parsons, and churches may, no doubt, make a *greater show* of Protestantism, but can neither help to overawe or conciliate the Catholic MIND, nor keep the Catholic "body" in a state of subjection. Protestant ascendency, to the extent desired by Lord Stanley and the Tories, can only be maintained by bullet and bayonet; and unless, indeed, the Irish church is to be made literally "militant," and converted into an armed corps, it matters not at all, for "constitutional ascendancy," whether there be a numerous band of Protestant ecclesiastics in Ireland, or only just enough to occupy the posts of honour and chief emolument. Therefore, although the Whig bill aimed at great improvements in reducing the ecclesiastical staff of the Irish Protestant church, there is no doubt but that much more could be, and in justice and perhaps prudence ought to be, done towards pacifying the oppressed and insulted Irish.

HOMO.

A VOYAGE IN THE NORTH SEAS.

CHAPTER I.

"Ye gentlemen of England,
Who live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The danger of the seas."

DURING the war with France, the students of Edinburgh imbibed and displayed a more than common portion of the pugnacious disposition which the great national quarrel fostered. The Braid Hills and the recesses of Arthur's Seat became the scene of many duels, not a few of which were fatal. The circumstances which we are about to record, arose out of one of these juvenile rencontres;—and there will be many—then fellow-students with the present writer and his hero—now grave and reverend seignors in law, physic, and divinity—who will recognize the adventures of one, that, during our time, bore away the most distinguished honours.

Frank Arundel, on his taking his degree of M. D., gave, as is usual, a feast to his friends,—where a quarrel having arisen between his dearest friend, Harry Hollyoak, and himself, they fought, and Harry was borne, to all appearance, lifeless from the field. Hollyoak, was a lieutenant in His Majesty's navy, had been the companion of Arundel's boyhood, and, to add to the unhappy nature of the affair, was betrothed to Frank's sister, Harriet, who, was the grand toast of the Westmoreland youths. The anguish of Arundel may be imagined under this miserable misfortune. For some time he would not leave the body, and persisted in his intention of giving himself up to the authorities. At last, however, he was prevailed on to fly, and after a succession of adventures, which it is unnecessary to relate, found himself on board the Labrador, a Greenland whale ship, in which he had engaged himself as surgeon.

The captain of the Labrador, by name Bellamy, was a vain, shallow, overbearing man, who possessed neither the bluff good humour of a seaman, nor the courtesy of a well-bred landsman. He piqued himself upon a certain prim peculiar manner, which he mistook for politeness, and which sat as ill upon his vulgar carcase as would a silk cloak upon the back of a scavenger. It was impossible for Frank to conceal the contempt and disgust which the general conduct of the captain created. This, of course, the latter soon perceived, but he was prevented by the respect which, in spite of himself, he felt for Arundel, from inflicting on him any humiliating insult. Perhaps there is nothing more calculated to stimulate hate in a little mind than such constrained respect as Bellamy paid to Arundel. He hated him the more bitterly, because he could not despise him. The natural consequence of such feelings between two persons, thrown continually in each other's way, was a quarrel, in which the whole bitterness and ferocity of the captain's hate was foiled by the superior address of Arundel, who, having gained the confidence of the whole crew, was enabled to despise the attempts of Bellamy to injure him. From this time, the darkest schemes of treachery were cherished by the captain, who vowed in his heart that Arundel should never return home alive. Such was the state of matters on board the Labrador, when, after some days of stormy weather, having reached the latitude of 60° north, and longitude 10° west, they fell in with a small vessel in distress. The wind, fortunately, lulled a little at the time the crew of the Labardor perceived the wreck, permitting them to send out boats; in one of which Arundel went, in order to give his assistance if required. The scene which met his eyes, as he stepped on the deck of the shattered little vessel, was such as to freeze his very blood with horror. On the deck, in the after part of the vessel, with her hands lashed to a heavy spar, and an immense profusion of light hair half veiling her naked bosom, lay the inanimate form of a female about seventeen or eighteen years of age. A gaunt old mariner was stretched near her, who seemed to have been arrested by death in completing the dreadful purpose, which the position of the group sufficiently indicated. One huge, dark, bony hand, from which, famine seemed to have abstracted every particle of flesh, was fastened on her shoulder—the harsh outline and horny skin of his hand and arm, contrasting strongly with the almost starry radiance of the limb which it grasped; while the other hand clutched a large seaman's knife, with a force which had caused the blood to spring from under the nails. Near them were kneeling (or reclining) three or four seamen, whose shrivelled, tortured features, livid lips, and dim eyes, showed that they were in the last stage of famine. Whether from joy at their unexpected deliverance, or horror at the deed which the agonies of hunger had driven them to perform, they remained fixed in the posture in which they were first discovered, showing no sign of life, save the muttering of their blue lips, and the occasional slow elevation of their eyelids above their sunk and soddened eyes. One man was at the pump; he was kneeling on one knee, his bare bony breast pressed for support against the pump-rail, and his features writhen into a convulsed idiotic smile. Another poor wretch sate apart, chewing a piece of canvas; there was a terrific scowl upon his face, and his eyes gleamed with that unearthly light which insanity alone produces.—He had become a maniac from hunger!

Arundel, directing the men who accompanied him, to assist the others, instantly unloosed the lashings which confined the female's wrists, and tearing open her dress, pressed his hand in an agony of doubt and expectation to her heart. Its faint and irregular pulsations, showed that life still lingered in her frame. The old seaman was gone for ever. A little wine and water was administered to the sufferers, who were then with the greatest care lowered into the boat. As the vessel was evidently settling fast, and it was of the first consequence to give immediate relief to the survivors, no attention could be paid to the funeral obsequies of the old man; but one of the sailors wrapping a piece of tarpaulin round the body, and securing it by a few turns of a rope to a rail, left him to seek the depths of the sea with the gallant little ship, which he had loved so well in life, for a coffin.

The crew of the other boat remained to secure the effects of the rescued mariners. After some difficulty, they succeeded in obtaining a few of the seamen's chests, as well as some trunks containing books and various articles of female dress. It chanced, that one of the trunks slipping out of the hands of the man who was removing it, struck against and forced open a pannelled door, which in our hurry we nearly missed. It opened into a small inner cabin, that, like the outer, was nearly half full of water. It was fitted up with almost oriental luxury; costly mirrors were let into the sides, and in the intervening spaces were painted landscapes, in the first style of art. A few bales were rolling about in the water, which, on a seaman ripping one of them up with his knife, were discovered to be filled with the most costly French laces, at that time of immense value in England. On the bed, the furniture of which, was in a corresponding style of magnificence, was coiled up the attenuated body of an old man, his knees and chin being in contact, and his arms wrapped round some bulky object, in an embrace, the convulsive force of which death had been unable to relax. The men turned over the corpse, and having with some difficulty forced the stiffened limbs asunder, discovered that the object of all this solicitude, which had been stronger than famine and the fear of death, was a large bag filled with gold coin. Overjoyed as the seamen were at their good fortune, the hideous grin which sat upon the features of the corpse, whose dead fishy eye, dimly discovered in the dubious light, seemed fixed with malign meaning upon those who had at length reft from him his dear-loved treasure, so horrified even the hardy seamen, that it was not till they had removed the whole of the valuable effects into their own boat, and had pulled a cable's length from the the sinking sloop, that they began to congratulate each other on their prize.

"A damn'd slippery sheet anchor the old un was made fast to, for riding out the death storm," said one of the men—"And it's a slippery way that same has been fish'd too, or I'm a seahorse," remarked an old boat-steerer.

"Why so you are, Joe; a marine may see that without a telescope," replied the man who had spoken first. "Why you don't mean for to go for to say that a free-trader's money ar'n't as good as another's, and won't melt into grog as well as the king's own?"—"I say nothing, messmate," said Joe, giving at the same time a vigorous stroke with his oar, "with a will! men, a long stroke and a steady: the ship is'n't where she was half an hour ago, and yon scud flying to the nor'east is on no errand of good for 'those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business on the mighty waters.' It's my mind that yon dead old man's grin wasn't done for nothing!"

Profound silence followed this remark of the old mariner; the men saw that the ship had drifted considerably to leeward, and that the wind was again rising; they, therefore, stretched themselves vigorously to their oars, and strove through the stormy waters with the energy of men whose nerves are strung by a sense of danger. They reached the ship, and were standing among their companions, watching in silence when the little vessel they had left would settle into the waves.

"Yonder goes the Albatross on her last dive," said a voice in a foreign accent, as the stern of the little craft burst out with a noise which was heard distinctly above the roar of the wakening tempest, and plunging down head-foremost, she vanished from the view—"a lovelier sea-boat never gladdened a seaman's eye, and a fleeter never walked over the waters!" The men turned suddenly round to the speaker, and saw that it was one of the rescued crew who had uttered this characteristic elegy on his favourite vessel. His tall form was bent from weakness, the tears streamed over his famine-furrowed cheeks, and dropped off his matted black beard, while he strained his eyes towards the spot where the agitated waters had closed over the little sloop. The sympathising tars conveyed him to his destined berth, while old Joe walked aft, casting his eye expressively up to the flying scud, and muttering to himself: "I trust in God he hasn't the power to work us no mischief, if so be as he is at the stirring up of that hell broth—but, good Lord! he wore an awful grin on's face!" For some time the crew were too busy in making the ship snug (for, as old Joe had predicted, the storm returned with tenfold fury) to allude further at that time to the sight which had been seen in the cabin of the foundered sloop, but many a night-watch was spent afterwards in the Labrador in listening to the yarns of old Joe about the grand furniture of the bed-cabin of the Albatross, and many a time the eyes which had looked death fearlessly in the face, amid stormy winds and waters, quailed at the old mariner's description of the hideous grin which despair and famine had carved on the features of the old miser's corpse.

For some days the storm continued to rage with unabated fury, so that their only resource was to keep the vessel before it, and as it blew from the south-east, they had reached the entrance of Davis's

Straits ere fine weather returned; thus putting it absolutely out of the power of Captain Bellamy, even if his officers (whose wages depended chiefly on their success in the fishery) would have allowed him, to return and land the shipwrecked crew. It only remained for them, therefore, to go the whole voyage. In the meantime the seamen who had been taken from the sloop regained their health and strength, all but one poor fellow, who died a day or two after coming on board the Labrador in a state of furious insanity, brought on by his previous sufferings. The young lady—for such she proved to be, in the best sense of the word—gradually recovered, and finding it impossible to be restored to her native land before the termination of the voyage, had become in some measure reconciled to her fate. For a few days she seemed to hover between life and death, and until her strength returned, frequently had partial fits of madness, when she would shriek, tear her hair, and utter the most pathetic prayers,—as if to some one whose cruelty she deprecated. Gradually, however, by the judicious management of Arundel, she regained composure and some degree of strength, and at length was able to acquaint her preservers with her story. We shall briefly detail it; choosing, however, for obvious reasons, to give it in our own words.

Flora Mc Alpine—for by this name her father had called her, out of a romantic respect to the preserver of the Chevalier—was the daughter of a Highland gentleman, whose family had been ruined by their devoted adherence to the Stewarts. When a boy, Flora's father had been removed from the inheritance which her grandfather's inveterate jacobitism had caused to be confiscated to the crown. The old soldier fell at Culloden, and his children, driven from the land of their birth, were reared and educated by the kindness of relations. The eldest of them (the father of Flora) had worn out a tedious and unhappy existence in fighting for his bread, in the quarrels of nations in which he was not interested, in vain execrations against the house of Hanover, or in as vain applications to foreign courts for an employment suited to his rank and education. He died in battle, leaving the whole wealth of a soldier of fortune—that is, a soldier without any fortune at all—his blessing, to this his only child, whom he had left under the charge of a female relative in Paris, her mother being already dead. The young orphan, however, was not destined to be left dependent on the cold charity of distant kinsfolk. Her father had a younger brother, who, not having his hereditary Highland abhorrence for trade, had engaged in mercantile pursuits in one of the coast towns in France, and had, by divers means—one of which, it was said, was by defrauding the revenue of England—amassed considerable property. The two brothers had been long estranged; the soldier considering that the merchant had degraded and disgraced his name by engaging in traffic. When the latter heard, however, that his brother had fallen, and had left his child destitute, he determined on supplying the place of a father to the little Flora, and by his means she had been reared and educated in all the accomplishments of the people among whom she resided. She had moreover been taught other accomplishments, which, at that time, few natives of France could or would have communicated to her—to love the land of her birth, and to speak its language. Many years passed away thus, when at length she was suddenly summoned to attend her uncle, with secret orders to prepare for leaving the Continent. The old merchant had become suspected by the French government of conveying intelligence to the English court, and he had received notice that the almost omniscient Fouché had his eye upon him. His engagements in the contraband trade had given rise to these reports; for although the old miser would have almost sold his soul for gold, yet he still possessed too much jacobite enthusiasm to be of service in any way to the Hanoverian usurper. He had always retained a strong partiality for his native land, and would have long before returned to it with his niece, had not his love of gold kept him fixed in his old habits and residence. This intention had caused him to invest the bulk of his fortune in property in England, and he had now but to dispose of his personal effects, and fly from pursuit. The Albatross, one of the vessels with which he was connected, was fortunately ready for sea at this critical juncture in his affairs; and he easily procured a passage for himself and niece from the captain, a young man of respectable family and cultivated mind, who had been driven by a course of dissipation from the protection and countenance of his friends, and had in despair engaged in the hazardous occupation of a smuggler. The luxurious appointments in the cabin of the sloop were the work of his taste, and the paintings had been the work of his pencil. They had nearly reached their destination—a small port on the north-west coast of Scotland—when they were espied and chased by an English revenue cutter. As it would have been dangerous to keep the coast, which was lined with cruisers, the captain of the Albatross stood fairly out to sea, hoping, by the till now unparallelled speed of his vessel, soon to escape all pursuit. The revenue cutter, however, which held him in chase proved to be as fast as the Albatross; and as the latter vessel was kept before the wind, that being her favourite position for swiftness, they had got further into the open sea before they escaped from the cutter than either the boisterous nature of the weather, or the low state of their provisions, rendered at all desirable. The wind continued to rise until it blew a perfect hurricane from the south-east, and the crew of the Albatross—

> "Aware that flight in such a sea
> Alone could rescue them,"

were compelled to drive before the tempest, with just as much canvas set as was sufficient to keep their craft awake upon the waters;—until on the third day, a tremendous sea striking her, snapped off the rudder below its trunk, and sweeping with resistless force along the decks, bore away upon its bosom the captain and two of their best hands, who had been stationed at the wheel. Before they had time to ascertain the extent of their calamity, another sea following in the wake of its predecessor, completely buried the little vessel, and when it emerged quivering as in a mortal convulsion, the remainder of the seamen saw with horror that their mast was gone by the board, its ruins encumbering the deck; the bulwarks were broken down and carried off; the companion, binnacle-wheel, and boats were all swept away; and the Albatross, which a few minutes ago had been bounding gallantly from sea to sea, lay wallowing in the trough like a creature of sense in its last agonies.

It is long before the fury of the elements to which a seaman has been accustomed from his childhood, can force despair into his heart. The remainder of the crew soon cut away the rigging, and in some measure eased the vessel, and the wind in a short time fortunately lulling, they were able to execute the requisite measures for the comfort —if such a word could be used at such a time—of themselves and their unhappy passengers. It is unnecessary to detail their dreadful sufferings from cold, hunger, and thirst, during nearly three weeks, in which they were driven helplessly over the waters. Supported by the hope of meeting some of the whaling ships, which they knew must about that time be crossing in their track, they had till the very last given a liberal share of the food which remained, to Flora and her infirm relative. At length they were reduced to live on the most loathsome diet, and the old merchant the night before the Labrador relieved them, had died in a state of the most horrid insanity from famine, and the (as it seemed to him) still more dreadful torture of being torn from his beloved wealth. They were now driven to their last resource;—one must perish to preserve the lives of the rest a little longer. They were obliged to keep one hand at the pump continually, and this consideration alone, independently of others sufficiently obvious, caused them at once to fix on Flora as the first victim.

Brutal is the heart of man, even when it might be thought that adversity had chastened it to humility and the fear of God. One of the wretches had attempted to gratify another appetite, before they butchered the helpless maiden for food. It was the seaman who had died in howling madness after being brought on board the Labrador. The old man who was found dead near the unfortunate girl with the knife in his grasp, had gathered together his dying energies to prevent this diabolical deed; and, with a sentiment as noble as that of the Roman father of old, had been about to plung his knife into her body, to save her from dishonour. It had been at this critical moment that, a stream of sunshine piercing through the clouds had discovered the Labrador, she having approached within a short league of them, concealed by the haziness of the atmosphere.

The effect of the sudden joy was such as we have already described, the old man having sunk down in death, even while his hand was uplifted to strike the insensible girl, and the energy which despair had communicated to the others having left them, they became motionless as statues.

Such was the story which was gathered from the distressed girl herself and the rescued seamen of the Albatross. It will readily be imagined, that the fact of their having been engaged in the contraband, would by no means prevent the wrecked crew from receiving every kindness from the seamen of the Labrador, and that the sufferings of the unfortunate Flora, combined with her beauty and fortitude, would cause her to be looked on with the gentlest and most respectful feelings, by those among whom she was thrown. She had caused a handsome gratuity to be given to the men, and had, in as delicate a manner as possible, promised Captain Bellamy on their return to England to remunerate him for the inconvenience which her presence might create. That worthy had, ever since the domestication of Flora in his cabin, assumed a demeanour towards every one in the vessel as different as possible from that which he had before displayed. He was fawningly polite and attentive to the young lady herself; he became coarsely familiar with his crew, towards whom he was so lax in his discipline, and so profuse of his grog and other luxuries, that the tars began to express their approbation of his conduct in such pithy characteristic proverbs as, "the devil was not so bad as he was called"—"there were worse fish in the north seas than a bottlenose," and so on;—and he had even gone so far as to make advances towards a reconciliation with Arundel, whom, however, he found to be impenetrable. He was particularly kind and affable to the smugglers, who, knowing that a word from his mouth on their return to England, would cause them all to swing on a gibbet, professed in every possible manner their gratitude for his indulgence and devotion to his wishes. He was frequently observed talking confidentially to one dark-browed fellow, who seemed to hold some influence over his companions, and not unfrequently invited him to the forbidden ground of the quarter-deck, where he would walk backwards and forward with him for hours together in close conversation. All this passed over among the seamen, as arising from the curiosity of the captain to hear the stories of a man whose life had been one of adventure—an opinion which the smuggler himself did not controvert.

We would fain describe Flora M'Alpine, such as she appeared when the traces of distress had, in some measure, disappeared from her features; — but a painter might as well attempt to give a delineation of a spirit by shape and colour. She would have been almost infantile in the expression of her features, had it not been that grief had chastened and saddened down the gaiety which the gentle blue eye, soft rounded features, and exquisitely voluptuous lips seemed calculated best to express. She seemed too delicately soft, too fragile, too pure, too young for suffering; yet she had borne hardship which strong men had sunk under, cold and hunger, and despair, a thousand times worse than death; — she had been nurtured among strangers; without a mother's gentle bosom to rest on, a mother's heart from which to learn the noblest of all knowledge;—without a father's tenderness or wisdom to instruct her how to tread the path of life, she had been protected alone, by one whose nature was such as rather to repress than encourage the pure impulses and sweetly feminine sensibilities which adorn the female character;—yet, in spite of these circumstances, she had opened her heart, with the confiding faith of innocence, to the love of a world that seemed to scowl upon her, and had grown up in loveliness of soul as of person, even as the most beauteous and fragile persons may be found under the shelter of an Alpine rock, laughing in the sunbeams, though all around and above be shattered cliffs and eternal snows.

Arundel was of a nature peculiarly calculated to feel the emotions which the contemplation of loveliness and innocence in sorrow awakens in a heart of any sensibility. It was not pity,—for who could pity a being so rich in native charms, so calculated to bestow happiness, so naturally noble in mind and heart, as he soon found Flora to be? but it was a deep, tender, devoted sympathy for her sorrows, mingled with the most exalted esteem for her excellence, which filled his whole soul with the most poignant but indescribable sensations. The melancholy hue of his common thoughts tinctured also his feelings towards the lovely stranger, and caused them to be developed in a thousand acts of deference and gentle courtesy, which were well calculated to soothe a heart so deeply wounded as hers, and to awaken gratitude towards the bestower of attentions so congenial to her state of mind. The books which had been saved from the wreck became another and more powerful means of making them acquainted with each other's character, and Arundel soon found himself compelled to add admiration of her mental powers to the other sentiments which he entertained for his sweet companion. Her remarks were sometimes erroneous, seldom profound; but they were dictated by an unalloyed love of truth, and rectitude of principle which would have caused them to have been listened to by a philosopher with respect, and they possessed a freshness and originality which were peculiarly grateful to one who, like Arundel, had for many years been accustomed to hear criticisms instead of comments, by learned bores, whose remarks were cavils and their reasonings disputes. But if Flora's judgment sometimes erred, her heart never did; and this is the supreme excellence of woman. She gradually became more cheerful; a smile would now and then steal over her still pale cheek, and light up her blue eyes; and such was the witchery which this, the natural expression for which her features were formed, created;—so charming from its novelty, and so heavenly from its effects,—that Arundel would turn himself away to hide the flush of rapturous admiration which sprang into his cheek, and to conceal the tumult of emotion which shook his whole frame.

Nor let this seem the exaggerated and idle creation of a wanton fancy. A less lovely woman than Flora M'Alpine, in such romantic circumstances as those in which she was placed, where the rude seamen, the coarse dwelling, and the presence of the wildest elements in their wildest form were contrasted with loveliness, grace, and intelligence, might well have kindled into rapture a heart less susceptible than that of Frank Arundel;—but there is no necessity for taxing the imagination by such an hypothesis, — for the man yet lives, who remembered with almost undiminished delight, the emotion which the shipwrecked girl created in his bosom, when the first smile mantled on her cheek, and she stood like a lovely apparition before him. Yet Arundel neither talked nor thought of love. His own unhappy situation precluded his indulging in any such sentiment. But he saw that his society and conversation were grateful, perhaps necessary for Flora, and he felt also that his own griefs were softened while he was relieving those of another.

It may be supposed that Captain Bellamy felt himself somewhat *hors de combat* in the subjects which chiefly occupied the time of Flora and Frank. He, therefore, after dinner generally betook himself to his mate (who had given up his cabin berth for the accommodation of the young lady) with his grog and his pipe, leaving the young people to their own devices. Meantime the ship, having now arrived at the fishing ground, the boats were got out, lines, harpoons, and lances prepared, and the business of the voyage commenced with alacrity. As, however, the operations of the fishes are not connected with the main incidents of our tale, we must beg the reader to imagine the Labrador cruising backwards and forwards on the then excellent fishing ground at the west side of the Streights; towing, warping, and *milldolling;* sometimes struggling through a *field* of ice; sometimes boring under a press of canvas across a *stream;* sometimes coasting the interminable ice-fields, on the edges of which the *hummocks,* or protuberances, caused by the squeezing of one piece above another, wear the most picturesque and fantastic appearances; sometimes fast to a *floe*; sometimes to a fish, with the *jets-d'eau* which she throws out to the height of forty or fifty feet, the tempest of blood and foam which she flings about in her last agonies, and the jolly cheers of the fishers when she turns on her back, amid a sea of her own blood, and the bustle of fleushing her, and the myriads of sea-birds, terns, auks, and petrels, gulls, kettlewakes, and snow birds, all stationed in the rear, waiting for the fragments which are wafted to leeward, whilst the rapacious burgomaster darts occasionally down to seize his prey from the lofty pinnacles of an enormous iceberg, which, with its shattered spires and towers, and carved icework, looking like a magnificent temple reared to the genius of the region, closes in the picture, and hides from the sight the eternal chains of adamant which bind down the waters of the polar seas.

CHAPTER II.

> " He that's sure to perish on the land
> May quit the nicety of card and compass,
> And trust the open sea without a pilot."– *Tragedy of Brennovalt.*

PERPETUAL day now reigned in the polar regions. The feeble but continual action of the sun's rays began to discover its effect in the melting of the ice, precipitating thousands of pellucid streams down the sides of the floating frozen cliffs, and dissolving away the friable crust of the ice-fields. These, agitated by the winds and currents, burst asunder with tremendous uproar, and were driven over the surface of the ocean, as if the mighty element were hurling about in scorn the chains which had so long confined it. Sometimes enormous masses were driven together with horrible crash, hugh detached pieces being shivered by the shock and hurled around, as if some vast bomb had exploded, scattering wide destruction in its flying fragments. Sometimes, in regular procession, the frozen masses slide along the surface of the ocean, presenting in the equal height and curious outline of their forms, with the broad lanes of open water between them, the singular spectacle of streets of icy domes in motion. But the most romantic and sublime appearances were those which a number of enormous icebergs, most of them above two hundred feet above the surface of the water, displayed to the astonished sight of Flora and Arundel. More than the wonders of the most extravagant fairy tale seemed here realized. In one direction seemed to be a large fleet of ships at anchor, with the tall spires and battlemented towers of a magnificent city towering up behind them. Rows of palaces, with ornamented porticoes, crowned with sculptured bears and lions, were given to the sight, and the grinding of the floating ice at a distance, sounding like the hum of a mighty capital, completed the illusion. Here were a squadron of armed vessels in full sail, so distinctly seen that the very outline of the spars, ropes, and sails seemed perfectly defined to the eye; there the coast appeared to be clothed with a vast forest, whose naked branches were so accurately represented, that the eye, deceived by the imagination, sought at first to catch their motion swinging in the breeze, or to discover some living inhabitant of the frozen forest. The aurora borealis, whose brilliant bodies of light are described by the Indian, in the untaught poetry of nature, as "the spirits of his fathers roaming through the land of souls," had now disappeared. In these high latitudes the splendour of this beautiful celestial phenomenon is not to be conceived by those who have not been eye witnesses of its continually varying appearances. Sometimes in forms of the most exquisite symmetry, the bodies of light radiated from the zenith to the horizon, presenting an appearance like that of an immense grained arch, supporting with its brilliant architecture the starry roof of the world. Quicker than thought this wondrous palace of pillars, with their sculptured architraves and silver pedestals, would dissolve into showers of liquid lightning, which, with inconceivable brilliancy, darted from one quarter of the heavens to the other, mingling, separating, disappearing, and again bursting forth in renewed splendour. Sometimes they seemed to flutter across the whole heavens, like innumerable banners agitated by the wind. Sometimes, assuming more definite forms, they trod a sprightly measure on the spangled floor of the sky, looking like the radiant forms of angels sporting in the elements. But though the lights of the "norther morning" had disappeared, they had occasional glimpses of other celestial phenomena of equal interest. Before the sun skirted the horizon, he was sometimes seen surrounded with halos, the glowing concentric circles of which seemed like so many infant rainbows coiled up in rest near their parent luminary; while parhelia or mock-suns, sometimes to the number of four or five, shone in different quarters of the firmament. The hues of the sky were occasionally of the most gorgeous brilliancy; bright fiery-edged clouds hovered about the sun at his rising and setting, whilet he opposite parts of the heavens glowed with deep purple, gradually as it ascended, becoming softer, clearer, and more rosy, till it faded away in a blush-colour of the most exquisite delicacy.

It is not to be imagined, however, that the contemplation of these beautiful celestial appearances was constantly or even frequently permitted. Fogs sometimes darkened the air, brash ice was frequently their only prospect, and the horrible discord of the bustling mariners poling, or towing, or warping the ship through ice, the only audible sound. Towards the middle of June, however, the weather became more steady and clear. Flora had entirely recovered her health and strength, and began to find that in the society of a cultivated and courteous friend, even the cabin of a whaler and the horrors of the polar seas were perfectly tolerable.

Many were her cogitations respecting him who had been the preserver of her life, and who now only made that life supportable. At first she felt only the deepest gratitude towards him, but it was gratitude which Captain Bellamy, and those who had rescued her from the wreck, equally shared. Presently she observed (when did ever such a fact long escape the eye of a girl of eighteen ?) that Frank possessed a tall and handsome person, polished manners, and a voice when addressed to her, modulated to the finest tones of manly sympathy. They conversed, they read; she was delighted with the information, which, without pedantry or parade, he poured forth on the subjects which engaged their attention; and thus she soon learnt to admire his intellectual powers, and respect the rectitude of his principles. Then she began to wonder that one like him, so evidenly superior to those among whom he was cast, should occupy the situation which he held; but, above all, she wondered what could be the cause of his deep and settled melancholy. Mystery, that chief charm of female fancy, enveloped the object of her contemplations; she attempted to unravel it, and in doing so, lost her own heart by the way. There was gratitude, and admiration, and pity, and above all, mystery. What could spring from such a combination of circumstances but love? So Flora loved Frank.

He seemed to be the imaged thought which fancy, in her maiden dreams, had painted as her future lover; and in the strange events which had thrown them together, she fondly traced the agency of an invisible power, which appeared to have decreed that their destinies were to be united. Flora was not one of those paragons of ignorant innocence which poets sometimes paint, who cannot translate the language of their own hearts when it speaks for the first time of love. She knew that she loved Arundel with a deep and sacred affection, for he was worthy of all her heart had to bestow; she knew also that she loved him fondly and passionately, for the virgin energies of her soul were now for the first time called into action. A thousand times, as she met his melancholy brow, the thought that all this sorrow might be for some other maiden, whose unkindness had driven him in despair from his home and his fitting station in society, came across her to blast the beauty of her dream of love; and a thousand times she was on the point of putting an end to the torturing doubt, by frankly requesting to be informed of the cause of his grief. At first her respect for the profound and sacred sorrow which his conduct betrayed prevented her, and afterwards maidenly modesty whispered her that such a question would at once betray the secret which it had already required all her art to conceal. For love is a strange and subtle tactician, and takes, at times, as much care to prevent the state of the heart, in which he governs, from being known, as does the commander of a besieged stronghold from betraying the weak state of his garrison. But Frank had for some time been conscious of the state of Flora's heart. The smile of welcome with which she greeted him after the briefest absence, the avidity with which she joined in the elegant occupations which both so much enjoyed, the care with which she treasured up those passages in his favourite authors which he admired most, and the earnest attention with which she hung upon his words, were surely all indicative of a stronger sentiment than mere sympathy, with one whose congeniality of taste made him a more pleasant companion than the rude mariners. There was, too, the tell-tale blush which shot into her cheek at his slightest approval; the affectionate epithet, half-spoken, and then lost in the sweet confusion which followed the involuntary expression; and, more than all, the tearful glance of sympathy which, in arousing from his frequent melancholy reveries, he caught fixed on his face; all these, recurring day by day, assured him that the sentiments entertained for him by the lovely stranger were more than those of common friendship. It was with a mixture of pride and sorrow that Frank became aware of Flora's love for him—pride that even in the humble sphere in which he moved, he should have gained the affections of one altogether so lovely and amiable—and sorrow, that his unhappy fate prevented him from accepting the rich boon which was within his grasp. In his own eye, if not in that of the world, he was a murderer; and now, amid his remorse, the circumstances in which the crime had been committed, seemed, instead of palliating, to make it of a blacker dye. Why should a word spoken in anger and under the influence of wine, have been washed out by the blood of the speaker? A little restraint upon his feelings at the time, patience for a few hours, and an apology for the harsh epithet, would have followed in the morning, leaving his name unstained even in the fantastic and immoral code of honour which the world supports. And should he now, with the weight of one dreadful crime upon his soul, add yet another in cold blood, that of consigning to a creature like Flora, whose nature and education fitted her for smiles and gentle thoughts, the care of a heart shattered by remorse and sunk in incurable despondency? To this question his honour gave a prompt negative, though his heart involuntarily spoke a different language. He determined, therefore, carefully to guard against the possibility of betraying the sentiments he entertained for his fair companion, and then sat down by her side to hear her read that exquisite scene between *Miranda* and *Ferdinand,* with which the third act of the *Tempest* commences, till he found that

> "The harmony of her tongue did into bondage
> Bring his too diligent ear."

One fine sunny day, towards the end of June, Arundel was walking alone on the quarter-deck, ruminating on the strange destiny which had driven him into the desolate scenes which surrounded him, and now and then stopping in his walk to watch the manœuvres of a flock of sea birds which were skimming the waters at a little distance from the ship. A small iceberg, to which the Labrador was moored, flanked by floating fields of salt-water ice, almost shut out the view to seaward, while, between the ship and the shore, the sea was perfectly clear and smooth. The seamen had spent some days of severe toil, having been extremely successful in falling in with fish, and were now, for the most part, below decks, sleeping off their fatigues. A few of the drowsy watch were stretched at their length near the galley, enjoying the genial warmth of the sun. An old man, in whom Arundel presently recognized Joe, the boatsteerer (as he was called throughout the ship), set upon a small cask turned bottom up, with spectacles on nose, busily employed in mending a pair of canvas trowsers. While Frank was contemplating the honest industry of the weather-beaten mariner, he observed him look stealthily round at the men in the galley, and then, by a particularly knowing gesture, intimate his desire that Arundel should come to him. "Something the old man has to beg of the doctor, which he does not wish his mates to be privy to, I suppose," thought he, as he went up to Old Joe.

"It is almost too much for a man of your years, my old friend," said Frank, at length observing that Joe had re-commenced his work, and seemed unwilling to begin the conversation; "it is too bad both to have to perform your laborious duties, and to spend the time others give to sleep in repairing your sea clothes."

"Aye, what would come of poor Jack then," replied the old seaman, laying down his work and taking off his sewing *palm* and spectacles, "if he could'nt clap a new cloth into his old garments? he'd soon be on a lee shore, and no canvas to beat off with. I've often wished, doctor, that men were copper-bottom'd on long voyages; but that's not what I was a-going to speak of. You're for a shore trip, to seek the Huskimaus, by and bye, I hear."

"It's the first I've heard of it, Joe, however; but what then?" said Arundel.

"Aye! you've not heard of it? then Black Bill,—that's him as was mate of the Albatross—how did he come by the knowledge of it? However, you're going—that is, if so be as you like to go, and as all our men are tired, the smuggler crew will pull you ashore, and our captain——"

"Well, what of Mr. Bellamy?" asked Frank, seeing the old man hesitate.

"Every dog has his day, and a bitch, they say, has two afternoons; I hope you'll get upon the weather quarter of the lubberly fellow, by and bye, doctor," said Joe, with strong emphasis.

"But what has this to do with our shoregoing expedition, my old friend?" said Arundel, smiling.

"And," continued the old seaman, too full of indignation to attend to Arundel's interruption, "I hope to see him myself making a chess-tree wake on a lee-shore, and if he's picked up, I hope to hear him singing a soldier's ballad about Hull streets, full of poverty, no doubt of it; to go for to use the poor orphan boy, as he keeps in the cabin, no better than a dogfish (the seaman here alluded to a lad who had been cruelly flogged by the captain). Didn't you mind what a course of bad weather we had after it, doctor; and isn't there Jem Rullock, that got his leg broke next day; but if so be as I had got that misfortune, as God be thanked all my precious limbs are safe, I'd have a standing pull and a bowline haul on our captain but I'd bring him up for it. But that warn't what I was going to say to you, Mr. Arundel. I don't like these here smugglers altogether, and I warn you to beware of them on shore;—not that they arn't good seamen, for better and activer men in a gale of wind I would not wish to see reef canvas—but they're all mounseers, 'cept Black Bill, and they're lawless men, and they're desperate men, and what's worse they think Captain Bellamy's an angel of light; when God he knows he's no better than an alligator, that lives both on land and water, but belongs rightly to neither. I've a respect for you, young man, thof you're no seaman, and therefore I say again keep to windward of our captain and these foreign fellows." So saying, the old man collected his work, and walked forward towards his companions.

Arundel remained for a little ruminating on the strange mixture of superstition, good-nature, and honest indignation which the ancient mariner had betrayed, and then smiling at himself for feeling disposed to consider the communication of any consequence, he descended to the cabin.

He was somewhat surprised to find himself, immediately on his entrance, addressed with extreme cordiality by Captain Bellamy, who informed him that, in order to gratify the young lady, he had ordered his boat to be manned, and would be happy if Mr. Arundel would accompany them on shore. Flora, evidently delighted with the anticipated expedition, joined in the request. There was something forced in the captain's manner, an ill-concealed embarrassment, which created undefined suspicions in Frank's mind. He looked steadily at Bellamy, who, after meeting the expression of his eye for a moment with a glance of irresolute impudence, at length fairly turned aside in confusion. Arundel could not help thinking there was something more in this than the mere quailing of a base mind before one conscious of rectitude; and determining to watch carefully the movements of the captain, he briefly assented to join the party.

Two or three hatchets, some bundles of needles, and a few other iron or steel implements, together with some straps of beads, were placed in the boat, for the purpose, as it was pretended, of being exchanged with the natives, should they fall in with any, for morse-teeth, whalebone, or furs, and in a short time the party were advancing to the shore with all the speed with which six stout rowers could impel the boat.

Arundel sat silent during the passage, for he was somewhat surprised that, as the old boatsteerer had said, the whole of those seamen who had been taken from the wreck of the smuggler formed their boat's company. Bellamy attempted to ingratiate himself with Flora, though he evidently laboured under some unaccountable embarrassment. The man who pulled the bow-oar, namely Black Bill (as Joe had called him), looked out frequently from beneath his bushy overhanging brows, with an expression which Arundel in vain attempted to decipher. Thus they reached the mouth of the narrow inlet, and pulled along its indented shores for a considerable distance without perceiving any traces of inhabitants. At length they landed, and after partaking of some refreshment, Captain Bellamy proposed to Mr. Arundel that they should divide into two parties, one of which should penetrate a few miles inland in search of game, while the other pulled along the shores of the inlet, that being the most likely way of falling in with the Esquimaux. Arundel had formed his determination; he readily assented to the proposition, and with every appearance of cheerfulness left Flora under the care of Bellamy and four of the seamen, while he himself with the other two struck into the country. They had not proceeded a mile before arriving at the entrance of a deep rocky ravine, which seemed to open out at the farther end on the shores of the inlet, Arundel despatched one of the seamen round the rocks, pretending that he would in that way be more likely to fall in with game, while with the other, who was the identical Black Bill we have before mentioned, he proceeded to explore the recesses of the wild chasm, at the bottom of which there was a difficult and precarious path. When they had advanced a few hundred yards by this rude footway, the hollow suddenly expanded, the basaltic rocks rose more perpendicularly, enclosing a piece of swampy ground of a circular form, covered with dwarf willows and a few other stunted shrubs. A flock of wild ducks sprang out of a small piece of water enclosed by the scanty brushwood, and the seaman firing brought two or three down, which, laying his gun on the ground, he ran to secure. Arundel seized the opportunity when he was thus engaged, to conceal the gun, and when the seaman returned with the birds he had shot, he found himself disarmed, and a loaded fowling-piece levelled at him at the distance of a dozen yards.

"William Blight!" said Arundel, speaking slowly and sternly, "your life has been in my hands before, and I saved it, it was my duty; it is again in my hands, and I shall consider it equally my duty to destroy it, should it be necessary for the preservation of my own. If you will answer truly, and at once, two or three questions which I shall put to you, I will spare your life; if you will assist me, I shall reward you liberally should we ever return to England; —if you will not answer, or if you hesitate or equivocate, the words shall be the last your tongue shall ever utter: Speak; will you agree to my conditions?" The seaman listened with perfect calmness to this address, turning his quid rapidly round in his mouth, and glancing his little dark scintillating eyes first on the weapon, and then on Arundel. At length he burst into a loud scornful laugh. "Why, do you think, Doctor," said he, with reckless jocularity, "that a handful of small shot is to frighten a sea-dog like me, that has many a time heard the shots of a ship of war playing God save the King for an hour together over my head?—Look ye; if I liked the service I was sent on, I would say fire away and welcome, for it's all one to the old smuggler when he's to work up his dead reckoning,—any further than I would like the hulk to go down in blue water, as the little Albatross did. But as I was like pressed into this here business, and don't like harming a spirity young fellow like yourself, why I'll answer your questions, if so be as they don't relate to the secrets of the contraband." Arundel, astonished at his hardihood, heard him to an end; then taking down his fowling piece, but still holding it in the direction of the smuggler, he asked,—"What was Captain Bellamy's real intention in coming on shore to-day?" "We were to get you a few miles into the country, and there, if possible, to lose you and find our own way to the boat, which is to be at a different part of the inlet from that named by the captain," said the man promptly. "If we could not easily part company with you," continued he, apparently enjoying the astonishment and horror which Frank's countenance displayed at this inhuman intention, "we were to give you—what you may give me now if you like—an ounce of cold lead among your brains."

"And how, in the name of Heaven, could he persuade you, who owe me so much gratitude for my constant care of you all, to undertake such a diabolical enterprize?" said Arundel.

"I did not say I meant to murder you, Sir," replied the man in a tone of more humility; "God knows that I could not have done it: but Captain Bellamy knows that he can make us all swing from a spar that never carried canvas, if he chooses; and a man will do much to get to windward of the gallows, Mr. Arundel."

"Did he give you his reasons for committing such a cold-blooded crime?" demanded Frank.

"Why you've taken the wind out of his sails before, it seems, and now you're poling him off from grappling with the trim little craft that you picked up along with us—the old merchant's niece, I mean. So he wanted you cleverly out of his way, and we were to do it on the condition of being set on shore quietly in Scotland, with every man ten guineas in his pocket."

"Miss M'Alpine! *he* dare to look on her with any emotion save that of profound deference? 'Sdeath! I will tear the miscreant limb from limb should he ——— I am a fool," continued he, sinking his voice, "to waste so much indignation on a reptile. Seaman! you have told me you were about to leave me to perish on these inhospitable shores, or in a more direct and violent way to murder me. Now, listen to me! I would be justified in the eyes of God and man in blowing out your brains on the spot. But I am willing to forgive you on account of the circumstances in which you were placed; and moreover I am willing, and shall be able to reward you richly, if you will assist me to escape with the young lady to the ship. Your companions may murder me by numbers; but as concealment in that case will be impossible, your lives, which your crime was to purchase, will be doubly forfeited. Your interest, as well as your duty, calls upon you to assist me. If you will carry me instantly to the spot where Captain Bellamy is with the boat; if you will use your influence over your companions to return to the Labrador; and if you will then bear witness to the tale you have told me; I solemnly promise, and be assured I shall be able to perform it, that you shall receive five hundred guineas on our arrival in England, and be set down at any port you choose. If you will not assent to these conditions, I shall shatter one of your legs with my gun, or otherwise disable you; make for the inlet, and trust to Providence and a stout heart for the rest. You have my deliberate determination; let me hear yours."

"How do I know you are able to post the gilt?" asked the man, as if weighing the matter in his mind.

"Villain! if you do not know that, you know this—my weapon is within half a score paces of your heart." As Frank spoke, he levelled his gun, and stood looking along the barrel with his finger on the trigger.

"You are a prompt young fellow, Mr. Arundel, and I like you all the better for it," said the smuggler, looking with an unquailing eye at the dark muzzle of the gun; "I accept your conditions at once." Frank depressed the weapon, and let it down to half-cock. "And now, Sir," said the seaman, when Arundel had thrown his piece over his left arm, "let me give you a proof of my sincerity. You mark that withered willow leaf that hangs from the very top of the branch fourteen or fifteen yards from us, it is not a large mark ———." He drew, as he spoke, a pistol from his breast, and firing with the rapidity of thought, struck off the leaf he had pointed out, and then threw the smoking weapon at Arundel's feet. "Your life has just been as much in my hands as mine in yours, you see, Sir; for anything bigger than a gold doubloon I seldom miss," said he, coolly; "but now let us bear away large, for I'm most damnably mistaken if the captain had not more devilment in his head than he told me of."

There was little need of this dark hint to hasten Arundel's return. He produced the seaman's gun, and after having loaded it and the pistol, they presently emerged from the ravine, Black Bill leading the way at a rapid pace towards a different part of the inlet from that where they had left the boat. From an elevated portion of the cliffs which they first reached, they saw the four men who had been left with the boat, rambling along the shores of the inlet, at about a mile's distance. To Arundel's hurried interrogatory, as to the cause of the captain and Flora not being with them, the smuggler answered nothing, only shrugging up his shoulders; while a diabolical grin of conscious meaning passed across his features.

Throwing themselves recklessly down a rugged path by which the cliffs might be descended, they soon reached the beach, and rounding a projecting point of rock, saw at once they must be near the objects of their search. A deep indentation pierced the cliffs, and the sand at their feet, covered with beautiful shells, sloped with a gentle declivity towards the quiet waters of the ocean. A small anchor, fixed in the sand, confined the boat within a few yards of the shore. Suddenly a scream was heard issuing from behind the opposite projection of the rocks which enclosed the little haven, and a few moments after, Flora, with her hat off and her hair flying loosely about her shoulders, rushed forward, pursued at a little distance by Captain Bellamy, bellowing out the most horrible oaths and threats. Immediately she perceived Frank and his companion, she fell fainting on the beach, and Bellamy, after a moment's irresolution, struck down towards the boat. Frank instantly threw down his gun and ran to Flora, whom, with all the speed which his contending emotions would permit, he was presently engaged in restoring to animation. Meantime the smuggler, having succeeded in getting between Bellamy and the boat, stood with one foot resting on the little anchor, and his arms folded in the breast of his huge jacket. The captain seemed determined on making a desperate attempt to escape; he approached the smuggler, and presenting a pistol, offered him the alternative of pushing off with him in the boat, or having its contents in his body.

"Easy, captain, easy! wait a bit, and hear reason," said Bill, who had not expected the captain to be armed, and was moreover astonished at this display of resolution; then, suddenly withdrawing his hand from his breast, he shoved the muzzle of a pistol against the very face of the captain, and shouted, "Now, the first to *hell!*" Bellamy dropped his weapon, and sunk down on his knees, begging his life with the most abject supplications. The smuggler uttered a hoarse, low, disdainful laugh; walked round to the stern of his suppliant, and saluting him with a very emphatic kick upon the part usually devoted to that mode of punishment, advised him "to cut and run, if he did not want to have one of the doctor's amputating knives in his guts." Bellamy was at no loss to understand the coarse jest of the seaman; he looked round to Arundel, and seeing that he was supporting Flora towards the boat, sprang off along the beach with all the speed in his power. The smuggler fired off one of his pistols, and laughed loudly as he saw the fugitive spring up a yard into the air, and then resume his flight. In a short time Flora was placed on a heap of peajackets in the stern sheets, and the wind being fair, they hoisted their sail, and were presently on their way to the mouth of the inlet. Frank was at first too much occupied with his fair companion to dwell on the state of the men they had left on shore; further than to reflect that they were only undergoing the fate which had been appointed for him, and that boats might be sent for them from the ship. It would have been madness to wait for, or to go in search of them, as they were in the captain's interest. But other considerations of a more pressing nature presently called for the exclusive exercise of the energies of the little crew of the boat, and the fate of their late companions was forgotten in the new and unforseen dangers which closed round them.

CHAPTER III.

He shouted; nor his friends had failed
To check the vessel's course;
But so the furious blast prevail'd,
That pitiless, per force,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind.

Cowper.

The thick fogs and sudden tempests to which the polar regions are subject combine, with the rapid shifting of the enormous icefields and bergs, to make the navigation of these seas the most perilous in the world. A very short period of time is sufficient totally to alter the face of the ocean, a wide expanse of clear smooth water becoming quickly covered with drifting ice, the pieces of which crashing and grinding against each other amid the impenetrable mists, terrify the unhappy mariner with a knowledge of dangers which he cannot use the slightest endeavours to escape. Innumerable are the "hairbreadth 'scapes," and frequent the total destruction which these sudden changes in the elements produce among the navigators of the northern seas. The crews of ships are frequently obliged to remove their effects upon the ice three or four times in twenty-four hours, expecting instant destruction to their vessel, from the closing of the frozen masses; and every year furnishes the history of boats' companies, which, engaged at a distance from the ship in the pursuit of the whale, have been overtaken by the fogs and enclosed among floating ice-fields, and have there perished by the destruction of their boats, or have died a more lingering and dreadful death from hunger, amid the terrible ramparts which form the walls of their prison. The fogs clear away, the wind lulls, the ice opens, and yonder, with his head downwards, and lashing the ocean into foam with his enormous tail till vapours darken the air, and the past tempest seems again returning, the leviathan of the deep is sporting in his native element. Lower away the boats! call all hands for a loose fall! Half naked the hardy mariners spring up from the brief repose which they have enjoyed since the storm; they bundle their clothes into the boats, trusting to make their toilet on their way to the object of pursuit, and jollily, as if death had never stared them in the face, they give way with a will, cheered perhaps by the boat-steerer, who croaks low some quaint sea-ditty, chorussed by the crew with "pull away, gallant boys, pull away!"—"Behold!" says Dionise Little, when, after escaping the dangers of a dreadful tempest, Captain Frobisher and his men reached the ship with a large store of the glittering stone which was then thought to be a valuable gold ore, and which threw the whole crew into raptures of joy—"Behold the glory of man; to-night looking for death, to-morrow devising how to satisfy his greedy appetite for gold."

Flora, Arundel, and the smuggler reached the mouth of the inlet, and saw the Labrador at about a league's distance from the land, still made fast to the iceberg. The wind, which had brought them pretty merrily down the inlet, had apparently driven the ice considerably to seaward, carrying, of course, the ship along with it. Arundel was just about to fire off his piece, in order to attract the attention of the crew, and had directed Black Bill to make the usual signal of wanting assistance, when a squall of wind striking the huge lug sail, caused the boat to dig its bow under the waves and ship a considerable quantity of water. "Had you not better lower away the sail, and take a reef in it?" asked Frank, adjusting the clothes on which Flora lay, so as to keep her dry. Bill answered by pointing to the north-west quarter of the sky, where a grey line, like a distant fog-bank, seemed to stretch across the horizon. "Keep her right before it, Sir," said he, giving a pull at the halyards, "it is our only chance. If the wind doesn't blow our canvas into ribbons, no hand of mine shall strip a stitch off her; we will be in the heart of the fog in a quarter of an hour, and unless we are within hail of the Labrador by that time, it's small help they will be able to give us in such a sea of ice and foam as there will be up by that time."

While the man spoke, Arundel kept his eye fixed upon the grey line of mist which stretched with astonishing rapidity towards them, and caused the atmosphere to fall suddenly in temperature, while the moisture with which it became quickly charged settled in the form of hoar frost on every thing within the boat. A few short squalls passed by, and the loud long moan or rather shriek which the wind then gave forth, showed that the first convulsive movements of the wakening tempest were over, and that it was now bearing down upon them with steady and irresistible force. On—on they drove before it, the foaming waters rushing past with a harsh cry; the wind howling into the hollow of the sail; the mast curved and quivering; the timbers groaning and creaking, and the bow dashing against the opposing billows, till the stout little boat seemed to stagger and recoil in her course; but still she struggled on through the adverse elements, and seemed to wrestle with the winds and waves with a bold resistance in retreat. There was profound silence in the boat for some minutes; Frank and the seaman gazing with anxious faces alternately at the fast approaching fog and the ship, and Flora with head bent down upon her open hands, engaged in silent prayer. The Labrador had now cast off the iceberg, and under a close reefed main-top-sail was lying to for them. They might be half a mile distant from each other when the fog, first comparatively thin and transparent, but gradually becoming more dense and opaque, enveloped the boat, and the hull and spars of the ship fading by degrees, were at length totally shut out from their sight. The hoar frost now settled thick upon the ropes and sail of the boat, the cold became almost intolerable, the sun twice his natural size and blood-red in hue, ceasing to be able to throw his beams through the thick vapour. Still they sped on with fearful rapidity in the direction in which they had last seen the ship. Frank gave the helm to Black Bill, and stepping forward fired off his fowling-piece in order to make the crew of the ship aware of their position. In a few moments the report of a gun was distinctly heard. A little after he tried one of his pistols, the powder had become damp, it snapped; another and another equally in vain. There was no time to replace them by dry charges, even if the dense mist and driving spray would have rendered it practicable. He knew that they might be down upon the ship in a moment, and therefore hollowed at the utmost pitch of his voice. A faint sound in a little time came up the wind, as if from a great distance. Again Frank shouted with all his might, and had laid down his ear to the gunwale of the boat, listening with breathless attention for the expected reply; when a dark bulky form that seemed to grow out of the very mist rose before him; instant destruction seemed inevitable, and uttering in a tone of horror, "The ship! we shall be dashed to pieces!" he remained clutching the gunwale of the boat with his eyes fixed on the dreadful apparition. But Black Bill had at the same time perceived the vessel, and with the coolness of a man familiar with the dangers which now surrounded him, he executed the necessary though perilous manœuvre that gave them their only chance of safety, and the next instant the boat shot under the stern of the Labrador, and a rope was thrown out to them.

"Let go the sheet! cut away the halyards!" shouted Bill and half the crew of the Labrador, as they saw the sail, after shivering for a moment under the lee of the vessel, again filled by a sudden squall and the boat bound away from the ship. Frank had seized the rope at this critical moment, and twisted it round one of his hands, when the sudden jerk and the tightening of the rope, which had unfortunately become jammed in some way about the ship, dragged him overboard. However, with the other hand, he retained hold of the boat's gunwale, and for a moment remained in this dreadful position, his arms being almost drawn from their sockets by the strain upon them. "Clear away the rope for God's sake!" cried a dozen voices in the vessel. But it was too late; Frank had instantly ceased to retain his hold of it, and the seamen with a universal cry of horror saw the boat dash away into the fog to leeward, Arundel hanging with a convulsive grasp by the gunwale, and the helmsman unable to leave his position lest the boat should be immediately swamped.

With extreme difficulty, and catching an opportunity when the boat dipped down her bows into the hollow of a wave, Arundel succeeded in clambering over the side, and for some time sat gasping upon a thoft, his brain reeling with the horrors of the last minute, and his frame utterly relaxed. When at length he was able to go aft and take the helm, leaving the smuggler to the more arduous operation of taking in the sail, every chance of assistance from the ship was gone. Ere they had been driven a cable's length from her, she had been lost in the fog, and the cries of the men and the report of guns died away before the slightest attempt could be made by Arundel or Bill to lower away the sail, and stop the fearful rapidity with which they were flying from their friends. They were as far removed from succour as though their comrades had been a hundred miles, instead of as many yards distant from them, and thus they the more

"Bitter felt it still to die,
Deserted and their friends so nigh."

"What can be done, or can any thing be done, save commit ourselves to the mercy of God?" said Arundel to the mariner as he stumbled aft. "You must take the helm and a double tot of grog, doctor," replied Bill, in the careless tone which such men familiar with death and danger use in the midst of them; "as to the ducking, it will do you no harm, for salt water hurts no man's body." He put the tiller into Frank's hand, and was stepping over the after thoft, when a short cross-sea striking the boat, drove her head round several points from their course, and nearly pitched him overboard. "Keep her before it, Sir, keep her right before it," said he, still clutching the seat which had saved him, "and as you were saying, a bit of scripture could do us no harm just now, and if so be as you could jam in a word for the young woman and me, I'll do as much for you another time." He had succeeded, though with difficulty, in taking in a double reef in the sail, leaving just as much canvas set as was sufficient to keep the boat in command, and was busy at the forelocker getting out some brandy, which, with a quantity of beef and biscuit had been deposited there, when the harsh and horrible sound which struck on his ears, and the succession of short seas that dashed against the boat, warned him that they were approaching the ice. In a moment he cut away the halyards with his knife; the yard fell heavily upon the gunwale, and the next instant was secured by a double turn of a rope round the mast and the seat in which it was shipped. The boat pitched heavily, and was enveloped in showers of spray. At this moment the smuggler, looking for instant death, and apparently thinking it "becoming to die drunk," was taking a powerful pull at the brandy flask; Frank scarcely understanding the danger, and deafened by the terrible dashing of the sea, remained rooted to his seat; and Flora, happily insensible of her situation, lay stretched near him with her head supported on his knee. In a few seconds the dark mass of ice appeared on the starboard bow, the waves dashing with tremendous uproar against its foot, leaping in foam up its ragged sides, and rushing with the most hideous discord into the caverns which they had worn in its substance. The thick vapours concealed from the eye the height of the awful cliff, towards which they were swept with a force which would be sufficient to dash them to pieces against it. Arundel abandoned the tiller, and raising the almost lifeless form of Flora from its reclining position, clasped her closely to his heart, as if to secure, even in death, the presence of her who was most dear to him. At that awful moment his murdered friend, his aged mother, his beloved sister, the scenes of his childhood, all that clung to his imagination and his heart at other times, was forgotten; but love, the noblest and the purest passion of the soul, which lives when hope, and fear, and ambition, and revenge are quenched—love, stronger even than despair, lifted him above the horrible destiny to which he was doomed, and seemed even from the depths of the engulphing ocean to point triumphantly to the skies. He bent down his head upon the neck of the maiden, and mentally addressing the throne of grace, waited with resolved mind the approaching catastrophe.

But the kind Providence whom he supplicated had prepared a path for them through the stormy waters, and, out of the very object which seemed to present to them inevitable death, had ministered the means of their safety. Instead of being dashed against the icy cliffs, the boat shot past within a score of yards of the breakers, and was hurried with a velocity which seemed every moment to increase, along the base of the huge ramparts that towered above, and sometimes even projected over their course. The smuggler presently comprehended that they had been driven between two icebergs, and that the rapidity with which they were swept along was owing to the current setting through the contracted channel. Though it seemed almost impossible but that they should be driven against a projecting point of the berg, or be whirled down into the sea by the eddies which the inequalities of the ice created, or crushed together by the meeting of the masses, yet the unlooked for respite had in some measure restored his hopes, and with the coolness which a true seaman rarely loses while any thing remains to be done, and which seems more like the obeying a powerful instinct than mental decision, he shipped an oar, and by a few vigorous strokes got the boat farther from the iceberg, and more into the strength of the current. This proved the means of saving them from immediate destruction; for when they had shot along with the swiftness of an arrow for about half a minute, they came to the narrowest part of the channel, and beheld the enormous forms of the two ice-mountains closing slowly but with irresistible force. There was a single moment of unutterable suspense; one into which the agony of an eternity seemed to be condensed: with the rapidity of lightning they flew through the perilous passage, skirting the sides of the bergs so closely that the oar of the seaman was snapped off in the rowlock, and the next instant the huge masses closed with a report like thunder, followed by a continuous harsh grinding sound, as if some living monster had closed its jaws without clutching its prey, and was gnashing its tusks in disappointed rage.

The force of the current had swept the boat about fifty yards from the spot where the crashing collision had taken place, before some of the fragments which had been broken off by the concussion and thrown high into the air, fell into the boat. Fortunately these were of too small size to do any injury, while they became afterwards of service in quenching thirst.* They were now in smooth water and completely sheltered from the inclemency of the blast under the lee of the ice.

The feelings of Arundel at this signal deliverance were such as none—not even those who have felt them—can ever expect to convey to others. He turned towards him the pale and almost unconscious features of his beloved, and after a brief gaze of unutterable tenderness, at length found relief from the agony of his contending emotions in a flood of tears. Ah! there is no electric touch, no stimulant so capable of dispelling that torpor of the soul which extreme suffering has produced, as the pulsations of a loving and beloved heart felt beating against the bosom of the sufferer. Flora opened her eyes, and, for the first time since they had driven past the ship, her features wore an expression of consciousness. Even in the distressing circumstances by which she was surrounded, maidenly modesty asserted her claim. A faint blush mounted into her palid cheek, as she found herself in Arundel's close embrace, and felt his tears streaming upon her face, and knew that these tears were shed more for her sufferings than his own. She murmured his name, coupled with an endearing epithet, and gently releasing her hand from his, wiped away the scalding drops as they fell upon her cheek. The endearing words, the action still more endearing, the soft touch, and the strong inextinguishable affection which could alone, at such a moment of horror, have prompted the display of these proof of tenderness, drove at once all Arundel's former prudential considerations from his mind, and pressing his lips to hers, till the blood which had deserted them rushed back with tenfold force, he gave and received a sacred vow that if it pleased God to release them from their present dangers, their lots should henceforth be cast together.

"Better take a small pull at the main brace, doctor," said Bill, who, with a tin flask of brandy in one hand, and a sort of leathern cup in the other, sat kicking his legs upon a thoft; "and mayhap the young gentlewoman will join you in that too, as you both seem to take it easy. Now, for my part I take this same racing between two bergs for a man's life to be d—d hard work, and worse than the worse cross-fire I ever stood between; and him as has served under Howe and Duncan, and seen the glorious first of June, seventeen-ninety-four, and the eleventh of October, seventeen-ninety-seven, may say he knows what a cross-fire is, and tell no lie. So here's your health, doctor, and the poor fellows that found a bloody grave in these scrimmages; not forgetting the young gentlewoman's, which would be lubberly;" and thereupon, suiting the action to the word, Bill took another vigorous draught. Arundel, who foresaw the evil consequences of Bill's thoughtlessness, secured the spirit, and after taking his advice with respect to Flora and himself, deposited the flask in the pocket of one of the pea-jackets, which, for further security, he put upon his own person. Bill was by no means pleased with this manœuvre, and muttered something about "having another *tot* before he went to h—l at any rate." Arundel, however, succeeded in pacifying the half intoxicated savage, by promising that he should have twice the quantity which both the young lady and himself used.

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* It can scarcely be necessary to remind any reader that the *icebergs* consist of perfectly fresh water congealed. Cowper, in his little poem called the "Ice Islands seen floating in the German Ocean," gives as concise and scientific an account of their formation as possible.

By this time, as the current which had carried them at first considerably to leeward of the ice, was gone, the berg itself had drifted within a short distance of the boat. For a time they tried, by means of the oars, to keep themselves before the floating mass, but finding this at length impracticable, they were obliged to jam the boat into a little cleft, and thus suffer themselves to be carried before it by its own impetus. In this way they were compelled to submit to the risk of being bulged by the *calves;* a name given by the sailors to those pieces which breaking off from the bottom of an iceberg, rise up to the surface with a force sufficient at times to drive in the timbers of a Greenland ship. They now bailed out the water, and having made every thing as dry and snug as possible, waited for the clearing away of the fog, and calm weather. Black Bill, after a vain request for another *tot* of brandy, rolled himself up like a hedgehog in the forepart of the boat, and by and bye, the regular snoring to which his muttered curses and grumbling gave place, proved that he was asleep. Flora, too, worn out by bodily and mental suffering, slumbered in Arundel's arms.

We shall not attempt to describe his thoughts and feelings as, with that lovely girl in his bosom, the rugged ice-cliffs above, and the fathomless sea beneath, he looked back during his lonely watch on the blighted past, and forward to the well nigh hopeless future. In a few hours he felt unable to resist sleep, so rousing Bill, and recommending him to keep a good watch, as he tossed off his dram, Frank adjusted the pea-jackets round Flora and himself, and was presently fast asleep.

He was roused by some one fumbling about his clothes, and looking up saw Black Bill in the act of drawing forth the flask from his pocket. Arundel snatched it from him, and springing up, demanded the cause of his dastardly conduct.

"The cause is as plain as a hogshead, doctor," replied Bill, not at all abashed at the discovery which had been made; "you won't let me have another *tot*, and I must have it; so, once for all, will you give me that there or not?"

It was in vain that Arundel beseeched, threatened, or reasoned with him; the burden of Bill's song still was, "that he must have another *tot* before he went to h—l at any rate."

"Well, if you won't serve it out quietly, doctor," said he at length, "I'll find a way to make you do it." As he spoke he stepped forward, and drawing forth from the locker the beef and biscuit, which formed their whole stock of provisions, swore that he would pitch it overboard unless Frank would give him the brandy.

Arundel was forced to comply—prevailing with difficulty on the ruffian to allow him to keep a little for Flora. In half an hour every drop of Bill's brandy was gone, and he lay wallowing in the bottom of the boat in a state of brutal intoxication. Frank took the opportunity to remove the fire-arms and ammunition (of which there was a considerable quantity), as well as the provisions, aft, and having with some difficulty succeeded in drawing the damp charges of the pistols and loading them afresh, he thrust them into his breast, determined rather to shoot the seaman than suffer him to destroy the remainder of the provisions. Many hours passed over in this cheerless manner, the piercing cold and inpenetrable fog still continuing, so that all hope of escaping from their dreadful situation began to die away.

A cracking and rending in the huge mass of ice to which they were fixed, at length aroused them from the torpor into which they were falling, and the breaking off of several projecting pinnacles round about them, showed that some dreadful concussion had shaken the solidity of the berg. Casting off the rope, therefore, with all expedition, the seaman and Arundel betook themselves to the oars, and by almost superhuman exertions, succeeded in getting to a considerable distance from the iceberg, before, as they had anticipated, it fell to pieces. The terrific crash, which sounded as if the very foundations of the earth were broken up and returning to chaos, amid the mysterious darkness which encompassed all things—the grinding and tearing of the colossal fragments—and the quaking of the ocean as the huge masses dived down into its depths for a time, deprived the unhappy voyagers of all resolution; and it was not till the lipper, created by the sudden disruption, had almost separated the boat, that they gathered their scattered energies, and attended to their immediate safety.

They were now driven from their shelter, and were moreover thoroughly afraid to attach themselves to another berg; however, the wind had in some measure fallen, and by good fortune, in a short time, getting to leeward of a large field of salt-water ice, the *hummocks* of which did not rise more than eight or ten feet above the water, they set as much canvas as was sufficient to keep them before it; and then, as one of the old voyagers to the frozen seas quaintly and piously expresses it, "abiding the Lord's leisure, they continued with patience." For three days the fog remained stationary, though the wind, happily, fell to such a degree as rather to afford them assistance in their perilous navigation, than otherwise. It would be tedious to narrate their sufferings from cold, wet, and the necessity of using a short allowance, while their work was very fatiguing; or, to describe their frequent "hair-breadth escapes" from being swamped by eddying winds issuing from confined channels of ice, or upset on floes which lay (though often unseen by the eye) only a few inches beneath the surface, or wedged in among floating ice in a stream, or arrested among *sludge*, or from the other manifold dangers to which the navigators of the polar seas, in a fog, are necessarily exposed. To all the dangers and discomforts of their situation, were in a short time added the fear of starvation and avowed enmity. Arundel had possession of the provisions; and the smuggler, from at first expressing his dissatisfaction at the small share he received, at length demanded to have his ration increased. Arundel peremptorily refused his request. "Then, by God! young fellow, you or I shall go overboard," said the seaman, fiercely rising up from the thoft, and stretching himself as if for a deadly encounter. He stepped forward, and Frank, having given him a warning, at which the desperate ruffian laughed in derision, drew a pistol, and fired. The ball cut off part of the flap of his *sou'wester*, and grazed the side of his head. He had not expected that any of the fire-arms were in a serviceable state; he was half staggered by the blow, and seeing another pistol in Arundel's hand, he retired, cursing, to his old station. It wanted but this to complete the utter wretchedness of Frank and his unhappy companion. When over-wrought nature drove him to seek brief repose, he obliged Bill, by threatening to shoot him, to make fast the boat to a berg or floe, and then with a loaded pistol in each hand, he slept in such a position, that, on being aroused by Flora, who watched meantime, he would be ready for instant action. Dreadful were the vigils of the unhappy girl, as she sat gazing perforce on the wakeful gleam of the smuggler's eyes, and was compelled to listen to his horrible blasphemies, fearful every moment that he would spring up and perhaps murder her lover before he could resist. At the portioning out of the scanty provisions, too, it was dreadful to mark the increasing ferocity with which the wretch snatched his share, and the envious glances which he cast upon that of his companions. Nor were Flora and Arundel altogether devoid of the same feeling, and they shuddered even, as they pressed their thin lips together, to think that the time might shortly come, when they would look on each other with sensations ten thousands times worse than loathing. It was in whispers of horror that they communicated this hideous fancy to each other, and both resolved that, at the first birth of such sensations, they would destroy themselves; satisfied that, even in the eye of Infinite Goodness, the deed would be considered one of virtue.

At length, on the seventh day, as they thought it must be from their obscure reckoning, when the last portion of provision had been consumed, the fog, which had at divers times partially cleared up and then fallen again, suddenly dispersed, and as it retired,

"Overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone spanning the dark sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue;
And all within its arch, appeared to be

Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad and waving like a banner free;
Then chang'd like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of those shipwreck'd men."

Like the wrecked crew of the "most holy Trinidada," our voyagers considered this a happy omen; and, as the atmosphere became presently almost brilliantly clear, they determined on making for an immense iceberg, down whose glittering sides a cataract was streaming in the sun, and which floated at a little distance, in order to see if, from its summit, they could discover any likely means of escape. The boat was shoved into a small bay in the ice, and Bill, after he had reached the top, raised the joyful cry of "land to leeward."

Arundel having moored the boat safely, and thrown a gun over his arm, assisted Flora up the steep and rugged ascent, in order that they might feast their eyes with the delicious prospect. Meantime, the smuggler had disappeared over the top of the iceberg, and, in a short time, a cry of utter horror came in the direction he had taken. Leaving Flora on a broad platform of ice, Arundel sprang up the frozen crags, and presently arriving at the summit, saw the cause of the seaman's terror. He was flying along the edge of the iceberg, pursued, at a few yards distance, by a white bear of enormous size, his long shaggy coat of hair glittering, as he threw forward his uncouth carcase in immense leaps, with innumerable icicles, which, in the gloomy gelid caverns of the berg, had not felt the sun's influence. The chance of the unhappy fugitive's escape was cut short, by his stumbling against a loose piece of ice; and the next moment the bear had plunged his teeth into his body, and seemed to drink up, in long draughts, the blood of his victim. Arundel, though filled with consternation and horror at the sight, still pressed forward, and when he had arrived within a score of paces, fired with such perfect precision, that the small glittering eye of the monster was struck out, and a stream of blood trickled from the wound. He then retired, loading his piece with all expedition, while the bear advanced upon him, still holding in his mouth the mangled body of the smuggler. He succeeded in charging his gun, and again struck the bear somewhere in the neck. The ferocious animal instantly quitted his first victim, and with a dreadful roar springing upon Frank, before he could escape, threw him down, and stood for a moment, with both paws upon his breast, displaying two rows of tremendous teeth crimsoned with gore. This proved, however, to be his dying effort; the next instant his jaws relaxed, his roar died away in the recesses of his chest—he staggered and fell, scattering from his lips, the very death foam, mixed with blood, upon the features of his prostrate foe. Arundel's first care, after he had disencumbered himself of the body of the slaughtered monster, was to look after the unfortunate seaman. His corpse, mangled and bloody, presented a spectacle, too hidious to contemplate. He dragged it to a cleft in the ice, wherein, with a prayer for the spirit which had been so unseasonably called to its account, he deposited the mangled limbs. Thus, having briefly performed these duties, which he did not wish to subject Flora to the contemplation of, he returned to her, and informed her of their tragical adventure. Then procuring an axe and knife from the boat, he cut into the body of the bear, took away some of the most fleshy parts, and by means of a gun-flint and steel, and the drift wood which lay scattered in plenty over the iceberg, having succeeded in making a fire, he prepared a meal, which, coarse as it was, and revolting from late circumstances, proved by no means unacceptable to Flora, and himself. Having deposited a quantity of flesh, both raw and broiled, in the boat, and filled such vessels as they had with the delicious fresh water they found in the hollows of the iceberg, Arundel hoisted the sail, and in a few hours, favoured by the breeze, reached the shore.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ON THE "RIGHTS OF WOMAN."*

In a former series of this periodical, we noticed at considerable length some of the earlier productions of the writer of the work now before us. And as it shall be the peculiar province of this present series to introduce to the attention of the British public whatever is most valuable and distinguished in the literature of the Continent, we think we cannot do better than commence with the remaining works of Madame Dudevant, *alias* George Sand.

The appearance of the earlier productions of this accomplished authoress were received with almost unbounded popularity. By the French as well as the English critics, they were hailed "as the rising of a salutiferous star in the literary horizon"—as a reaction from the monstrous exaggerations and sanguinary atrocities generated by the excitement of the revolution of July, to a calmer and more peaceful flow of literature. Leaving to others the domain of history and the perilous task of resuscitating the shadows of the past, Madame Dudevant confined herself to painting life as she had witnessed it. She wove her web from the perplexities of action and sentiment that had fallen under her own observation, and, from the earnestness and intensity of the description, we are warranted in saying from what she had herself experienced; she stood forward as the advocate of her sex. The pervading spirit of her earlier works is embodied in the verses of the poet,—

> "Alas, the love of woman! it is known
> To be a lonely and a fearful thing;
> For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
> And if 'tis lost, earth hath no more to bring
> To her but mockeries of the past alone."

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* Le Secrétaire Intime, par G. Sand.

Again :—

> "——— Man to man so oft unjust,
> Is always so to women; one sole bond
> Awaits her, treachery is all her trust.
> Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond
> Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
> Buys them in marriage; and what rests beyond?
> A thankless husband—next a faithless lover—
> Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all over."

Little doubt could be entertained, but that Madame Dudevant had had her share of the matrimonial afflictions she so feelingly describes and so pathetically laments. Whether she realized the character so pointedly draw in the remaining verses of the same passage, and belonged to those who

> "First play the devil, and then write a novel,"

was a matter that was open to conjecture. But, however this might be, the jealous eye of criticism soon discovered that the scope and tendency of the fair novelist was directed against that old and venerable institution, yclept marriage; and that she stood forward as an impassioned pleader against the binding principles of society. The tide of censure now flowed in with greater violence, in proportion as the previous praise had been unmeasured. The critic was angry with himself at being duped into patronizing so dangerous a writer, and he redoubled his attacks in order to efface the effects of his first acquiescence. Leaving Madame Dudevant to settle this matter with her critics, which she does in a style much too metaphysical for ordinary apprehensions, we shall proceed to give an analysis of the work before us.

It generally happens that the later efforts of a successful writer fall immeasureably beneath the promise of his earlier productions. He writes up to a certain point, beyond which he may not pass. The succeeding works may be good, but we do not find them rise above each other in spirit and excellence. Thus, though in the present work we still recognize the boldness of execution and vivid portraiture which lent so powerful a charm to Indiana, Valentine, and Rose et Blanche, we cannot help feeling, that, like the music of the Theban statue, as the day declined the strain is fainter, and the impression produced is less profound.

Louis de Saint Julien, the heir apparent of a noble but impoverished family, becoming disgusted with some stories that have reached his ears of the youthful gallantries of his mother, forms the romantic project of quitting his paternal home, and trusting to his own energy and talents for making his way through the world. In pursuance of this resolution, we find the young count journeying on foot, on the dusty high road between Paris and Lyons, delighted at having left behind him the land of sad reality, and resolved to plunge, at any hazard, into the joyous land of his own fond imaginings.

Bred up in the country, under the tuition of a kind and goodhearted curate, the count was possessed of much genuine principle, a tolerable share of talent, and quite sufficient learning to warrant him in aspiring to the employment of tutor, under-librarian, or private secretary. He was endowed with some good qualities, and even some virtues. He had moreover defects, and even faults; but he was without vices. He was well-intentioned and romantic, but proud and timid; that is to say, susceptible and distrustful, like all those who are inexperienced in life and ignorant of the world. In addition to these claims upon our sympathy, the count had the no less important requisites to a hero of romance — remarkably fine eyes, a small white Byronic or aristocratic hand, and a profusion of glossy black curls.

Now, here is a knight-errant quite after your own heart, and in that precise situation in which we have often loved to fancy ourselves; nay, perhaps, one which we may have actually experienced in our own proper persons—but, alas! whether it be owing to our unpropitious stars, or an ill-selected rout, in these degenerate days, with by no means the good fortune of the count.

Being overtaken by a train of carriages, a very natural idea occurred to our hero, *viz.* that riding was much more agreeable than walking, and he forthwith proceeded to instal himself behind one of the vehicles. His shadow was soon descried by the practised eye of the postilion, and he was ordered in no very gentle terms to descend. In the unsuspecting confidence of his unsophisticated nature, he addressed his supplications to the occupants of the carriage; but, as they were upper servants, they rejected his request to be allowed to occupy his position behind, with the pride and insolence peculiar to that class. This roused the indignation of St. Julien, and he spoke haughty and high in his turn.

> " The four carriages were proceeding slowly, and without noise, up the aclivity of a sandy hill. The voice of St. Julien, and that of the postilion, who was insulting him, for the amusement of the occupants of the chaise, reached the ear of the lady, who was seated in the foremost berline. She leant out of the window, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, and St. Julien beheld, with infantine emotion, the most beautiful female bust, he had ever imagined, but he had no time to admire it; for, as soon as she fixed her eyes on him, his own were timidly directed towards the ground. The beautiful apparition, addressing herself to the postilion and her servants, in a rough *contralto* voice, and with a foreign accent, rated them soundly, and called out to the young traveller, in a familiar tone:—'Come hither, child, get up on the front seat of my carriage, mind you just leave room enough for my white poodle; come, be quick, and keep your acknowledgments for another time.' "

St. Julian, of course, was not slow in complying with this command, and his curiosity was soon almost painfully excited by the peculiarities of his beautiful benefactress.

At the relays, she paid not the slightest attention to him, while she chided her lacqueys, one after the other, in a half-angry, half-jovial tone. She was a strange being, such as he had never seen before. She was tall and slender; her shoulders were broad, and her white and uncovered neck assumed attitudes at once masculine and majestic. Her looks bespoke her to be thirty years of age, and yet it might be that she was only twenty-five. She exhibited the appearance of a woman somewhat worn, but the paleness of her complexion, her thin cheeks, and the blue semicircle surrounding her large black eyes, gave an expression of pensive decision, of quick and grasping intelligence, and of melancholy firmness, to a face which, in the beauty of its outline, might challenge a comparison with the most perfect cameos of antiquity.

Now, who or what could this beautiful incognita be? Was she a queen, or a courtezan?—a *prima donna*, or a princess? Here was ample matter for tasking the curiosity of St. Julien.

After a journey performed in a state of the utmost suspense, he discovered, to his no small satisfaction, on arriving at the hotel at Lyons, that she was the Princess Quintilia Cavalcanti, the sovereign of a Lombard principality, some twenty miles in circumference. Instead of seeking a place of entertainment more suited to his humble fortunes, St. Julien determined at once to take up his quarters at the hotel, in order to see her once more, though but for an instant, although by so doing he ran the risk of spending more money in a day than he had proposed to do in a week.

He changed his costume, and seated himself in the court, opposite the windows, when, as luck would have it, the princess soon appeared, and threw herself in a rather careless attitude into an armchair on the balcony, to enjoy the somewhat original amusement of—what, gentle reader? canst thou divine? We defy thee, be thy penetration what it may. Well, then, not to keep thee in suspense—to enjoy the amusement of *smoking small perfumed cigars*, and listening to the contents of an Italian journal.

Her eye soon rested on St. Julien, and she turned to her attendant—

"'Ginetta—is not that the youth we picked up on the road this morning?'

"'Yes, your highness.'

"'He has changed his dress?'

"'It would seem so, your highness.'

"'He is stopping here, then?'

"'I believe so, your highness.'"

The princess then called for an opera-glass, and having directed it full upon St. Julien, she exclaimed, "*Non e troppo brutto,*"—(not so bad, either), and she continued her inspection, while her chaplain still continued reading the Italian journal.

St. Julien had undergone no very brilliant transformation in point of dress; his travelling bag had supplied him with a plain blonse jacket, a pair of white trousers, and a very fine and very white shirt; but this jacket fitting close to the person, displayed proportions of almost feminine delicacy and elasticity.

"His shirt open at the collar, a very fair neck, half concealed by long, black curls. A velvet barrette or foraging-cap, placed crossways on his head, gave him the appearance of an amorous and poetical page.

"'Now that he is no longer covered with dust,' said Ginetta, 'he has quite the air of a gentleman.'

"'Hum!' said the princess, flinging her cigar on the newspaper which her chaplain was reading, 'some poor student, I suppose.'"

A few moments after this scene, St. Julien was surprised by an invitation to sup with her highness the princess and her suite, for they all sup together. Fancying himself about to be made a butt for the company, he rejects the invitation with haughtiness, but at length yielded to the entreaties of the landlord, who was alarmed lest the princess should be offended in his house.

To supper he accordingly goes, and here he meets with new food for his curiosity. The princess is an accomplished linguist, a profound metaphysician, a skilful logician, and a sprightly and witty conversationist. St Julien is insensibly weaned from his timidity and suspicions by the frankness and good-nature of her manners. His conversation pleases the princess, and he is forthwith enrolled among her household as her private secretary.

He had scarcely quitted the apartment of his new mistress, when he felt his arm seized, as he was descending the staircase, by a pale, melancholy-looking traveller, who, in the deep and solemn tone of a man giving an invitation to his funeral, declared that he had something most important to communicate to him—a service of a vast nature to demand at his hands. Spite of his suspicions, St. Julien resigned himself to listen to the disclosures of his mysterious importuner; whereupon he proceeded to give him the details of a romantic adventure which had occurred between him and a fair *inconnue,* whom he had met at a masqued ball at the opera, at Paris.

"'I have never (pursued the traveller) been able to obtain a sight of my mysterious charmer until this moment, when I beheld her at one of the windows of this hotel, and she is no other than the Princess Quintilia Cavalcanti.'

"'Are you quite sure?' said St. Julien, almost stupified with amazement.

"'I have a sure proof of it,' said the traveller, drawing a very beautiful watch from his bosom, and opening it; 'look at this cipher; are not these the initials of Quintilia Cavalcanti, with the abbreviation, *pea,* that is, principessa? a cursed abbreviation, which has long baffled my ingenuity.'

"'How came you by that watch?" said St. Julien.

"'By a singular mischance I took it in a mistake for my own from the apartment of my fair *inconnue,* and several days had elapsed before I observed the cipher engraved in the inside.'

"'Either I am dreaming,' said St. Julien, as he gazed upon the watch, 'or I have just seen one quite similar in the hands of the lady you speak of.'

"'Open it, and you will find the name of Charles de Dortan; in heaven's name, do but open it!'

"'What am I to go and ask the princess to allow me to inspect her watch? and then what will you gain by that?'

"'Oh, I would reproach her with her effrontery. I would teach her that a man of honour, who has submitted to so many mysterious precautions, is not to be treated in this way. I will unmask an infamous coquette, or else she must keep her promises with me, and my mouth shall be for ever sealed on the subject; for, after all, I still feel that I love her to distraction.'

"'I wish you joy of the adventure,' said St. Julien, coldly; 'but for my part I abhor such women!'

"Here he was summoned to attend the princess to her carriage; yielding to the pressing importunity of Dortan that he would mention his name, he said, almost mechanically, 'Madame, here is Mr. Charles de Dortan.'

"'I have not the honour of his acquaintance,' replied the princess, coolly. Dortan pressed forward, and gazed steadily at her.

"'Back, Sir!' she exclaimed: 'it is not respectful to stare at a lady after that fashion.'

"Dortan became pale as death, and remained transfixed in his position. The carriage started. 'That fellow must be either an idiot or a madman,' thought Julien, as the quiet self-possession of the princess began to exercise its counteracting influence over his mind."

During the entire journey into Italy, the manners and conversation of the princess wrought more powerfully on the feelings of St. Julien, and he was bewildered at the grasp of her intelligence, and the soundness and firmness of her judgment. All her opinions revealed a strong understanding, an inflexible fixedness of purpose, and a close and condensed logic. She was wholly occupied with philanthropic theories, and expressed her indignation at beholding so much misery along the route. She would then devise expedients for remedying it, and express her astonishment at its not being taken into consideration.

"'But' said she, angrily, 'those contemptible bastards who govern the world with the title of kings, have something else to do than to succour the distressed. Solely occupied with their miserable pleasures, they are amusing themselves puerilely and wickedly, until the voices of their people shall shake the foundations of those thrones so long deaf to all supplication.'

She would then descant upon the difficulty of maintaining a good understanding between the governors and the governed. She did not think the difficulty insurmountable.

"'But what,' added she, 'can be done by these crowned idiots?' And after a luminous examination and criticism of the systems of all the cabinets of Europe, the secrets of which seemed bared before her penetrating eye, she would construct her system of absolute government on philosophic cases.

"'Great kings make great people,' she continued; 'all is reducible to that trite system; but as yet we have not seen any great kings upon earth; great captains there have been, the heroes of ambition, of intelligence, and bravery; but not a single prince at once bold, loyal, enlightened, cool, and persevering. In all the biographies of illustrious men, infirmity is perpetually vindicating her share. Yet are we not for that to abandon the work, and to despair of the futurity of the world. The human mind has not as yet reached the limits at which it should stop: all that is fairly conceivable is performable.'

"After having spoken in this way, she would fall into deep reveries; her eyebrows became gently contracted, her dark eyes seemed to withdraw within their sockets, her burning brow became expanded by ambition. She might have been taken for the daughter of Napoleon.

"At these moments St. Julien felt a secret awe creep over his spirits. 'What is charity? what is love?' said he to himself; 'what are all the wishes and all the illusions of poetry, and all pious and tender sentiments, to a soul consumed by such immense ambitions?'

"But when again he beheld her fling to the poor her gold, and even some portions of her garments; when he heard her in a friendly, and almost familiar tone, make enquiries of the sick and console the distressed, he was more touched with these marks of familiar goodness than he would have been with the most noble actions performed by other women."

At length they arrive at the miniature kingdom of the princess, in Friuli. Quintilia did the honours of her little principality to St. Julien with infinite gaiety. It was evidently her humour not to suffer by the ridiculous figure of her magistrates, the contemptible display of her military forces, and the contracted circle of her dominions. She laughed at them with sprightliness and piquancy, without at the same time losing any opportunity of artfully pointing out to him the effects of a wise administration. To St. Julien, who had never been beyond the manor surrounding the gothic towers of the old chateau of his ancestors, the pomp and circumstance of this miniature royalty were objects of lively admiration. The beauty of the sky, the rich colours of the landscape, the coquettish elegance of the palace, built in the oriental style, after designs of the princess herself, the air of importance of the great lords of the little court, the somewhat superannuated but rich costumes of the dignitaries of the household, assumed in the eyes of the young countryman an air of splendour and of majesty, which gave to his fortune the appearance of a dream. After the usual court ceremonies, St. Julien is lodged, dressed, and established in every way befitting the dignity of his office, with due consideration for the peculiar bent of his character, and he enters at once on the discharge of his office of confidential secretary. The close intimacy which it induces proves fatal to him, for he falls desperately in love with his benefactress; but we shall let our authoress describe the growth and progress of the passion, as it is one of those delienations which are peculiarly her own.

"On the following morning the princess summoned St. Julien to her cabinet. A thousand schemes occupied her thoughts. She contemplated a notable reduction of her expenditure, the founding of a new hospital, the reduction of a religious establishment, the composition of a treatise on political economy, and numberless projects of a similar nature. St. Julien was alarmed at the variety and extent of what was to be effected, but she laid down the principal points so clearly, and assisted him by explanations so lucid and precise, that he soon began to see his way through what he took at first to be nothing more than the chaos of a woman's brain.

"Several months were employed in drawing up and perfecting this work. All this time the princess remained shut up within her palace: balls and drawing-rooms were suspended; the courts were silent, and the facades of the palace unilluminated. Quintilia habited in a flowing robe of black velvet, with her hair bound up beneath a cap *à la Marie Stuart,* seemed utterly forgetful of the gaity, the bustle and the pomp, of which she usually appeared so fond. Absorbed in serious studies and useful reflections, she allowed herself no other amusement but that of smoking in the evening on the terrace with her confidental associates, her page, her secretary, and La Ginetta. Sometimes she accompanied them in a gondola on the pretty little river called Celina, which flowed through her principality. But their former playful gaiety was banished from their conversation. The projects of the succeeding, and the works of the past day, brought her into continual and immediate relation with St. Julien. The familiarity resulting from it was marked by something peaceful and fraternal, which was more than friendship, while it did not resemble love. At least so thought St. Julien: but his whole soul was engrossed, all his faculties absorbed by one single thought. If the hours spent apart from the presence of the princess, had not been assiduously filled up by the duties of his office, and by the short intervals accorded to repose, they would have proved unsupportable. But when he rose in the morning, he took his station by her side, and he did not quit it until evening. If she sometimes mitigated the severity of her intellectual labours by a change to some gentler subjects, it was always in conjunction with her young protégé. She discoursed with him on the arts which she encouraged, and of which she was passionately fond: she listened with interest to some sweet and simple poetry, with which the youth became inspired by her presence, or she talked to him of the blessings of a laborious and regulated life, of the charms of a chaste and holy friendship. St. Julien listened to her with delight, and as he gazed upon her serene brow and her looks of maternal tenderness, he was unconscious that a stormy or fatal passion could be engendered beside such a woman; he fancied he had arrived at the accomplishment of the fairest wish that a noble spirit could propose to itself: he believed he had attained to a lasting happiness without alloy and without remorse. Sometimes indeed, when he found himself alone after these delicious conversations, his brain became inflamed, his heart beat quickly, his emotion became a species of vague uneasiness; but these agitations gave way to a religious feeling. He thanked the Almighty for withdrawing him from a painful condition, to make him taste such complete happiness; he pronounced the name of Quintilia in association with that of the Virgin. When he relieved his heart by ecstasies like these, he returned with ardour to the task confided to him, and exulted in the anticipation of meriting and obtaining the praise and thanks of his mistress. Separated entirely from the appendages surrounding the princess, he communicated with none save Galeotto (the page) and La Ginetta. His timid yet proud disposition, his serious and sustained occupations, and above all the interior sentiment of happiness which rendered all confidences useless, were obstacles to any communication with those around him. He lived so much apart from everything but Quintilia, that he scarcely knew the names of those whom he met in the interior of the palace. And yet a passion, strong, consuming and ineradicable was imperceptibly lighted in his bosom. His imaginations was so pure, he was so inexperienced in the effects of love, that he was not aware of its torments, and felt without being able to perceive them.

"Six months had thus passed away: one evening the work was brought to a conclusion. During the whole of that day the princess had been more grave and thoughtful than usual. With her own hand she added a last page to the manuscript presented by St. Julien. Whilst she was writing, Ginetta, who had entered the apartment on tiptoe, awaited the conclusion with impatience. Her black and glancing eyes were directed now at the door, where St. Julien perceived the skirt of Galeotto's mantle, and anon on the darkened and contracted eyebrows of the princess. At length the latter laid down her pen with an air of abstraction, covered her face with her hands resumed her pen, played for an instant with a lock of her hair which had got loose from its bandage, started, traced some figures with precipitation, signed the manuscript, closed it, and pushed it away from her. Then rising from her seat, she advanced towards Ginetta and stuck her pen in the thick fold of her black hair. The waiting maid uttered an exclamation of delight: 'Is it finished at last, madame?' cried she, 'have we reached the end of this sombre Lent? Is pleasure once more to burst the lid of the coffin in which you have enclosed it? Shall I cast to the wind this nasty pen, which feels as heavy as lead?'

"'Make an auto-da-fé of it, an thou wilt,' said the princess. 'I work no more this year.'

"'Vive la liberté!' cried Galcotto, bounding into the apartment. "At the risk of her displeasure, I must kneel before my sovereign, and implore her to break the iron bondage of her faithful knight.'

" 'Resume your wings, my gay butterfly,' said the princess, kissing his forehead.

" 'By the Virgin!' said the page, rising, 'it is more than six months since your highness conferred a similar honour on your poor dwarf. We are saved—we are entering on a new existence—we throw off our chrysalis and take wings, Alleluia!'

" 'Let us burn this vile pen,' said Ginetta.

" 'Not so,' said the page, seizing it. 'Let us place it in the cap of the secretary here, and throw the whole into the Cilina, the pedant and his ink—dulness and its registers." '

Pleasure now reigns supreme. Balls and fêtes, and court ceremonials are all the order of the day. A grand masquerade took place at the palace. After a whimsical but felicitous invention of the princess, the whole court represented an immense collection of insects and butterflies. She it was that presided at the choice and distribution of all the costumes. She consulted some twenty savans, and turned over all the treatises on entomology in her library to arrive at such a pitch of perfection as should be capable of throwing the gravest professors of natural history into ecstasies of joy. She assorted each disguise to the character and physiognomy of each person. There were around her beautiful Venetians disguised as wasps, fire-flies, and pierides; gallant officers converted into flying stags, capricorns, and sphinx; young abbés transformed into ants, and the major-domo into a spider. The sphinx atropos met with most complete success. The preaching mandril was much admired, and the ladies uttered exclamations of terror at the sight of the great sacred iphis of the Egyptians. Quintilia chose for herself the white phalenus of the night, and was distinguished by the richness and simplicity of her costume. Her robe and wings of silver gauze fell negligently along her figure. Two white marabout feathers, drooping from her brow upon each shoulder, represented very agreeably two downy antennæ. But amid the cares and bustle of preparation, the poor secretary seemed to have been forgotten. He awoke from his six months' dream of happiness and found himself duped and ruined in his affections. "What a fool I was," thought he, "to imagine for a moment, that this woman's heart was set upon any thing beyond the vanity of her sex and the pride of her station. And what pleasure could she take in duping me and herself on pretended philanthropic projects, upon the lofty aspirations of a generous soul, when her most ardent wish and her crowning joy is a ruinous fete, and the paltry homage of servile courtiers?" Stung by these reflections, a prey to jealousy and despair, he followed Quintilia through the rich assemblage. At length in his passion he hazards a declaration, when the following scene takes place:—

"St. Julien seated himself in silence. Quintilia standing before a mirror with her back turned towards him, replaced her disordered wings and head-dress with the utmost self-composure. When she had finished, she thought of him, and observed his reflection in the glass. He was on the point of fainting.

"She went directly towards him, and taking his hand with a self-possession which seemed to proceed as much from the kindness of her heart as the boldness of her character.—'What's the matter?' said she, 'you are ill or unhappy, which? speak to me, I am your friend.'

"St. Julien drooped his face upon the beautiful hands of Quintilia, and moistened them with his tears.

"'You are in love?' said she, pressing them towards him affectionately.

"'Oh! madam.'

"'Yes—is it not so?'

"'Well then, yes.'

"'With whom?'

"'I shall never dare——'

"'Is it with Ginetta?'

"'No.'

"'Then it is with me?'

"'Yes.'

"'So much the worse for you,' replied she, with a gesture of impatience bordering upon anger, 'so much the worse for us both.'

"St. Julien fancied he had wounded her pride. 'Pardon me,' said he, 'I am silly and presumptuous. You will dismiss me, but I shall anticipate your commands. All that I could venture to aspire to, was a word of pity from your mouth before flying from you for ever.'

"'Good God, St. Julien, you know not what you say; I am not going to dismiss you, and if you will go, it is contrary to my wishes. You think I am offended—you deceive yourself. If I loved you, I would tell you so; and if I told you so, I would marry you.'

"St. Julien was confounded by these words, and rubbed his eyes like one awakening from a dream. He felt all the mortification of this frankness. He fixed his eyes on the ground, and stammered out some incoherent phrases.

"'Come, away with these woe-begone airs. Listen, St. Julien, all young men are either foolish or romantic. You are not foolish, but you are romantic. You fancy yourself in love with me—you are not so. How could you; you don't comprehend me.'

"'There you are right,' cried St. Julien, 'I do not comprehend you; if I did, I should be either radically cured or utterly incurable. I should love you to madness, or I would hate you, so as to fly from you without regret. But the fact is, I know not what you are, and my uncertainty is my torment. Sometimes I pray to you in my heart as to an angel of God, and sometimes——yes, I *will* tell you all—I compare you to Catherine the Second.'

"'Omitting the murders, prisonings, and other similar propensities, which, after all, do not constitute such a difference,' said the princess, with cold irony, and taking up her fan of feathers she seated herself, adding, with deriding calmness, 'Go on, sir, I am ready to hear your harangue.'

"'Deride me—despise me, if you will,' said St. Julien; 'but it cannot continue—I must be gone. You treat me with confidence; I am unworthy of it. You overwhelm me with favours, and I am ungrateful. Instead of confining myself to the duties of my office, I pry into your actions; I watch you as if I was to assassinate you. I am jealous—jealous and distrustful. Aye, laugh at me, mock me; I mock myself more bitterly than any body can do. For these three last days I have been mad—quite mad. I am every moment on the point of reproaching you—of asking you why I am to be thus tormented? I, who am but your servant, madam—I know I am but your servant."

"'You are going too far,' interrupted the princess; 'I do not wish to humiliate you. This would do very well for those who have no other means. You are not my servant, and even if you were, there would be but one case in which you would be justified in speaking to me as you do. Do you know what that is?'

"'Tell me—I am prepared for it—I am undone.'

"'I will tell you, without anger—without contempt. That case would be, when I should have encouraged you during—how long shall I say—five minutes? Is that too much?'

"'Your mockery cuts me to the soul, but I have deserved it. No, you did not encourage me for five minutes; not a look, not a word was there to warrant me to hope that——'

"'Unless you mistook for proofs of my love, or for the advances of my coquettishness, the attentions and cares of an honest friendship—the testimonies of a well-considered esteem. I have often been told that women on this side of fifty are not justified in acting as I have done; that their frankness was unavailing; that their testimony was not received by what is supposed to be justice and common sense. I have tried it—but with whom?—with fools and imbeciles. I took you for a person capable of judging.'

"'Madam, you are unjust. You questioned me with authority. My fault is, in not having spoken falsely when you said this moment 'if you are in love it must be with me.'

"'St. Julien, your fault is not in telling me that you are in love, but it is in being so.'

"'Do you, then, believe it possible to repress such feelings?'

"'Possibly. Were I a man, I should be the friend of Quintilia; I should comprehend her—divine her character—perhaps esteem her.

"'Then give me to comprehend you,' said St. Julien, throwing himself on his knees without approaching her, 'and perhaps I may be your friend as well as subject.'

"'Count," said the princess, rising from her seat, 'I will not make myself accountable to any one breathing. I have long since learned to hold the opinion of men in contempt. Have you not read the device of my escutcheon—*God is my judge.*'

"She departed, and St. Julien remained rivetted to the spot."

On returning to the ball-room, St. Julien was accosted by the malicious page Galeotto, who divined from his manner, and that of the princess, that he had risked a declaration. Galeotto was a youth of sixteen, with the face and figure of a boy of twelve. By the princess he was treated as a child, and a handsome plaything; but, young as he was, he had all the maturity of vice, and the spirit of intriguing ambition of the oldest courtier. From him St. Julien, for the first time, learns all that was known of the history of the princess, *viz.* that when she was twelve years of age she had been married by proxy to an Austrian prince, who died, and left her a widow, without her ever having seen her husband. But previous to this latter event, Quintilia had fallen in love with the gentleman who acted as proxy, the natural son of a German prince called Max, who continued at the court for three years after the ceremony. At the expiration of this period he disappeared suddenly, nobody could tell why or wherefore, and the secret whispers of the court hinted that he was murdered by the orders of Quintilia. In addition to this, the page adroitly glanced at several intrigues in which the princess was supposed to be concerned, concluding thus:—

"Some believe in the intrigues of the princess, some do not—it is all one. Nobody has sufficient principle to appreciate her virtue—nobody has sufficient skill to profit by her vices; for be she the most austere or the most perverse of women, we are all equally ignorant, and probably we shall never be enlightened on the subject. Such women should be branded on the forehead with a zero, to indicate that they are beyond the pale of humanity, and that they ought to be treated as abstractions."

Here was new matter for augmenting the embarrassment and tormenting perplexity of St. Julien. How is he to pierce all this mystery, unravel this web of intricacies, reconcile all these contradictions? Nor is this all; an additional mystification occurs before his own eyes. A stranger, disguised as a scarabæus, and masked, contrary to the orders of Quintilia, appears at the insect ball. The princess, being informed of the circumstance, gives orders for his immediate expulsion; but her anger is converted into the most exuberant delight, when the stranger's name, Rosenheim, is breathed in her ear. She proceeded to whisper some directions to her master of the ceremonies, of which the last words only reached the ears of St. Julien, and—

"'Be silent as the tomb!'

"'Ah!' thought St. Julien, 'I am on the point of discovering something infernal.'

"The princess remained motionless on the balcony for five minutes. She had the appearance of a statue, illuminated by the moon; she then raised both arms towards the starry firmament, heaved a deep sigh, placed her hand on her heart, and returned to the ball with a countenance perfectly calm and composed."

While descending the stairs, St. Julien meets the page, whose curiosity was also on the *qui vive.*

"'Who is this Rosenheim?' said St. Julien.

"'I have not the slightest idea.'

"'Then we know nothing.'"

While he is in this state of perplexity, St. Julien is summoned to the apartment of the princess, who expounds to him at great length her peculiar sentiments, opinions, and feelings. As this passage may be taken as an exposition of the moral tenets and sentimental theory of our authoress, we regret that its length must prevent our extracting it. Its principal features are, a contempt for the opinion of the crowd, a steady reliance on the consciousness of internal firmness and rectitude, without conforming to the established ideas of virtue—a firm belief in friendship and love.

"The world," ejaculates the princess, "has not understood me, but I hold my course onwards still, and perhaps I may succeed in convincing it. Doubtless it will comprehend me one day or other, and if that day should not come I care not; I shall have opened the way to other women. Other women will succeed, other women will dare to be frank; and without laying aside the gentleness of their sex, they will perhaps assume the firmness of yours. They will venture to depend upon their own strength, trample hypocritical prudence, that rampart of vice, under foot; and say to their lover, 'this is only my friend,' without exciting the suspicion of that lover.'

"'A golden dream,' replied St. Julien; 'an enthusiast's hope.'"

St. Julien demands a complete justification of her conduct: the doubt which this implies offends the princess.

"'Ah ! St. Julien,' said she, 'how can my friends make me suffer thus? Why are they not like me? Why do they not believe in me as I believe in them? What is it which is ever thus marring my affections? Why are all the sympathies I inspire smothered in their birth? Why am I despised by one half and misunderstood by the other? What have I done to merit this? When my whole life has been a perpetual sacrifice to friendship, must I purchase the confidence of those to whom I surrendered my own? When I found you one day on the high-road, jaded, breathless, and covered with dust, why did I not take you for a vagabond and an adventurer of low degree? Why did I believe in the candour depicted in your countenance—in the nobleness of your sentiments? It is I then who have a false and equivocal air. What! do you seek to learn from others what you ought to think of me? Does not your heart tell you; or have I been unsuccessful in finding the way to it? Of what value then shall be your esteem when I shall have compelled it? You will then give me but my due, your heart will accord me nothing.'

"'You are right,' said St. Julien, "keep your proofs, I want them not. Keep your love for the man who has deserved it. But for my respect, my devotion, my friendship, if I dare use the word made use of by you, put them to the proof. You have vanquished a most distrustful and petulant disposition. God must have rewarded your greatness of soul, by a large measure of power over the souls of others. Complain no more; you will find friends as often as you shall desire them; or should they be deficient in numbers, I shall try to multiply myself a hundredfold to obey you.'

"Quintilia burst into tears, and flung herself on his neck. He embraced her with the tenderness of a brother."

This agreeable scene is interrupted by the appearance of Ginetta, with some secret communication of importance, and the princess retires with her for an instant. During her absence he almost mechanically lays his hand on the princess's watch. He opens it, and as he casts his eyes on the interior of the case, the coldness of death crept through his frame. He read distinctly the name of "Charles de Dortan" and the story of the traveller of Lyons flashed upon his recollection. The discovery caused a complete revulsion in the sentiments of St. Julien, and when Qunitilia returned, he could only behold her in the light of an impudent comedian, playing all characters for her amusement, and despising all the virtues she affected.

But this is not all; in one of his moonlight walks, St. Julien makes acquaintance with a sentimental gentleman named Spark, to whom he confides the state of his mind, his proofs of the guilt of the princess, and the anguish of his doubts. Spark explains away his doubts, and proclaims the princess to the model of all that is excellent and pure. But unfortunately, in one of his justificatory harangues, he drops a billet containing an assignation with Quintilia, which is picked up by the page and shown to St. Julien. They both station themselves to watch the result of the proposed interview, and St. Julien has the conviction of his own eyes of the frailty of the princess. The discovery of this last turpitude confirmed all the rest, and St. Julien became a prey to anguish more intolerable than any he had previously experienced. He could find no other solution for his perplexities than that Quintilia, with the consummate refinement of a superior intellect, sought to satisfy her vanity or her curiosity by inspiring a real passion, and by contemplating from the bosom of debauchery, the spectacle so new to her, of the sufferings of a timid and pure heart; that it was nothing more than a scene got up for her amusement; a game at which she risked nothing, while he staked all that was dear to him in life. Enraged at being thus made the plaything of an intriguant and her paramour, and stimulated by the railleries and malicious counsels of Galeotto, and an over-dose of Cyprus' wine, St. Julien resolves upon seeking a positive explanation of the enigma, or of perishing in the attempt. In a state bordering on distraction, he made his way into the apartment of the princess at midnight, and stood beside her couch while she slept. After contemplating her countenance for some time he kisses her hand, when—

"'Who is that?' exclaimed she, awaking, without testifying much surprise, or the slightest alarm.

"'One who loves you, and who is dying for you!' replied he.

"'Julien,' said she, raising herself on her elbow, 'how is this?—what's the time?—where are we?—who touched my hand?—what's the matter?—what are you saying?'

"'I am saying that you must take pity on me, or I shall expire,' said St. Julien, throwing himself on his knees, and attempting to take her hand; but she held it out to him, while she inquired with tenderness—

"'What has happened you, my poor child? How have you found your way into this apartment? What misfortune threatens you? What can I do for you?'

"'Do you not know?'

"'No, I was asleep. What has happened?—what have they done?'

"'Ah!' said St. Julien, overcome by indignation, 'you are very clever, no doubt you feign ignorance of the most simple things, and yet——'

"'And yet—what?' said Quintilia, sitting upright in the utmost astonishment.

"Then recollecting that her bosom was uncovered, she did not seem to be much embarrassed at the circumstance, but merely said—

"'Reach me my shawl, and then explain to me the cause of your affliction.'

"St. Julian fancied that this was nothing more than a hint to him to admire her shoulders. He clasped her in his arms, and exclaimed, 'Remain as you are, and listen to me.'

"'St. Julien, you have gone distracted,' said she, gently repelling him. 'You must have something extraordinary to communicate. Say on then, for you alarm me; you are no longer the same person.'

"'Good,' thought St. Julien; 'she pretends she has forgotten the shawl; she pretends not to understand me, in order to encourage me to proceed. She would have the appearance of being taken by surprise; the opportunity is at length come, and she seconds me to admiration.'

"'Oh, Quintilia,' said he, embracing her, 'don't you know that I adore you, and that the attempt to stifle my love is driving me distracted. Don't you know that it is beyond the power of mortal, and that I must either bend your resolution or die?'

"The princess sprung to her feet, and repelling him with vigour, said in a tone in which astonishment predominated over anger—'Can it be that you fancy you can succeed by such means. Have then your respect, your friendship been nothing but hypocrisy—have you resolved on acting thus?'"

St. Julien again reiterated his resolution of succeeding or dying.

The princess summoned her attendants, and St. Julien and his counsellor, Galeotto, are thrown into a dungeon. From this dungeon he is mysteriously conducted through obscure and winding passages, to a marble vault, richly sculptured after the manner of the Saracens. Four bronze lamps were burning at the angles of a tomb of black, upon which lay an alabaster figure in the attitude of sleep. St. Julien started with horror as he recognized the vault and the monument mentioned by Galeotto; and as he observed on the front of this cenotaph, the three large silver letters forming the name of Max. He fell upon his knees, and as he bent over the alabaster figure, he was struck with the resemblance it bore to his romantic friend, Spark, the favoured gallant of the princess. He was roused from his reverie by the entrance of a tall figure, robed in black, and armed with a singular weapon resembling a large glittering sword. Julien could suppose him to be no other than the executioner; but his terrors are soon dissipated as this formidable personage proclaims himself to be the professor of natural history, Maitre Cantharide, and makes use of his glittering instrument to raise the lid of the sarcophacus. St. Julien gazed on the operation with a thrill of horror; but to his astonishment, all that it contained was a gold box in the shape of a heart; and all that the box contained was a packet of letters, fastened by a black riband. St. Julien is ordered to untie and peruse them, and they furnish a full explanation of the equivocal conduct of the princess. The first in order, is a contract of marriage between her and Max, bearing date ten years previous. It then appears that Max, and Spark, and Rosenheim, are the same individual, who is in the habit of coming, after intervals of absence, to visit his wife, the princess, with all the mysterious precautions of a lover. "This union," says the professor, "has been so beautiful, and so pure, that it proves the excellence of the laws of Lycurgus, enjoining husbands never to visit their wives without taking all the precautions of lovers to avoid observation." And this, we believe, is the clue to the moral of the tale, if moral there be any—the possibility of the existence of perfect love and happiness in an union which is in reality matrimony, while it looks as unlike it as it possibly can.

After being thus enlightened, St. Julien and Galeotto are conducted beyond the territories of the princess. Galeotto goes in pursuit of fortune, whilst St. Julien returns to his paternal home, where he is received with the strongest demonstrations of affection. After a six weeks' effort to endure a country life, he repairs to Paris, and plunges into study, to overcome the troubles of his wounded spirit. For a length of time he was a prey to his passion, and his soul was sealed against the hope of a new life and new affections.

A year had passed away, when one night, as he was coming out of the opera, he observed a lady glittering with jewels proceeding to her carriage. Although he had seen little more than her velvet robe and her naked shoulder, a thrill ran through his frame, and he almost fainted. He sprang forward, and recognized Madame Cavalcanti as she was getting into her carriage; he advanced towards her with an exclamation on his lips; but she looked at him with an air of astonishment, raised the window, and disappeared.

St. Julien never saw her more.

On closing these volumes, we have fallen into a train of reflections on the probable consequences likely to result to future generations, should the doctrine of which Madame Dudevant has thus strenuously proclaimed herself to be the apostle, be propagated with success.

If, indeed, the female sex is to be aroused to a sense of the certainty of its "all hail hereafter;" if that delicate portion of humanity which has hitherto been content with the quiet obscurity of the fire-side, is to rise and vindicate its dormant energies; if it is fated to effect the recognition of its boasted equality with the "lords of the creation," and its emancipation from the domestic thraldom in which it has been so long and so unjustly held, what a mighty revolution must be wrought in the whole frame-work of society! what new and curious combinations must spring from so momentous at event! Speculation shrinks aghast from the contemplation of their infinite variety and novelty.

We may all have read of the terrible inscription erected by Fonseca on the route of Torre del Greco—*Posteri, posteri vestra res agitur.* Torre del Greco is no more—but the prophetic stone still bears aloft its awful warning.

In the same spirit do we say to the men of future generations, beware of the growing rivalry of the "sex." The voice of the prophet may be disregarded in his own times, but future generations will acknowledge his claims to superior sagacity. Many an honest man has derived consolation in public calamity from the consciousness of his having been the first to predict its occurrence.

And it is, therefore, with no slight satisfaction, that we congratulate ourselves on our seer-like qualifications, in thus predicting that our already tottering power will at no very remote period, be utterly overthrown by the unmasked energies and daring genius of our hitherto patient, but long-enduring helpmate.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

How all falls softly on the list'ning ear,
  When evening shades involve the silent sky!
Then down my cheek still steals the pitying tear,
  As to yon gloomy woods I lonely hie;
What time the moon its mellow sweetness flings
  O'er the low bed where sleeps my early friend;
Thus summon'd with the haste of friendship's wings,
  To fancy's eye the scene his form doth lend,
While, spell-bound to the spot, I pensive pause,
  To think of him who charm'd my spring of life,
Snatch'd in his bloom, by Nature's ruthless laws.
  Like the moon's rays, which shun day's boist'rous strife,
And with a soothing calm night's scenes invest,
So beams a radiance o'er the dead's long rest.—R.

SPECIMENS OF PUBLIC VIRTUE.*

The political assemblies, whether they appear with the irregular character of public meetings, or with uniform dignity of representative bodies, have been always considered as showing in true light the spirit, the manners, and even the faults and the virtues of the nation at large.

This is more than exemplified by the annals of the Polish diet. A historian may very easily trace those excellencies, that love of liberty, frankness, disinterestedness, generosity, for which the Poles have been always conspicuous. But at the same time he might read upon its face the word RUIN, written in the glaring characters of those fiery passions, of that pride and disorderly love of personal liberty, from the history of which a Montesquieu or a Gibbon could extract an useful lesson for humanity.

Such is the interest attached to that representative body, that even the task of a writer, who only intends to describe some of its conspicuous occurrences, may derive some brightness from the vivid colours of its scenes, and the picturesque effects of the groupings of those men, whose acts deserve the notice of all friends of liberty. The following scenes of the Polish diet are taken from the latter part of its existence, namely, that when it strove either to prevent the national ruin by patriotism and wisdom—or at least to protest against the injustice of its three rapacious neighbours; and when freedom was shackled by the worst of tyrannies, to show by some eloquent martyrdom, by the " breaking of some indignant heart," that " still she lived," in the bosom of patriots.

I.—The Patriot's Protest.

Augustus the Third died in the latter part of the year 1763. The announcement of his dissolution, although it was long expected, was received by the Polish nation with dismay. For though he was a prince whose incapacity and indolence was a misfortune to their country, yet he was the last barrier to the fury of the contending parties, sprung up and emboldened by a long and feeble reign.

The Poles were divided at that time into two distinct camps. One of them hoisted the old republican colours of the ancient constitution, a powerful aristocracy and a mock royalty ; the other, more alive to the spirit of the times, looked for a something like English form of internal polity. They expected the formation of a middle class, whose influence would destroy in time the offensive privileges of the nobility. The latter, had the misfortune to be patronized by the Russian empress, and even supported in the centre of their country by the bayonets of her soldiers. Moreover, it cannot be denied that the advocacy of those sound principles was tainted, at least in the leaders of the party, by the views of pride and self-elevation.

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* Scenes from the Annals of the Polish Diet, from the MSS. of a Polish Resident in England.

Under these circumstances, the crown of Poland was all but an inviting object of a contest, or even a wish. On a former occasion, as many as fourteen candidates to the royal dignity appeared before the bar of the nation. Now, neither Germany, that nursery of expectant kings, could muster a single prince; nor France propose a condé or a conti; nor even the Pope present, as formerly, a natural son to the throne of the most orthodox kings. And still the streets of Warsaw, on the day when the diet, the duty of which consisted in fixing the election of the new monarch, was to be opened, swarmed with men of every nation, like as many followers of the pretenders to the Polish crown. From two to three hundred different uniforms presented a motley group of costumes, now only to be found in the oriental fairs.

But the sun, which on that day (the 7th of May, 1764) shone over this scene of gaiety—a flattering testimony of the national importance—brightened at the same time the bayonets of the Russian army encamped in Warsaw; a humiliation to all, and an eternal disgrace to those who called an armed foreigner in aid of their designs. That party, headed by the family of Czartoryski, supported the minion of Catherine, who, yet warm from the embrace of the northern prostitute, presented himself to the choice of the nation. Stanislaus Poniatowski, a young, inexperienced, and feeble man, laid his claims to the highest dignity in the kingdom. That was enough to range every patriot, every heart alive to national honour, on the opposite side. The only foreign candidate, the rickety son of the former king, having died, the claims of General Branicki were opposed to those of Catherine's favourite.

The elections of the liberal members having been every where prevented by the intrigues, backed by the Russian arms; and the issue of the diet, which was to legislate under the same auspices, being no more doubtful, it was to the interest of the opposition to impede the meeting of that representative body. But the *liberum veto,* which struck the deadly blow on the Polish liberty; now, when it could save her, or at least procrastinate her total destruction, was of no avail.

Early on that morning the Russian army marched out of town. Formed there in battle array, it was ready to act at a moment's notice. Their numerous sentinels and scouts occupy the principal streets, and keep the communication with the houses of two ambassadors of Catherine. Five hundred grenadiers invest the one, and as many the other of those two head-quarters—those two centres of action. The royal castle, where the diet had its sittings, that venerated pile is invaded by the barbarians. They guard all the issues, throng all passages, rush into the gallery reserved for the public, and even pollute with their touch the seats of the nuncios. Those halls, which had rung so many times with joyous acclamations at the tidings of victories won over the Moscovites, and re-echoed the brilliant accounts of the victorious chiefs; those halls, which beheld once two fettered czars led in triumph to its precincts, resounded now with the clash of arms of the insolent foreigner, who never yet withstood in an open field the vigour of the Polish charge. It is among those modern Gauls that the senators of a free nation were to deliberate upon the election of their king. What patriot would not have felt all his indignation rise at that insult offered to his nation's dignity?—*But party spirit silences sometimes the most sacred feelings!*—Few nuncios assembled in the hall, and those few wore the colours of Czartoryski's party. Eight senators only yielded to the intimidation, and sanctioned with their presence the act of their country's humiliation.

The hour of the opening of the session has already struck. To perform that solemn act was the incumbent duty of the marshal of the former diet, who, by uplifting the staff or the mace, rendered the proceedings legal. The arrival of the octogenary nobleman who held then that dignity, was anxiously expected by the zealots, who, in their impatience, as soon as the hour fixed for the opening passed, called for the election of another leader. "He tarries away purposely," exclaimed they; "he is unworthy to hold longer the mace of the Diet." But others recommend to them calmness and forbearance, in order to exhibit at least a show of legality, and to spare the feelings of an old man, who has worn out his life in the service of the republic.

At last the doors of the hall are thrown wide open. Count Malachowski appears on the threshold, holding reversed the marshal's staff, and leaning on the arm of General Mokronowski, another tried republican already renowned for his patriotic actions. The venerable countenance of the marshal, his bold forehead, his impressive looks of authority, impose silence on the tumultuous assembly. There was a dead suspense for a moment, foreboding some great event. You might have read on every face the sullen expression of an anxious expectation, while looking on the bright calmness of the old man's countenance—like that of an enchanter's, who with his wand changes a scene of confusion into the silence of death—you would have guessed the meaning of his thoughts—the *impavidum ferient rainae,* which dawned in features of quiet but bold determination. He walks between two ranks of the nuncios, and slowly moves on towards that chair where so many longed to see him already seated, and giving with the staff the signal to the fulfilment of their wicked designs. Scarcely has he yet arrived in the middle of the hall. There he stops at once. His companion rushes into his senatorial seat. There, unrolling a long protest, he exclaims to the marshal:—

"The wise foresight of twenty-two senators and forty-five nuncios has taught us that we cannot deliberate on public affairs. There is their manifesto. I beseech you, then, not to lift up your staff, because the Russian troops are in the kingdom, and even surround us. I stop the progress of the Diet!"

Horrible yells and shouts, calling for revenge, answered the patriot's words. The Russian soldiers, with naked swords, rush towards him, and threaten his life. To them he opposes but the calm of disdain. To the nuncios, who interpose their authority to save him, he scornfully answers:—"You, who are the representatives of a great nation, you demean yourselves in wearing the livery of a family!"—The astonished soldiers retreat. There is a pale of sanctity around the patriot defending his country's rights—alike in an oratorial tribune, or on the field of battle.

After the first moment of violent effusion, there comes always a while of lassitude and calmness. Availing himself of that which now ensued in the assembly, the marshal, remaining still in the middle of the hall, exclaimed, in a tone of deep feeling and firm determination:—

"Gentlemen, since liberty does not exist any more amongst us, I will carry away this staff; and I shall not lift it up till the republic is delivered from her grievances."

The same threats, the same violent shouts follow, as before this speech, and recommence with fresh vigour. There is one voice, however, which overpowers that tempest of clamour, enforcing upon the marshal the uplifting of his staff. "No!" cried out Mokronowski, "you cannot open the Diet in the presence of the Russians and so many soldiers, who fill up the places of our fellow-citizens!"

No sooner has he pronounced these words, than he is surrounded by the furious soldiery. Some attempt to pierce his breast, thrusting their swords through the crowd of the nuncios, who beseech him to retract his protest; others, stationed in the gallery, strive to strike him from above. At one moment, when all the points of the gleaming swords were directed towards his venerable head, you might have thought it was a halo encircling a martyr's brow. And he—unmoved, unshaken, encounters their fury with a disdainful smile; folding his arms, he exclaims:—"Strike! I shall die free, and die for liberty!"

The chiefs of the party, more prudent than the young zealots, contrived to deliver Mokronowski from the hands of the barbarians. They attempt once more to persuade the marshal, and to force him to lift up his staff. But he, keeping pace with the vigour of his companion, answers them:—

"You shall sever that hand from my body, or slay me, before I disgrace my country. I am a marshal elected by the free choice of the people; a free people only can deprive me of that dignity. I will retire."

In vain they entreat him, in vain they throw themselves before him to bar the passage. He clears his way through the crowd to the doors of the hall. The arm of the general protects him from the brutality of the soldiers, who cross their arms in the entrance. Sheltering the old man with his breast, he exclaims:—

"Respect the virtuous man. If you need a victim, there I am. Respect old age and virtue!"

The magic power of those words opens the doors, and the marshal escapes from the hall. A new danger awaits him from the infuriated satellites, who fill the court of the castle. He, however, fearlessly approaches the outer gate, still carrying the staff in his hand. He was there doomed to certain death, when a young man from the crowd called out, "Make room for General Gadomski! This stratagem allowed the marshal to traverse the town without injury.

Thus the Diet was broken, and the nefarious designs of the Russian party thwarted for a moment by the patriotism of an old man. Those, however, who possess force and power, care seldom for legality. The nuncios, only eighty out of three hundred, assembled in the royal castle, and chose another marshal. It was under his presidence that they contrived " to prepare and to ensure the election of Catherine's minion. Their acts, however, were rendered illegal by the noble conduct of Malachowski. Honour to the lonely patriot—to the man who, with his almost dying breath, spared yet for once the Polish Diet from their own disgrace; who could calmly withstand the threats of a blood-thirsty soldiery, and condemn with his protest the shameful intrigues of an unnational party!

II. Election of the Marshal.

The first death-blow was struck; the first partition of Poland took place without interference even of those nations whose aid she looked for, and whose history vouches their attachment to national honour and integrity. Vain were the senatorial efforts of the patriots—vainer yet their enormous sacrifices, and the blood spilt on the battle fields. At first they divested themselves of their privileges; they introduced some strong measures to prop the falling edifice, and endeavoured to sweep away the old abuses; but all their designs were thwarted by the intrigues of the Russian empress. They sought then to transfer the struggle from the hidden machinations of the court to the open field of war. There, after some glorious fights, they failed likewise, and were forced to yield to the number of their enemies. In the meantime the indolent king pined away in the galling chain of his former paramour. To break those chains—to carry him away from his capital—was the last resource of the patriots. He might well leave his splendid court for a while, and fly into the forests, now the shelter of the brave and the faithful of his country. He might well displace for a while the crown of the deputy-king of Catherine, for the cap of a partisan chief leading his soldiers to reconquer their rights, and his throne. But fortune again destroyed their hopes. Their plan miscarried. The king was secured, and Poland doomed to destruction. The enemies of the republic, and lukewarm patriots, covered this bold scheme with the opprobrium of a regicide attempt.

These unfortunate efforts gave to the three rapacious neighbours of Poland an opportunity and a pretext to invade her territory. Having divided among themselves the spoils, they purposed to add insult to injury. They pretended to want the sanction of a Diet to that most atrocious act. The elections for that Diet, which opened on the 19th of April, 1773, were carried by intimidation and bribery. Everywhere the electoral assemblies were surrounded by Russian soldiiers. The greatest part returned feeble and timid men—few districts only elected free, bold, and independent members. Among those few, that of Nowogrodek eminently distinguished itself by electing two illustrious nuncios, Reyten and Koasak. When this latter was leaving his paternal house, the old father, while giving him his blessing, told him: " My son, my oldest servants will accompany you to Warsaw. I will hail their return with more grateful feelings, if they bring me your head, than if they tell me that you did not oppose, with all your power, the shameful designs plotted against your country.

Reyton was a young man possessing a vigorous mind, an iron will, and a courage of which he gave many brilliant proofs in the recent war. His appearance in the hall of the diet was hailed by the independent members as that of their leader. Actually, he was to play a conspicuous part from the first hour of the sitting.

When the moment of the opening arrived, a notorious traitor, an intriguer, paid by the three courts, is proposed to the Marshal's dignity. No sooner is it done, than he seizes the staff, and impudently steps forward to fill the chair. While the well-meaning members quit their seats to protest against that self-appointment, Reyten snatches a staff from the hands of an usher and exclaims—

"The Marshal of the Diet is not made by a mere nomination; he ought to be elected by the whole house;—I protest against Poninski's arbitrary act. Gentlemen, it is to you to point out the man whom you choose to honour with the dignity of your leader!"

These words are answered by numerous cries: —"Long live the true son of his country! Long live Marshal Reyton!"

The emotion produced by that manly conduct of the opposition throws the assembly into a complete state of confusion. Poninski adjourns the sitting till nine o'clock next morning, and leaving the chair, escapes with his partisans into the adjoining royal apartments. Reyton, and his few followers, had only to watch and to oppose the scheme of the traitors. Their number is too small to constitute a legal legisiative body. He appoints, therefore, the same hour for the next day's meeting. But, before they separate, he amply exposes the treachery of the foreign party; he animates the zeal of his companions, and stirs up their courage. They are few, but they will be at all their posts to-morrow.

The foreign ambassadors spent the whole night in intrigues, and different contrivances to ensure the majority for the next day.—Streams of gold flowed from those three impure fountains into the pockets of the waverers. As soon as the sun rose crowds of the people, desiring to know the secrets of the night, besieged the royal castle. Reyton, and six other nuncios, began the day by protesting against the shameful practices and interference of the alien influence. Poninski appears again with the sign of his assumed dignity; but scarcely has he pronounced the words, "the sitting adjourned till this morning," than he leaves the hall, and goes again to hide himself in the apartments of a king, who had neither the will to defend his own and his country's rights, nor the determination boldly to destroy them.

This cowardly conduct of the Marshal excites surprise and indignation in every part of the house. Nothing less than his immediate indictment for treason and breach of privilege will satisfy the public, and those members who sympathise with them. Reyton, availing himself of that moment of excitement, endeavours to direct the storm to a proper point.

"Whoever loves God," exclaims he, "whoever is attached to his country, let him persevere in the defence of both, because all our laws and our liberty are threatened with total destruction!"

It is with an invigorated zeal, but at the same time with darker apprehensions that the assembly separated. A third day of trial awaited them. The 21st of April dawned upon the city, which expected, with the utmost anxiety, the issue of the contest. At daybreak, its inhabitants filled the street leading to the royal castle. Old men, children, women, proceeded in a dense mass towards the hall, where the doom of Poland was to be sealed, because the sanction of one spoliation would justify any subsequent national robbery. But they found that the chief traitor was there before them. Backed by twenty-five Prussian hussars and thirty-six Russian grenadiers, Poninski beset every issue of the castle with guards, and enjoined them not to allow the public to enter. Thus driven away from the entrance, the ebbing crowds grouped themselves around the column which stands in the centre of the royal place. They looked up and beheld the statue of the king, who was as indolent and weak as he that now lingered in his royal prison. Under the long reign of the one the glory and power of Poland began to decline; under that of the other, she was doomed to fall. To the throne of Sigismundus III. the two captive czars were led in triumph; Stanislaus rose to his by the favour of a czarine. In the seventeenth century Russsia was about to become a bright gem in the diadem of the Polish kings;—in the eighteenth the spoils of lacerated Poland hardly added any splendour to the crown of the czars.

These mournful recollections, and yet more painful apprehensions, saddened the countenances of the bystanders. The appearance of Reyton and his faithful companions dispelled that gloom for awhile. They cheered him up as he was clearing his way to the gate of the castle. He was again about to defend, with his powerful eloquence, the liberty of Poland, now almost a solitary champion in the suite, unwelcomed, uncheered, unsupported by the presence of the people, excluded to-day, for the first time, from the hall of the Diet. He approaches the entrance, followed by his colleagues, one of whom conceals under his cloak the staff, that improvised sign of his authority. But, before he disappears in that gulf of iniquity, he stops, and casting an electrifying glance on the people, he exclaims; "Brethren, follow me! I will die before Poninski becomes the lawful Marshal of the Diet." Vain were the efforts of the soldiers to drive back the crowd. The people rushed in the steps of the young patriot, and in a moment filled up the gallery of the house. At nine o'clock, Reyton received the intelligence that he is proclaimed infamous by a special decree. "I am prepared for the worst," was his only reply. In the mean time, Poninski, despairing of being ever able to overcome the determination and activity of his opponents, draws up, in his own house, the act of the Confederation. Throwing aside all show of legality, he sends that act for the assent of the king. The feeble monarch did not resent the insult, but humbly answered the request of his insolent subject, telling him that he is ready to comply with his demand, if only the ministers, the senators, and the ambassadors of the three courts approved of it.

At twelve o'clock the corrupted nuncios began to arrive. As they passed along, they heard numerous voices from the crowd, calling to them, "Nuncios, do not betray your country, do not abandon your posts!"

The number of the members present being increased, Reyten insisted upon the election of a new Marshal. The house, considering the absence of Poninski, was proceeding to choose another leader, when one of the new-arrived rose, and said, "I am commissioned by Poninski to break up the session!" Those who came there only to dissolve the assembly began to quit their seats and to leave the hall. The people endeavoured to stop them, calling to them from the gallery, "Do not quit the house, we beseech you, in the name of God: you will destroy the national glory, your own repute, and you will deliver us up to tyranny!"

At this critical moment Reyton stepped forward, and rushing towards the doors, he planted himself on the threshold. There, with his folded arms, he stood unmoved, barring the passage to the deserters.

"I do not recognize," said he, "as our leader, the self-appointed marshal; neither want I to know anything about the existence of a pretended confederation. Whatever may happen, I will maintain my opinion at the risk of my life. And ye, who hasten to leave this hall, if faith, if your country is dear to you, if you do not wish to doom your life to eternal shame and thraldom, stop, I beseech you!"

Notwithstanding this energetic appeal, some, from preconcerted plan, others from fear and apprehension of danger, hurry to the doors. If anything could excuse the latter, it was the declaration of the foreign ambassadors, that every deputy, who opposed their proposals, should be treated as an enemy to his country, and sent to the mines of Siberia! Reyton, calling all the power of his mind to his aid, makes the last effort. His noble heart heaves with a tumultuous war of feelings. He throws himself along the doorway, and stopping with his body the entrance, he extends his arms towards them, and gives vent to his excitement in these words:—

"Go, go, and seal your own ruin; but, before you leave this hall, you must tread upon, you must trample this bosom, which will never beat but for honour and liberty!"

That energy of despair has exhausted his forces, stopped his breath. He lies motionless, with his arms extended as if still he wanted to retain the fugitives. But his lips compressed, the flushed complexion of his cheek, his eyes darting glances of fury through his half-shut eyelids, reveal the tempest raging within his bosom.

At length he opens his eyes. Oh! the horrible reality! There are but fifteen members, who remained faithful to their duty. One moment more, and that small number dwindles to six.

The soldiers cross their arms in the entrance, and drive back the multitude, whose acclamations of admiration excite afresh the exhausted energy of the heroes. Reyton is unable to utter a word.

Korsak, then his friend and his companion, approaches the door, and addresses thus the people from behind the iron bars of the Russian bayonets:—

"You all, who are here present, hear me! I protest, before God, before all earthly powers, in the face of the whole world, against this violence, without example, which is now committed against a free nation. I protest against a diet surrounded by foreign arms. I protest against the arbitrary breaking up of the sitting. I do it, because we were not assembled to form a confederation, but a free diet; because Poninski's self-election is unlawful. I declare, that neither I, nor my colleagues, will leave this house, were we even to be starved to death. We shall die, but our conscience will be free of crimes towards God and our country. Citizens! do not then quit this sanctuary, and, although surrounded by foreign satellites, be witnesses that there are yet Poles who will neither submit to threats, nor yield to danger!"

Ten o'clock has struck on the tower of the castle, and still the heroic nuncios were at their posts. Soon after it, they received a message from the Russian ambassador, who requested them to wait upon him. Reyten was inexorable; he would not move from the hall, and scarcely gave his assent to the temporary absence of his companions.

They went to the ambassador's hotel. There, they were at first flattered, overwhelmed with promises, entreated; and when all these means failed, they were threatened and upbraided. But, to all effusions of the Russian's wrath, they calmly answered: "Those, who would sacrifice their lives despise alike gifts and persecution!"

The ambassador then threatened them with the confiscation of their estates. "Why threaten so loudly?" exclaimed Korsak, "you need not so many words to tell me that you will strip me of my property. The greatest part of it is already invaded by your soldiery. I give it up to you from this moment, with all I may possess in chattels, money, and plate. I would join to it the sacrifice of my life, if but I was sure that my country will remain free and independent!" Then he sat down, wrote an exact account of his goods, assets, and chattels, and, placing it in the ambassador's hands, he added, "I have only that to sacrifice to the rapacity of my country's foes. I know that they can likewise take my life; but I do not know any despot on the whole earth sufficiently rich to corrupt, or powerful enough to intimidate me."

As that interview led to no consequence, and widened yet more the breach which separated the opposite parties, the nuncios returned to the royal castle. They found the doors of the hall closed, and passed the night without.

Within! within! was the lonely, solitary, but unworn, unshaken Reyton. As the ghastly hours of darkness passed away, the recollection of the past crowded upon his suffering mind. His imagination filled up the vacant seats with the illustrious and free republicans of gone-by ages. And there he stood alone before them, blushing for their degenerated race, no ray of hope in the dreary futurity but his own determination and his glorious death. A faint dawn breaks upon his mind. He may be not yet the last whose free words are re-echoed by those venerable walls. The spark of his soul may be yet fanned into a blaze, which may inflame the whole country. The culprit, whom the executioner's axe awaits next morning, dreams of earthly happiness, till he is roused by the rattling of his chains. The patriot fancies the independence and greatness of his country, till his brilliant vision is dispelled by the clash of arms, by the watchword exchanged in a foreign language between the sentinels of an army, which is to dictate the decisions of his nation's representatives!

On the morning of the 22nd of April, a whole regiment invested the royal castle. The public were even excluded from its inner courts. As soon as the gates were open, the nuncios, who passed the night without, joined their leader, for whose safety the whole population of Warsaw sent anxious prayers to heaven.

At one o'clock the ambassadors of the three courts arrived to wait upon the king, and to request—nay, command his assent to the act of the confederation. They threatened him that his refusal would be immediately followed by the arrival of the armies of the three courts, the ransacking of the capital, the slaughter of its inhabitants; in which common doom his royal person, his ministers, senators, and the whole diet, might be involved. The king, after some delay, signed that infamous act, under the same roof where the obstinate presence of some few patriots honourably protested against it.

The diet, thus confederated, did not meet on that day in the hall of their sittings. The traitors did not dare to face the patriots, who persevered till the last in their bold design.

When, next morning, Poninski entered the hall, he found Reyton stretched on the ground. Life scarcely lingered in that frame; exhausted by the anxiety, the constant working of a feverish mind, the fast endured during thirty-six hours—almost senseless, he was carried away from the hall, in which, immediately afterwards, was sealed the destruction of that liberty which he so heroically though vainly sought to defend.

No—not in vain, because even *that* diet, although composed of members elected under the awe of foreign arms, although intrigue and bribery had the fullest play, would not readily assent to every demand of the three powers. The treaty of partition has been modified by it.

The name of Reyton was still so dreaded, that on the 23d of April Poninski waited upon him, to bring him the intelligence that the decree of his outlawry was cancelled, and offering him 2000 ducats if he would voluntarily leave the country. "I have brought with me 5000 ducats," answered the republican, indignantly. "I offer them to you, if you but give up the Marshal's staff, and with it corruption and dishonour!" A Prussian general present at that interview could not refrain from exclaiming, "*Optime vie! gratulor tibi; optime rem tuam egisti.*"

Some years afterwards the full measure of injustice was perpetrated on Poland. The shattered mind of Reyton was not able to bear that shock. He lost his senses. In a fit of madness, he drunk out of a glass, then broke it to pieces, and swallowed its fragments. He expired with the name of liberty and his country on his dying lips!

If we rise with sorrow and disgust, from perusing the annals of the diet of 1773, our mind is relieved by the admiration for the conduct of such men as Reyton, and by the thought that he only begins the long list of the martyrs, who for the last century suffered in their country's cause, and that among them Poland hath many a worthier son than he!

"A nation," says a modern writer, "may go down and be submerged in the common tide of casualty. But the fame of her great men stands up like the mountain-tops in the deluge;—the last retreat of the national hope and virtue, the first point from which they re-issue to possess and restore the land."

COLONIAL POLICY,

AND HINTS UPON THE FORMATION OF MILITARY SETTLEMENTS.

"Cœlum non ammum mutant qui trans man currunt."

Emigration having now become a topic of general interest, few apologies on my part are necessary in communicating to the public the ideas I entertain upon the subject. I must preface by saying that I have seen the principal parts of our North American provinces, as well as a considerable portion of the United States. Therefore, I have had an opportunity of witnessing, in all its stages, the advances of civilization in the New World. A continent that, but a couple of centuries ago, was the abode exclusively of the Indian warrior, now teems with a population speaking the English language, having transported to that hemisphere the habits and luxuries of Europe.

Cold, indeed, must be the heart which can contemplate the sucsessful result of the emigrant's industry, without feeling proud of the nation that has sent him forth as one of the founders of an empire that, in a future age, may equal the glory and prosperity of the mother country!

It is gratifying to observe, after many years of comparative quiescence upon this subject, that the nation is at last turning its regards to the advantages that emigration holds out to the mother country, as a favourable means of providing for the redundant population of the empire. Is it not then of the first importance that every exertion should be made, in order that the industry and enterprise of the emigrant should be well directed—that he may not only benefit himself and his adopted country, but become an immediate consumer of the manufactures of Great Britain? If, therefore, as I conceive, emigration constitutes a prominent feature in the duties of a statesman,—if it be considered of paramount importance to this country, no opportunity should be lost in obtaining every information upon the subject; and an individual, however humble he may be, should not hesitate to submit his opinions thereupon to the judgment of his countrymen. Such being my feelings, after having given the subject due consideration, I only lament the inability I labour under of expressing the ideas I have adopted in a clear and comprehensive manner.

By reference to the history of the early formation of new colonies, few, if any, have been observed to prosper from the commencement, unless founded upon military principles, or religious zeal. Witness the settlements of the Puritans of New England, and that of the Quakers in Pennsylvania, as well as our recent penal settlements in New Holland. Whence comes it that bigotry and despotism, in an inverse ratio to the general received opinion, have contributed so beneficially to the prosperity of new communities? It is easily explained. Under their influence each individual, voluntarily or by compulsion, joins in supporting the general interest. "Union is strength," as we learn in the fable of the bundle of sticks: but, in the other case, the adventurers not having either of these bonds to unite together, fail in their undertakings, from the want of unanimity in their councils. This, I believe, will be found the true reason for the failure or tardy improvement of many former colonial societies. In illustration of the beneficial effects resulting from religious fervour, I may refer the reader to the history of a German community, under the direction of an enthusiast of the name of Rapp, that exists at the present moment in the state of Ohio. That settlement is very prosperous, and its interior economy is much admired. Rapp unites in himself the power and influence of priest and king; he regulates and disposes of the property of his followers for the general benefit; the produce of the labour of each member of the society being for the interest of the community. I merely mention this circumstance, to illustrate the power religion furnishes to some individuals, whereby to control the proceedings of others; but in no wise do I recommend it to be followed as an example. It is rather to shew the necessity of some systematic plan of emigration being adopted, in preference to allowing it to take its own course, as seems the present policy of the government. In the disposal of the uncultivated land now in in the hands of the crown, due consideration should be exercised. The object to be attained, being to secure to the *capitalist* who emigrates, a certainty of meeting with a supply of labourers, which can only be effected by putting such a price upon the land, that the poorer class may be prevented from becoming, immediately proprietors of the soil, which was the case when grants of land were dealt out to every applicant. The strong innate feeling to possess landed property, urged many to attempt settling in the wilderness without having sufficient capital to meet the first outlay, as well as being novices to the customs of the people, and to the climate of the country. In many cases these poor emigrants, after suffering numerous hardships and privations, have given up their grants of land with disgust and disappointment, and found they were obliged ultimately ito hire themselves out as labourers, a course prudence would have dictated to them to have pursued, in the first instance. I have invariably found that the settlers who have succeeded the best in the Canadas, have commenced by labouring for other settlers during the first two years—thereby acquiring, by degrees, a knowledge of the country. A settler who pursued this plan, when Mr. Peter Robinson, as agent for the government, superintended the establishment of several hundred Irish paupers in the vicinity of Peterborough, is now possessed of a thriving farm, well stocked, the whole value of which he estimated at a thousand pounds. Some others, who at once located themselves upon their grant, notwithstanding the liberal encouragement afforded by the government in rations for the first two years, and every necessary utensil and farming implement, have become disappointed, and unable to cope with the difficulties.

This instance, amongst many others I might quote, sufficiently demonstrates that it is not advisable for the poorer class of emigrants to become forthwith farmers; therefore, no injustice is done them; on the contrary, a kindness, in withholding from them the facility of acquiring land.* To make emigration prosper every cless should be benefitted; and it is to arrive at this result that I have taken up my pen.

Feeling confident I shall meet with little opposition to this principle, *from persons who have studied the subject,* I will endeavour to point out (from various circumstances that naturally suggest themselves) what price per acre I should recommend to be established in our various colonies. Land must not be at so high a rate as to put it out of the power of *respectable emigrants* with *moderate fortunes* to purchase; otherwise this valuable portion of the community would be discouraged from leaving home, and the poorer emigrants would not meet with employment. On the other hand, land should not be at too low a rate, as it would render abortive the principle of securing a supply of labourers for the encouragement of capitalists to emigrate. Great care should also be taken that the price be regulated so as not to deprive the labouring class of the pleasing expectation of becoming in a few years, by their industry, owners of the soil. It is of importance that the land should be permanently sold at a fixed price; it would be equally beneficial to the government and to the emigrant, as a great deal of trouble and expense would thereby be avoided. The emigrant, by that means, would be enabled at once to settle upon his location, instead of awaiting the period of the government auction taking place. In some seasons it is of vast consequence that the settler should proceed to his land as early as possible, in order to prepare it for the first crop. Evidently, by the present mode of disposing of the land, much valuable time is lost after the emigrant has selected the lot he wishes to purchase, having perhaps taken a great deal of trouble to examine the country at considerable expense. By the regulations now in force, the land is rated at a minimum price; in some of our colonies at five shillings currency per acre, in others at ten shillings ditto. At stated periods auctions take place in the different districts, generally once every three months, which is duly notified in the gazette. Any person, during the sale, wishing to become a purchaser of a lot of land, names the number of the lot he wishes to have put up to auction, which is immediately done; he then bids an advance upon the minimum price per acre, generally one penny; and if there are no other bidders, he, of course, becomes the purchaser, and is then required to pay one-fifth down, the remainder he is allowed to pay in four annual instalments with interest. But it sometimes happens that he is over-bid by persons who endeavour to avail themselves of the experience and knowledge of those who have travelled through the country, and have discovered the most valuable situations and the richest soil. The request for a particular lot of land to be put up to auction of itself points out the selection that has been made. This is a great evil in the present system, and it opens the door to spiteful people to vent their malice in raising, by opposition, the price. This is no ideal picture, it has been done in Upper Canada and elsewhere.

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* In answer to persons who may be favourable to giving grants of land to emigrants of all descriptions, who may draw their conclusions from the accounts of the successful result of indigent emigrants settled in that manner in some of the townships in Upper Canada, I have only to remark, that these *indigent settlers* have received every necessary assistance from the government; and consequently, though *indigent* at home, found themselves accommodated with a CAPITAL, to provide all their wants for the first two years. In fact, the *indigent* emigrant became a *capitalist.*

The works recently published upon our possessions in New Holland prove that the same inconvenience attends the system of disposing of the land by auction there, as in our North American possessions. In the United States, the whole of the public lands are sold at a fixed price—*viz.* one dollar twenty-five cents per acre (five shillings and sevenpence-halfpenny sterling); the purchaser pays the money down, and immediately receives the title-deed of the property, blank forms of conveyance being kept in the possession of the United States land agent in the several stations, signed, I think, by the President—at any rate, by the official officer of that department residing at Washington. This arrangement prevents delay, and the inconvenience of forwarding the document subsequently to the settler's residence, which may probably be at a couple of hundred miles from the land-office.

When I was at Detroit in 1832, I had a letter of introduction to Major ——, the United States land agent; and during an interview I had with that gentleman, at his office, I witnessed the disposal of three or four lots of land, which scarcely interrupted our conversation. The words that passed between the officer and the applicant were as follow: "Now, you'll *jist* look if lot No. —, in the township of ———, in Franklin county, is vacant; because I guess I am going to locate there, if it is." By reference to a register, he was answered in the affirmative; a printed form was filled up at once, containing the number of the lot and the agent's signature; this the applicant was directed to take to the cashier next door, which authorized the receipt of the money, and the settler thereby at once became a legal proprietor of the lot of land. And it was transacted in much less time than I am occupied in writing the account of it. The lot of land is then immediately subject to a tax, the amount of which unfortunately I have forgotten, but I perfectly remember to have heard it differently stated to exceed the amount of tax imposed in Upper Canada (the Detroit river separating the two countries) by ten or twenty times. Notwithstanding so disproportionate a difference, persons, whose opinions I could rely upon, expressed themselves favourably towards the United States system; the tax raised being appropriated to making improvements in the country, such as roads, bridges, &c., the result was highly beneficial to the community.

This tax has also the good effect of preventing land speculators from keeping their property out of the market in a wild or uncultivated state, in hopes of ultimately receiving an exorbitant price from the increased value it may acquire from the industry of the neighbouring settlers. Serious inconvenience now exists from that cause in the most valuable townships in Upper Canada.

The proximity of our North American Colonies to the United States, must have an influence in determining upon the price to be fixed upon unsettled tracts belonging to the crown. That republic possesses many millions of acres of the richest soil, situated in every clime. As I have previously mentioned, the whole is sold at five shillings and sevenpence-halfpenny per acre; and when one reflects upon the endeavours that are made by that nation to decoy the British emigrants from the Canadas to her own soil, it must be apparent that it would not be prudent to dispose of our lands at a higher price than demanded for land equally good on the other side of the frontier line. This makes it desirable to fix a price, if any thing, lower than theirs; and I imagine I shall not err much by recommending the crown lands in all those colonies to be sold at five shillings sterling per acre.

It must be borne in mind by those who have had no experience in the colonies, that land of inferior quality is much enhanced in value by the occupation and cultivation of the neighbouring richer soil, and ultimately will sell at the same price the latter originally fetched. The early emigrant will naturally look out for the best situations, and who will grudge him the reward of his superior judgment and enterprise?

Persons who may consider the price of five shillings an acre as too low, in order to accomplish the object I have in view, of insuring a sufficient supply of labourers to the enterprising capitalist, I must beg to reflect that this price being received only in ready money, no credit in any case being allowed, will in reality very much increase the difficulty that the poorer class may have in becoming purchasers. Besides, the labourer, before he has determined upon purchasing wild uncleared land, will, no doubt, first ascertain whether his little capital is sufficient to enable him to stock his farm, and subsist himself and family for the first year, and until he have a return from the soil; if not, he will hesitate before he make a purchase.

It was otherwise when the government granted land to poor emigrants; they, in that case, would locate themselves upon it without reflection as to their means, regarding the grant as of little value, because, forsooth, they got it for nothing. And it is very well known that capital bears a much higher interest in our colonies than at home; in New South Wales £10 per cent. is commonly received for money borrowed. Therefore it must be evident, that the difficulty of paying five shillings ready money for each acre of land, will almost be equivalent to paying ten shillings for the same in annual instalments. Should the ready money price of five shillings per acre be found upon experiment too low, it will be very easy to raise it; yet I should recommend that in case of the prosperity of the colony admitting of an increase, that the price be raised gradually—for instance, by adding one shilling every year, until the admitted proper price be arrived at; otherwise, a sudden change in the value of property, already occupied, would take place, in proportion to the increased price of the wild land, which might induce the colonists to speculate upon such a change, which they might represent as necessary to the government, with a view to their own advantage. As in all other commodities, the value of land is regulated by the quantity in the market, and the difficulty and facility of acquiring it. If further evidence were necessary to be adduced, it will be found amongst the whole of the early settlements in North America. Since the *far west* has been opened to the enterprise of the emigrant, the value of land in those parts has not increased—in many cases it has actually fallen; instances of which may be observed at the head of Lake Ontario, in Upper Canada. Of course I do not allude to those parts of the country that have become sites for towns; and their vicinity, those spots have risen in value to an enormous amount.

One of the great advantages resulting from selling all lands, whether good or bad, at a regular fixed price, would be in causing the settlers to concentrate themselves; the whole country being equally open for purchase at one price, there would not be the same inducement held out to wander afar in search of a cheap location, or as the Americans term it, "a good fix." The French, in their settlements in Canada, have borne this object in view; and a very material one it is to the advancement of a colony; few who have not been in a new country can sufficiently appreciate the reciprocal benefit arising from contiguous settlements. The French system of seigneuries was admirably adapted to the age in which they were established; with a few modifications it would not be found inapplicable to the present feelings of society. The Lower Canadian farms have only three acres frontage upon the high road, or upon the river, which gives the country the appearance of one continued village. Such concentration of the inhabitants conduces admirably to preserve civilized habits, and engender kindly feeling towards each other.

As long as the stream of emigration flows into a colony, it is presumed that the annual receipts arising from the sale of wild lands, in addition to a small duty upon imported goods, would be equivalent to defraying the expenses of the government, civil and military, as well as providing an income for making general improvements in the colony; I allude particularly to roads connecting distant parts of the country, the construction of harbours, building of light-houses on the coast, &c. The facility of collecting such a revenue must be apparent.

In order to provide for local improvements, and the expenses attending the interior government of each county, a land-tax should be established throughout the colony, at a certain uniform rate per acre in the first instance, which can be subsequently raised by application to the provincial legislature, as each individual county may deem it advisable under its peculiar circumstances.

It must be recollected, as I have before stated, that one of the great objects in raising a revenue from the land, is to prevent, as much as possible, the speculator purchasing uncultivated tracts at a low price, and keeping them out of the market until their value be enhanced by the industry of the surrounding settlers. In Upper Canada there is already a light tax upon waste land, but so small that it has not the desired effect. The cultivated land is rated at one pound currency per acre, the uncultivated at four shillings currency, and the tax is levied at the rate of one penny in the pound, thereby taxing actually the industrious settler more than the absentee speculator. I would rather reverse the valuation. *No doubt* this law was passed with the *benevolent intention* of not taxing too high the settler, upon his first locating himself upon his farm. Supposing his purchase to have been one hundred acres, he would not be able to clear annually more than five acres without assistance. It was very proper to have had compassion upon the *poor fellows*. *I guess* the *uninterested* members of the provincial parliament, who felt so much for the situation of the poor emigrant, were none of them possessed of *more* than twenty or thirty thousand acres of excellent *land, totally in a state of wilderness.* An advantage, from this simple mode of taxation, is the great facility it affords of being collected. The number of acres belonging to each man is known at the land-office; therefore no excise-officer is necessary, a receiver of taxes only is required at the county town. It is usual to permit the farmers to commute their taxes for labour; this has its convenience, as the making of roads is one of the principal expenses incurred, and the settlers have the repair of the portion that is in their own vicinity, besides having to clear, in the first instance, one half of the road in front of their own lots. I subjoin an account of the mode of assessment for the collection of the local taxes, or district rate, in Upper Canada,* and I put it to the impartial reader, whether the system does not engender a future host of tax-gatherers, and whether it would not be more prudent to adopt the easy mode I recommend, before the artificial state of society and of property in that colony render it an imprudent measure to alter existing customs. The townships for the most part, in Upper Canada, consist of sixty-nine thousand acres, or nine miles broad, by twelve miles long; four of these generally form a county, consisting of two hundred and seventy-six thousand acres. Provided the whole county were in the hands of private individuals, according to the above recommendation, the whole would be assessed uniformly; and, if rated at *three pence* per acre, the amount raised would be 3,450*l.* per annum—a very ample sum. But when it be considered that the greater portion of that money would be expended in improving the country, by building bridges and constructing roads, and that the amount raised would be generally in commuted labour, I am sure the settlers would find no difficulty in paying it. In the first stages of the formation of the county, I am convinced the rate per acre I have fixed would not be too high; it is a question whether it would be high enough, but it is usual to join several counties together into a district, to which one court-house and jail suffices, until the counties are rich enough to separate, and build their own establishments. This tax, together with all the lands at the disposal of the crown, being open for purchase at one regular price, would deter the speculator from holding his land in hopes of getting a better price; the annual outgoings would be considerable, and, without he were a man of some capital, would not be met. I object to farmers occupying so large a number of acres as they generally do; there are few farms in Upper Canada so small as one hundred acres, they are generally of two hundred, and out of that large quantity it is rare to see forty-five acres under cultivation. In my opinion, ordinarily they should not exceed fifty acres; forty-five, well cultivated, with five acres left in reserve for fire-wood and other purposes, would be as much as most farmers, with their families, could manage properly. The annual tax, and the certain knowledge of being able, at a future time, to purchase land at a reasonable rate for the farmer's rising family, would induce him to consider such a farm large enough. As it is, he says—"Why should I not speculate in a small way upon the improvements arising from my own exertions?" But, had he to pay the tax, he would probably decide differently. However, none has a better right to speculate in this manner than the resident farmer, should he be so disposed.

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* See page 286, on Local Taxes.

I remember meeting, on my way to Pennetanguishine (our naval station upon Lake Huron, the road to which I can certainly call abominable), with a respectable settler, possessed of some considerable property, who informed me that he had established himself in that district about fifteen years ago, in the expectation that his example would be followed, and that in a few years he would find himself surrounded by a thriving population; but he had been grievously disappointed. The wild lands (a colonial phrase), he discovered, when too late, belonged to gentlemen residing at the seat of government (York, now Toronto), or to military officers serving or residing in different parts of the world, and to whom no reference could be found. This is one of many similar cases I had an opportunity of observing during my travels in that country.

A very serious obstacle exists to the improvement and prosperity of the colonies, in having two-sevenths of every surveyed township *reserved* for the use of the crown and clergy. These reserves are, consequently, denominated crown and clergy reserves, and are not disposed of until they have acquired a considerable value by the surrounding improvements. Each township is divided into lots, containing two hundred acres; and when surveyed, the *reserved* lots are chequered throughout, so as to place them in as isolated situations, as regards themselves, as possible. The emigrant, being aware of this, naturally avoids settling in their immediate vicinity; for he is obliged, together with his neighbours, to cut the road in front of these lots, or to remain without the means of communication. In fact, it is a real grievance to the colonists, and should be altered as speedily as possible. The crown and clergy, in this manner, place themselves in the situation of the private land speculator, whom I have already described is so much to be guarded against.

In new countries, land being so easily attained, every person is desirous of cultivating his own property; it would be therefore difficult to find tenants for the occupation of these reserves; at any rate, very long leases would be required, which, perhaps, would render it preferable for the crown to dispose of them for ready money.

In Prince Edward's Island, the usual leases given are for 999 years, and many instances occur of legal disputes between the landlord and tenant. The system of granting leases should be particularly avoided when the landlord is represented by the crown and clergy.

I think I have said enough to prove the impolicy of the system of *reserves* now in operation; and, at the same time, to show the necessity of equally guarding against the *private speculator.* At the future formation of a colony, it will be very easy to adopt a different line of policy; but to alter the system now in force to the one I propose, requires caution. May I suggest that the *reserves* in the old-established townships be valued; and, without much difficulty and expense, I think that may be accomplished at the seat of government, from the plans in the Surveyor-General's office. As soon as the governor in council has satisfied himself that the valuation is a correct one, those lots should be open for purchase, at ready money terms, in the same manner as the other lands are disposed of.

It is needless to observe more upon the subject of the clerical property, than that one-seventh of the general annual receipts might be applied to the church establishment, which would have one good effect—it would deprive that portion of the community hostile to the established church of an every-day grievance, which, being constantly before their eyes, tends to inflame the minds of the colonists against an institution of which they, otherwise, might be zealous supporters.*

With respect to the wild land now in the possession of private persons, I suggest that, if the annual tax of threepence per acre be twelve months due, that the land shall be taken out of the proprietor's hands, *valued,* and sold *by the government, for the benefit of the proprietors,* under which arrangement the land should be exempt from tax until disposed of; and many would be induced, voluntarily, I am sure, to submit to such an arrangement, to whom the amount of taxation might be a serious inconvenience. The proprietor would get a fair price for his land, and, not having contributed to the improvement of the country around, could not legitimately consider himself a loser, in consequence of any additional value his property may attain from the enterprize and industry of the emigrants. In fact, he would get the value of his land the moment there were purchasers, it being always open for sale. Great care, however, should be taken by the governor not to have the private lands valued *too high*; otherwise, the government, indirectly, would become a supporter to the land speculator, by freeing him from the burden of taxation.

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* Perhaps it would be advisable to establish a tithe upon all lands, for the support of religion, upon the same principle as that instituted amongst the Roman Catholic population of Lower Canada, which amounts to one twenty-sixth upon all produce, obliging every individual so tithed to support *one* of the three most prevalent religions, namely—the Episcopalian, the Scotch Presbyterian, or the Roman Catholic. There are so many of the two last persuasions in the North American Colonies, that it would be but justice to afford them every facility, to enable them to follow their own mode of worship, and, by that means, it is presumed, that the other dissenting sects would be deterred from raising any opposition to the Episcopalian church establishment. To attempt to uphold the Episcopalian church exclusively, to the prejudice of all other denominations of Christians, in a colony contiguous to the United States, would be both dangerous and impolitic.

It is my firm conviction that the only opposers that would be found to a bill framed upon the above principles being brought before the colonial legislature, would be the *land jobbers*, who, though a powerful body at the seat of government, would find themselves in the minority amongst the representatives of the people. In fact, a measure calculated to be of such service to the welfare of the country, would be hailed as a most liberal boon by the colonists generally.

I am inclined to think that the wild land in our colonies in New Holland should be sold at the same price as that in British America—and for this reason. In New Holland there exists no neighbouring republic that has thrown off her allegiance to the mother country, and which at the present period is exerting all her endeavours to induce emigrants to resort to her territory. Therefore, in New Holland we may be guided entirely by circumstances peculiar to that country; and although the distance the emigrant has to transport himself is very much further than to North America, yet the rate of labour in all new countries is so much higher than at home, more particularly in the remote colonies, that the price of five shillings per acre is only sufficient to secure to the capitalist a supply of labourers, who would assuredly leave him were the land sold at a lower rate. I consider the delightful climate of New Holland as equivalent to the richer soil of Canada, and to the increased expence of the voyage there; and I have observed in America, that the settlers upon the lighter or inferior soils are generally more prosperous than those who have chosen a richer country. This is accounted for from the increased expense of working, or bringing the latter into cultivation.

But still I must not forget that the farms in New Holland are principally for raising sheep, consequently differing very much from the ordinary mode of farming in North America. The quantity of land necessary to an emigrant for grazing bears no comparison with what is necessary for agriculture; and it appears customary in those colonies for the government to rent out large tracts of land in the remote districts for the express purpose of being grazed. Whether it would be advisable to make a distinction between the price of lands available for agriculture, and those only available for pasture, I will not pretend to decide. Yet I have heard that many grazing farms in Van Dieman's land would fetch (if sold) a pound an acre; if so I am still of opinion that the government, even in those colonies, should adhere to one uniform price, which might be at the same rate as I have recommended for the North American colonies.

A great mistake has been made in Canada, by encouraging emigrants of all descriptions to penetrate into the wilderness in search of *locations;* it perhaps arises from the present mode of disposing of the lands; but whatever the cause may be, it is perfectly an erroneous system. The colony should grow from the parent root, that is to say, the older settlers should make way for those newly arrived; they generally will be too happy to dispose of their cultivared farms for ready money, and will purchase an uncleared lot in some distant settlement; they then become the pioneers, and are better able to undergo the difficulties that must be encountered.

It is a common custom in America for persons to sell their "*betterments*," (improvements upon a lot of land, comprising the log hut, out-houses, and the ground cleared of trees), and remove to another spot to go through the same work again, and perhaps again sell and remove further into the wilderness, some prefering to reside at a distance from other settlers. I remember hearing of a person of that description in Upper Canada, who actually removed, because settlers were locating themselves within thirty miles of his habitation.

A great number of officers have settled upon their grants of land, and I am confident, with few exceptions, they would have been wiser to have refused their grants upon the terms of actual residence; and to have purchased, in preference, small cultivated farms with buildings upon them in a well settled part of the country. In the end it would be a cheaper purchase; the expense of removing themselves, their baggage, furniture, &c. over miserable roads is very great, and their ignorance of the customs of the country would soon make itself apparent in the diminution of their purse. The Canadian back-wood's-man goes "into the bush," with his axe over his shoulder, with the addition of a barrel of pork, a barrel of biscuit, and some common whisky, and thinks himself well provided; he contents himself with erecting a *shanty*,* until he can conveniently supply its place by a log-hut; he then exclusively applies himself to the clearing of the ground. To reverse this picture, and to demonstrate the different mode of proceeding adopted by the officer upon his grant, suffice it to say, I have heard in the back-woods a harp played as divinely as in any drawing-room in England; the officer and his family are very happy and contented until the first excitement of settling is over; but then they look around, and find they are, in a measure, cut off from society, and at a great distance from places where can be procured the necessaries and conveniences of life. The church, the doctor, the mill for grinding his corn, the butcher's shambles, together with many other wants, are not to be procured except at a distance, and withal it has cost him more money to place himself in this inconvenient situation upon his grant, than if he had given it up altogether, and made a purchase of a cultivated farm. But as it is of importance to encourage persons of his situation in life to settle in the colonies, the officer should be entitled to his grant without being obliged to locate himself upon it, provided he binds himself to remain a certain number of years in the colony, and, in that case, should have the option of placing his grant in the hands of government for sale at the regulated price, in preference to subjecting himself to the annual tax.

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* A shanty is a temporary hut formed with boughs of trees, having the front open, inside of which a blazing fire is kept up to warm the inmates.

I am a decided enemy to the plan of the government now pursued of chartering "land companies;" I cannot understand why the government should resign to a body of speculators the opportunity it possesses of well settling the county; the only advantage a land company attains over the government is by *puffing*. There would be no necessity for puffing, provided the government only follow the plan I have suggested of selling all the land at a uniform fixed price for ready money, without making any reserves, except certain spots selected as the sites for towns; and every emigrant, in communicating with his friends at home, if he merely state the simple truth, would be the means of inducing many to follow his example.

An anecdote of an Irish labourer writing home to his friends about Upper Canada, may not be *here out of place*. After praising the country in various ways, he added, that he had meat twice a week; upon showing his letter to his employer, he was reminded that he had meat every day of the week, as well as three times a day. "Faith did he not know that by the same token, but sure his friends would *disbelieve* all he had said if he told them *that*."

The settlement of a colony should go on progressively; remote parts should not be prematurely called into notice, as in the case, for instance, in respect to that tract of land in the eastern township of Lower Canada, now belonging to the North American Land Company. It is situated upon the frontier line dividing that province from the United States, which of itself is a reason why its settlements should be deferred until the intermediate country be inhabited. There is plenty of excellent uncultivated land between the company's track and the St. Lawrence river, either in the hands of government or of private individuals, much more eligible for the settlement of emigrants. The climate of the most southern portion of the eastern townships is as rigorous as in the immediate vicinity of Quebec; it is a mountainous district, which accounts for the severity of the winter. The settlers near Stanstead (the frontier town) are obliged to house their cattle five, if not generally six months out of the year; maize (Indian corn) is frequently cut off, and even wheat is a precarious crop, but oats succeed admirably. When I was at Stanstead in 1833, the inhabitants were dependant upon Montreal for their supply of bread. I met on my journey to Montreal many waggons laden with barrels of flour, and when the distance is considered of eighty miles, principally over a very bad road, its value must have been considerably enhanced; a very great drawback to the emigrant selecting that portion of the country, as he must necessarily purchase his daily food at an exorbitant price for a considerable period. Montreal is half a degree of latitude north of the frontier line, and yet the harvest upon the island of Montreal and upon the borders of the St. Lawrence, was decidedly a fortnight earlier than at Stanstead, when I happened to travel from one place to the other in 1833. The difference was most evident as soon as I passed the Richelieu river.

In the course of time, the company's tract in the eastern township, will become eligible for settlement, but I consider the present period premature. Numbers of persons have supported the formation of this company with the object of rendering their own lands, situated between the company's tract and the St. Lawrence, more valuable; a great quantity of land might have been purchased prior to the formation of the company, at half a dollar per acre. I now perceive the company's minimum price is one dollar and a half; consequently private individuals, I have no doubt, have raised the price of their lands accordingly. I can without hesitation remark, that if a company can afford to speculate in the improvement of a *remote district,* it would be equally advantageous for the government to do so, and at the same time might more effectually concentrate the population.

In order to assist upon an extensive scale the redundant population of the empire in emigrating to our North American colonies, I propose that a portion of the cost of their passage be defrayed by the government. Passages from Liverpool and Belfast to Quebec or Montreal, are procurable for thirty shillings; therefore, if twenty shillings were paid to the owners of vessels for every emigrant above ten years of age, and ten shillings for every child under that age who shall be *actually landed* in any British port in North America, many poor persons wishing to emigrate, would be enabled to pay the difference, and provide themselves with food for the passage.

To guard against persons who might endeavour to escape from justice by availing themselves of this assistance, it would be necessary that the government agent for emigrants at the port of embarkation should require a certificate from the officers of the parish (to which each person applying for this assistance in procuring a passage may belong), stating that the applicant is not suspected of having committed any offence against the law, and that he or she has notified to them his or her intention to emigrate fourteen days previous to the date of their certificate. Upon which the agent would deliver to the applicant a passport, which would be a sufficient warrant for the commander of the vessel in which the emigrant embarks, to procure at the port of disembarkation an order upon the treasury for the amount; provided, however, that the regulations regarding the treatment and accommodation of the emigrants on board shall have been *strictly complied with.* It is preferable that the government should only defray a part of the expense; otherwise, the emigrant would not sufficiently estimate the advantage afforded; he might embark without sufficient reflection, and afterwards might blame the government for having encouraged him to leave his native country. Very few would return; the industrious would soon feel the benefit of the change—the idle and dissipated would not have it in their power to procure a passage back.

In a colony it is almost impossible to undertake any public improvement, if proper judgment be used, without receiving a handsome return for the capital expended; and it is of importance that the indigent emigrants upon arrival should be accommodated with immediate employment upon government works as contiguous to the port of disembarkation as possible, but at a rate of wages under the average rate of the country; this would oblige them to lose no time in endeavouring to procure a more remunerating occupation, for which purpose they would spread themselves into the interior, and thereby leave room for those emigrants more recently arrived to be employed.

One of the greatest evils afflicting our colonies is the system the settlers have of speculating upon credit, paying for the money borrowed an enormous interest; the facility afforded to the farmers of obtaining goods at a long credit, induces these people to get themselves unawares into pecuniary difficulties, and, once embarrassed by the contraction of debts they are unable to discharge, they become totally in the power of the merchants, who speculate upon ultimately possessing themselves of their property. Considerable fortunes have been made in this manner; whether it be an honourable mode of doing so, I will leave to the opinion of the reader. The circulating medium being very scarce in the colonies, the creditor takes an opportunity to distrain. The property of the debtor being sold by auction probably does not realize one quarter of its value, and is purchased possibly by the creditor, or he may have a mortgage upon the estate, amounting to a little more than a third of its value, the whole of which he becomes quietly the proprietor, thus ruining the prospects of the unfortunate farmer.

The storekeeper, or merchant, makes use of the influence he thus acquires over the farmers in debt to him, to control their votes in the election of members for the House of Assembly, which is a sufficient reason why the ballot should be substituted for open voting in the colonies. In order to obviate these abuses and difficulties, I suggest the abolition of imprisonment for debt; also, that the property of the debtor seized by the creditor be valued by two magistrates, and according to that valuation be handed over to the creditor, in proportion to the amount of the debt, for its acquittal. The debt should also be satisfactorily proved to have been actually contracted to its full amount, otherwise speculators might be tempted, in order to insure a loan, to give notes of hand for a larger sum than virtually received. Consequently merchants would take care not to trust individuals upon whose integrity they cannot rely; therefore, honourable persons would reap some benefit from the good reputation they may have acquired.

I must say a few words upon the form of government, which in many colonies might be advantageously altered. The form of government in our North American provinces consists of a governor, or lieutenant-governor, as his majesty's representative, assisted by an executive or privy council, whose opinion he must ask in some cases; but he is not bound to *act* upon their decision; a legislative council, composed of persons appointed by his majesty for their lives, who in a measure are supposed to correspond with the House of Peers in England; and a House of Assembly, the representatives of the people, elected in most colonies for four years, but liable to be dissolved at any moment by the king's representative, and the parliament must be assembled once a year.

It is unnecessary to make any comment upon the appointment of the king's representative, or upon the admirable arragement which has given him the assistance of an executive or privy council, which also acts as a check upon his conduct. But the appointment of the legislative council is not equally faultless. There exists no class of men in a colony, from whom can be selected a body who may assimilate to the aristocratic branch of the legislature at home. By an aristocratic body, I not only understand a set of well-educated men, but a body whose political power and influence in the colony may be felt beyond the walls of the chamber they occupy, owing to their *permanent private property.* I do not hesitate to say, that there exists no such class in any of our North American colonies: *whom* then does the *legislative council* represent?

Of what import can be their deliberations? Their political influence ceases at the threshold of their chamber; they have no weight in the consideration of the people. Upon an examination of the names of those who compose the legislative council, it will be observed that the members have been selected from the civil functionaries under government, and from amongst the most wealthy merchants; and these persons are *appointed for life,* without regard to the caprices of fortune, in mercantile speculations; so that it may happen that a legislative councillor may become a bankrupt. Whether merchants in their most prosperous days should be members or not of such a house, I will not *venture* an opinion; at any rate, a merchant whose private affairs are not in a good condition, ought not to be considered the proper person to be entrusted with so much power.* In fine, that body, as it is now composed, is a clumsy imitation of our house of peers, comprising all its defects and possessing none of its important advantages. The measures of the legislative council have only the effect of taking for a moment the odium and the responsibility from the shoulders of the governor, and transferring the animosity of the colonists towards the government at home; and their interferference considerably adds to the difficulty of carrying on the machinery of colonial legislation.

The *representative of majesty* requires no support—no interlopers between him and the representatives of the people. He should rely solely upon the king and the parliament of Great Britain for the support of his dignity and power. Being appointed by the sovereign, he can maintain his rank and station in the colony, without the assistance of an intermediate branch of the legislature. It is different in a republic like that of the United States; there the president, deriving his power directly from the people, it becomes necessary to have an intermediate branch of the legislature elected for a longer period, and in a different manner, than are the representatives of the people, in order to guard equally between their hasty democratic resolutions and the ambition of the first magistrate, or his truckling to the caprices of the people. Recollect that, in that government, a majority of two-thirds in Congress renders invalid the president's *veto* to any bill; therefore, it is doubly necessary that there should exist a second chamber, *or senate.* Not so in our colonies, where the chief magistrate is appointed by the king. Those persons who now form the legislative councillors, would in reality be of more use to the crown in occupying seats in the other house, to counteract any democratic tendency existing there. By the present mode, the colony is deprived of many useful servants.

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* Let not the governor of the plantation (say Lord Bacon) depend upon too many councillors and undertakers in the country that planteth, but upon a temperate number, and let those be rather noblemen and gentlemen than merchants, for they look ever to the present gain.

As a proof of the inutility of the legislative council, I may refer the reader to the political state of Lower Canada. Has the council been able to counteract the proceedings of the Lower House? On the contrary, one of the grievances complained of by that assembly, is the mode of appointment by the council.* The House of Assembly propose that it should be elective: I see many reasons to disagree upon the propriety of such a measure. Let it be entirely done away with, and the machinery of government will be much easier to manage. I would suggest that the members of the Assembly should be elected by farmers occupying fifty acres of land (the smallest quantity sold by the crown.) As regards the county members, and the members of towns *corporated*, by householders paying a certain annual tax towards the expenses of the town. Corporated towns should only be allowed to return members. By this arrangement, I think there would be no fear of a democratic preponderance in the House of Assembly.

Whilst upon the subject of the internal government of colonies, I may be allowed to say a few words upon the mode of carrying on the general government of our numerous colonies under the sole management of a minister of the cabinet. Is it probable that a gentleman appointed to that office, who possibly may never have left the British shore, should all at once thoroughly comprehend the various interests, the feelings, and habits of men dwelling in regions, the climate and natural resources of which are as widely different as the two poles are asunder? To prove that this is deeply felt in the colonies, I may be excused from quoting a sentiment to that effect, expessed by Mr. Andrew Stuart, a most eloquent member of the late House of Assembly in Lower Canada, on the occasion of a dinner being given to him by his political friends at Quebec, on the 17th of November last.† In adverting to the unhappy existing differences between the Lower House and his Majesty's Government, Mr. Stuart says, in reference to the proceedings of that party, "It is true, with a certain class of politicians in this country, the names of the British isles are used as a reproach. For my part, I shall never learn to be ashamed of our blood and lineage, nor feel any other sentiment than that of contempt towards the men who can attempt to cast a stigma upon it. The British islands want not a defence from my feeble voice, or from any other arms but their own. I pity the man who can read her history, without feeling his moral energies and patriotism invigorated, and who shall not be disposed in all humility as to himself to say, in shutting these illustrious pages, 'AND I, TOO, AM A BRITON.' Whence then has arisen this daring in certain quarters, this forgetfulness of all the favours conferred upon them by England, this open bearding of her authority? Gentlemen, I must speak to you with the same frankness upon this subject as I have tried to do upon others. It has proceeded *from the frequent changes in the Colonial Office,* both of persons and policy, and from the want of an efficient system of Colonial Government. So great have been the changes which have taken place within the last half century, that their effects could not but be felt in the colonies, and a system of government which might have done for the feeble beginnings of the British Colonies after the separation of the old colonies from the empire, will not do for its present more advanced condition. In stating this, I, of course, mean not to cast any reproach upon the several gentlemen who have, in succession, held the office of Secretary of the Colonies. I am too well aware of the difficulties of a colonial minister—too well satisfied that the burthen cast upon his shoulders is too great for any man. Mistaken notions of economy produced the suppression of the Board of Plantations, the plan of which was originially conceived by the great Lord Bacon, and without which there can be no stability, uniformity, or efficiency of action in the colonial policy of the empire."

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* In reference to the poltitical differences existing in Lower Canada, I may be permitted to suggest the immediate reunion of the Upper and Lower Provinces, the capital of which should be placed in a central position. By town, on the Ottawa river, presents a favourable situation, being at some distance from the frontier line. These provinces never should have been disunited; the free navigation of the St. Lawrence river being equally necessary to both, their separation was only laying the foundation of future disputes.

It would appear that the statesman who carried into effect this measure, had in contemplation to transplant to the western hemisphere a cause for *a system* of *protocol* upon *protocol*, which the discussion upon the free navigation of the Scheldt, has originated in this quarter of the globe.

† I am indebted to Mr. Andrew Stuart for much valuable information upon colonial policy, gathered during the many agreeable hours I have passed in his society at Quebec, and I flatter myself not unprofitably. If that highly talented gentleman should ever peruse these pages, I hope he will forgive the freedom I have taken in mentioning his name on this side of the Atlantic.

I am not aware what was Lord Bacon's plan for the formation of the Board of Plantations; but I think there would be little difficulty in the composition of such an assembly by appointing the members of it from amongst those gentlemen who have filled the situation of governor in the colony they may be individually called upon to represent, through whom the correspondence should be carried. The personal acquaintance they must have acquired during their government, with the several interests of the colony, by being by them communicated to the board in sesssion, would diffuse amongst the members a general knowledge of all our possessions, and their deliberations would be regulated accordingly; over which board the colonial minister might preside.

To give an idea of the extent of information the colonial minister is expected to make himself master of, I subjoin a list of our colonies under his control, and leave it to the contemplation of the reader whether such a task can be expected to be ably performed by any one person; by which means I think I shall have done enough to prove the inefficiency of the present system. It has been said that over the British possessions the sun never sets. The mind of the individual entrusted with watching over their destinies should be as all pervading as is that bright luminary in spreading his rays over these extensive regions in every portion of the globe.

List of the British Colonies.

Europe.

Gibraltar.
Malta.
Ionian Islands.
Heligoland.

America.

Lower Canada.
Upper Canada:—
  Nova Scotia.
  New Brunswick
  Prince Edward's Island.
  Newfoundland.

West India Islands, &c.

Jamaica.
Bahama Islands.
Barbadoes.
St. Vincent.
Grenada.
Tobago.
Antigua.
Montserrat.
St. Christopher's.
Nevis.
The Virgin Isles.
Dominica.
Demerara.
Essequibo.
Berbice.
Trinidad.
St. Lucia.
Bermuda.
Honduras.

Africa.

Cape of Good Hope.
Sierra Leone.
Gambia.
Mauritius.

Asia.

Ceylon.

Note. The Indian possessions, being under the directors, are not mentioned.

Australia.

New South Wales:—
  Van Diemen's Land;
  Swan River; and the recently chartered colony of
  Southern Australia.

THE NEGROMANCER.

"Ho! Sorcerer! Magician! Come forth." These outcries proceeded from a party of young men, just returned from witnessing the funeral of Charles VII. at St. Denis, and who were knocking violently at a door, on the top of a dark and winding staircase, in the rue St. Pierre. They were replied to by a feeble and broken voice; but they heard it not, so vociferously did they call.

"What!—Negromancer!" At last the door was slowly opened by the object of their search.

"What seek ye, my children?"

"We would know the future; and thou canst dive into each man's destiny, thou high priest of the Evil One—king of sorcerers! Come, and tell us quickly; and see that the intelligence be to our liking: for it needs none of thy skill to know that our rapiers have sharp points," repeated Mandé Thebergan, the eldest of the party, as he directed an enquiring, though fearful, glance into the old man's mysterious dwelling. It was only lighted by a small lamp, the glimmering flame of which scarcely enabled him to distinguish, in one corner of it, a human skeleton; in another, a heap of dusty books; on the floor, spheres and astrolabes; and, fixed to the ceiling, between two beams, an immense white stuffed owl, whose large eyes glared with peculiar brilliancy, although reflected only by the feeble light of the lamp. All this produced a fearful effect upon the susceptible mind of Mandé, already predisposed to the supernatural, and a positive belief in the old man's power. He was unable to withdraw his gaze from those two large round eyes which were glittering in the shade, and stood wrapt in the deepest thought, when he was at length aroused by the loud and boisterous laugh of his companions, who were taunting the old man for his want of skill.

When Mandé's turn came, he hesitated; till, jeered by his comrades, he at length held out his hand; but it was observed that his manner was grave, and his air thoughtful.

"Mandé," exclaimed the old man, and he had not told him his name. "Mandé," he murmured between his teeth; and he whispered some words in his ear inaudible to the others of his party.

"What has he said to you?" eagerly enquired his companions; but Mandé was silent, and quitted the place, pale as death.

The next morning Mandé's first thought was of the negromancer; all night long he had beheld him in his dreams. The low voice of the magician still murmured in his ear; and when he awoke from his troubled sleep, the last word still vibrated at his heart. "Am I then reserved for that? and must I then ———," he inwardly exclaimed; and his noble heart revolted at his own conjurings. "And who told me this? A wretch who luxuriates upon the credulity of mankind—who attacks my purse through the medium of my fears. I am a fool to think of it."

He arose, and went out, but nothing could divert him; even in the streets he seemed to see but the sorcerer, and to hear but his fatal words. Timid by nature, and weakened by the excesses of his life, the effects of the sorcerer's prediction, acting upon an enfeebled mind, acquired an all-powerful intensity. After wandering through the city till past the hour of noon, striving to escape from the horrible idea that pursued him, he sought some of his companions of the previous evening, but society he found was a burden to him; he therefore quitted them to wander alone in the fields. The sun was bright, but to him the heavens appeared clouded; a balmy and refreshing breeze played around him, but he felt not its soothing power—his heart was chilled. One dark, freezing, dreadful idea haunted his imagination. As he was retracing his steps to his lodgings, in that despairing mood that takes possession of the mind when nature has no longer any charms for us, and was on the point of crossing La Grève—he suddenly stopped short; for he beheld a newly-erected scaffold. With a convulsive shudder he turned aside; it reminded him of the words of the sorcerer!

He could no longer sleep in La Rue Chevet Saint Lauday, which was opposite La Grève; he, therefore, quitted the capital, and took up his residence in a habitation situated between Paris and Montmartre. There he saw but little, and heard but little; it seemed to him like the silence of the desert at the very gates of a populous city; and there he hoped that his troubled imagination might have recovered its tone and tranquillity, and the dreadful words of the negromancer might be gradually weakened from their mysterious power they had acquired over him—but, alas! they had found a ready echo within his breast al ways ready to repeat them.

The house was inhabited by an old couple and their daughter, the idolized child of their old age: she was truly beautiful. She had one of those Madonna heads that an ideal style of beauty, such as genius in its happiest moments of inspiration conceives—black hair plaited across her forehead—lustrous dark eyes, and a complexion pale and transparent as the finest alabaster. Such was this young maiden, who, with her parents, lived like Mandé in a state of utter seclusion from the world. No one even knew their names—once he heard the old father address his daughter by the name of Nicole. Nicole became for him a beloved name, that at times could make him forget his cherished sorrow. Love dawned in his bosom, and every sombre idea was eclipsed by its dazzling rays. Nicole, the beautiful Nicole—she haunted him in his dreams, in his meditations, even in his prayers, and if he could only catch a glimpse of her as she crossed like a spirit before him, it was for him a day of happiness. He then thought himself delivered, and oh! how dearly he loved the object who had dissipated the horrid phantoms and gloomy terrors of his imagination; often did he steal towards her and bless her in the soft language of love.

One Sunday morning he met her in the church of the Abbey of Montmartre; she was on her knees and praying so fervently, that he felt she must possess a confiding—a loving heart; and when she raised her head and met his earnest gaze, her pale cheek was slightly tinged with a blush, and in that timid look there was so much piety and tenderness, that he said to himself, "surely that is love!" Nor was he mistaken, she did indeed love Mandé—she had loved him long and in secret, and she revealed it in her glance. He passed that night revelling on the delicious belief, that he was not alone in the world, that he was beloved; and in the joy of the moment it seemed to him, that he had only to ask her in marriage of her parents, and obtain her. He therefore resolved to take this step in the morning; he could dread no refusal; and he pictured to himself the paradise of a home—of the joys of love—of felicity! "If happiness is to be found in this world," he mentally exclaimed, "surely this is happiness." But suddenly these golden reveries were dissipated by the recollection of the fatal words of the sorcerer! They came like a damp upon his heart, and froze his very blood. "Happiness!" he sighed forth, "happiness! did I say?" he bitterly exclaimed! "No, no, not for me, not for the doomed! never shall I taste of happiness." His bright hopes deserted him, and he relapsed into his former gloomy imaginings, which the enchantment of two months' love had partially banished from his mind. The dreadful words of the necromancer appeared to him more inevitable than ever—his wife then would press to her bosom one cursed by heaven—one already branded by fate, and doomed to——his very soul shrunk within him as the word rushed with tenfold force upon his recollection, and he raved in his anguish, and denounced the Almighty, which he fancied had cast him to irrevocable doom.

That very morning he disappeared; evening came, but he returned not; day after day passed, and month after month, but Mandé came not again. Nicole tenderly loved him—for she wept bitterly, and vowed she would never marry.

The neighbours on his disappearance, recollecting his dejected air and moody habits, supposed that he had made away with himself;—Nicole trembled at the very idea—a suicide! one whom she had loved so dearly—she could not believe it; and yet, could she have known the truth, she would have found that the fear of an hereafter had alone withheld the poniard from his bosom—devotion had that once saved him from despair.

It was on the first of May, 1465, that Mandé once more entered Paris;—he had been absent five years. The thought of Nicole still haunted him, and he longed to see her bright angelic face once more, for he had returned, from over the sea, to worship at the shrine of his first love. He had retained his residence near Montmartre, and trembling, he directed his steps thither,—he was obliged to traverse the quarter of the Holles to reach it—and, had made a detour to avoid the Place de Grève, so hateful to him. He was just entering La Rue de Garnelles, when the sound of music attracted his attention, and he perceived a crowd of people approaching. He made some inquiries of a bystander, who told him that it was a marriage, the nuptials of the son of Henry Cousin, the executioner of Paris, and of the daughter of Merry Capiluche, the retired executioner of the city of Rouen.—"A splendid and well-assorted match, truly, Sir stranger," said the man—with a grin. Mandé shuddered at the words spoken so lightly, but with such awful meaning to himself. The fatal words rung in his ears as plainly as on the night of his carousal. He had long since become convinced of their truth, and with gloomy tranquillity he awaited his time. The idea had become his faith—his creed—the very breath of his life—so powerfully was he absorbed in his belief, that he no longer wrestled with it—no longer endeavoured to shake off the delusion which had assumed to his diseased imagination all the circumstance of reality. It even impelled him onwards, and, by a mysterious and invisible influence, urged him to anticipate its fulfilment.

He walked onwards; the mirth and gaiety of the crowd was sickening to him; he wished to avoid the people, but the procession was close upon him, and he stood to see it pass. The bride and bridegroom were returning from the nuptial benediction, greeted by the plaudits of the populace. Mandé cast a hurried glance at the principal personage of the pageant, when, instead of turning with his usual disgust at any thing like rejoicing, his gaze became fixed, his eyes were rivetted upon that face. The blood forsook his countenance, his lips quivered, he covered his face with his hands, and looked again, as one bewildered. Good God! was it an apparition! or was it a dreadful reality? It was too true, the beautiful—the adored Nicole was there before him, the daughter and wife of an executioner!—He staggered against the wall for support.—Yes, then she was more beautiful than when he first saw her—the only bright gleam in his dark and troubled day of life. It was all over; if in his hours of reflection he might have entertained some doubts of the horrible fate that hung over him, they had vanished at a single glance.

From that moment a species of monomania seized on him. Every place of punishment had a charm for him—it was a bloody magnet that attracted him. The gibbet of Montfaucon, that of Montigny, the scaffolds erected in the Place de Grève and in the Holles, he visited every day. He no longer went to pray but in the church of St. Jean de Grève, where the condemned are prepared for death, and where they heard their last mass.

Days of happiness had followed the nuptials which had overwhelmed Mandé with such sudden terror. Petit Jehan, loved his beautiful Nicole more and more, who had given him a boy the image of his mother. Never was child so caressed and beloved, and he was growing in all the happiness and repose of innocent childhood; while Mandé, who had adored his mother, was struggling with the anguish of a life that was become insupportable. Four years had elapsed since he saw Nicole on her way from the altar.

One cloudy day Mandé quitted his retreat; he had become a misanthrope, and shunned the light of day. He entered Paris by the street of La Porte Montmartre, his pace was irregular, his right hand covered his forehead, across which passed clouds as dark as those which obscured the horizon. He had passed a terrible night—he felt that his hour had at length arrived—that a powerful and irresistible hand was urging him to his fate, while a voice whispered continually in his ear the same words that he had heard the sorcerer utter. Despair was in his look—his face was wild and haggard—his hands were dry and hot—a fire was burning within him, and his throat was parched—a horrible desire came over him—he felt that he could only quench his consuming thirst in BLOOD! A young man approached him. He was attired gaily, as though he were going to some festival; a smile was on his countenance, and he was humming a chansonnette. With the frightful instinct of his distemper, Mandé had unclasped a knife with a long thin blade; the expression of his countenance was fiendish, and, as though aware of his repulsive aspect, he shielded it from the light of day by his broad-slouched hat; but the feeling of his better nature came over him. "Shall I,' muttered he; "shall I send a soul to his last account, perhaps with crime upon his head? his eternal punishment will be added to my weight of guilt. No! no! some other victim, more innocent than he;"—and he was proceeding along, casting about him furious glances of deadly import. "Ha!" said he, "shall I strike that young maiden, she has the very look of purity and innocence?" As he spoke these words a young girl came bounding onward; the glow of health and beauty was on her cheeks, and her eye seemed lighted up with joy and love. "But what if I pierce two hearts in one?" he muttered; "she has perhaps an expectant lover; at a single blow I shall destroy two—the scaffold demands not that;" he reached the corner of La Rue de Garnelle. At fifty paces from him was a group of children playing in all the innocency of childhood. How joyous their cries—how sparkling their eyes—how graceful their movement—it was the beau-idéal of joyous life. Mandé suddenly stopped, and rivetted his glance upon the youngest of the group with flowing chesnut curls and rosy cheeks. "His is an innocent soul, pure as the wings of angels; I can do no injury to him. He is an angel that

I shall send back to Paradise—poor little one, I shall perhaps save thee from many evils, perhaps from crime. How sweet to snatch a human being from the sight of such torments as mine."

While thus holding fearful converse with himself, he advanced gradually towards the children, who, excited by his presence, played with renewed ardour. Mandé was now within a few paces of the children; three or four of them ran towards him, and sought to attract his attention by their innocent gambols. Once he was on the point of retracing his steps; but he could not—*he knew his time was come!* The children gathered round him, and all addressed him at once; he lifted up in his arms the little creature with the chesnut curls.

"Oh! he is only four years old; he is the youngest of us all," exclaimed his little companions.

"He is only four years old; he is the youngest and the most innocent," said Mandé to himself. And as he encircled him with one of his arms, his dreadful mania came strongly over him; blood was in his thought—he thirsted only for blood—and his eyes gleamed with the dreadful insanity. The little innocent was frightened at his looks.

"Let me go," he cried, struggling to get free—"let me go and play;" but Mandé clutched him convulsively towards him, and plunged the long knife deep in his heart! A stream of blood bubbled from the wound, and the little creature gasped and fell dead with his tiny white arms circling the neck of his murderer.

The laughter of the children was quickly transformed into cries of terror at the sight of blood. The neighbours ran to the spot; but Mandé made not the slightest attempt to escape—he had fulfilled his destiny. The watch arrived and seized Mandé, who a few days afterwards was condemned by M. Robert d'Estourville, prevost of Paris, to *die upon the scaffold!*

On the day following the trial, the condemned, carrying a lighted torch, proceeded barefooted to the place of execution, before the gates of Notre Dame. As he passed along to the fatal spot the imprecations of the women were dreadful: maternal love assumed a savage tenderness that eloquently burst forth—the mothers embraced their little ones, and pressed them wildly to their bosoms as the assassin passed.

Having at length reached the foot of the scaffold, Mandé ascended the steps with a stern composure: he was supported by the intimate conviction that he had obeyed a law that was inevitable, and he found himself standing face to face to a young executioner whom he had never seen before. They stood alone above the immense crowd below.

"Come, little Jehan—this is your first essay; remember a father ought not to miss the *assassin of his child!*" These encouraging words proceeded from Master Henri Cousin, his sire, and from Master Merry Capiluche, who bore the same affinity to Nicole—it was her child that he had slain. All was prepared. Little Jehan waved his thirsty sabre round his head, and as it made its fatal descent the last mortal sounds that shook the ears of the unfortunate Mandé was a hoarse guttural laugh, which proceeded from the old necromancer at the foot of the scaffold. His prediction was fulfilled—*Mandé died upon the scaffold!*

ON THE POLICY AND THE POWER OF RUSSIA.*

In the short period of 120 years—from the battle of Pultawa to the peace of Adrianople—the armies of Russia have marched as conquerors over more countries and kingdoms than the ancient Romans did in the first 400 years of the Republic, although the latter had to contend with barbarians alone, while the former have been opposed by the policy and power of states highly civilized.

The Titan spirit of Russia is awake to a sense of her own strength; she sees clearly the position in which her ingenuity has placed her; she is armed with the indefatigable perseverance of the people of the North, and her Roman policy is assisted by her punic want of faith. Through the operation of the principles of autocracy and theocracy combined, the energies of a whole nation of sixty millions are centred in the will of the emperor alone, who is bent on the prosecution of objects equally flattering to personal ambition and popular vanity. Such demonstrations, therefore, ought long since to have excited the distrust of other states, whose strength is not so concentrated as in the powers of a dictator.

Already her black eagles have winged their flight close to the minarets of Constantinople, Ispahan, and Teheran; and her legions live on the hope to advance to the sacred waters of the Ganges, and to startle the sepoys in the streets of Calcutta.

The conquest of the Swedish provinces on the Baltic, the founding of Petersburg and Constadt, were the first signs of life exhibited by the Russian empire *as an European state.* The adhesion of the Cossacks and the conquest of the Crimea and Tauris added to her military power the formidable and indefatigable cavalry of the Don and the Black Sea. The boundaries of her territory are thus secured on the south and south-west against the Poles and Hungarians, and the road is thrown open for the future possession of the dominions of Persia and Turkey upon which we have seen the grasp of the Autocrat so ready to close. In a very short time, unless a vigorous police be adopted by England and France—Istambol and Ispahan will be the quarry of the Russian eagle; and then, will not the plains of India tremble with the thunder of the Muscovite guns?

The spirit in which the punic policy of Russia took advantage of the weakness of Poland, led her victorious armies to the banks of the Oder and the Spree, to the capital of the kingdom of the great Frederick, and enabled her to effect finally the sinful partition of the ancient realm of the Piasts and Jagellors; by which the last bulwarks of Europe against this Scythian intruder were annihilated. Hence the fields of Germany, Italy, and Switzerland were trodden by the

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* England, France, Russia, and Turkey. Third Edition. James Ridgway and Sons, London.

Russian troops; and subsequently the banner of the Czar has floated over the capital of France; and even Russian grenadiers and Cossacks of the Don have regained for the descendants of Hugh Capet their lost throne, and have been seen to protect the new King against his own subjects.*

The Emperor Alexander did not blush to arrest from the hands of his enemy, Napoleon, a grant of the part of the Prussian-Polish provinces (now East-Prussia) and which Alexander's personal friend and unfortunate ally, Frederick William, was compelled to sacrifice at the peace of Tilsit. With equal readiness did the Emperor Alexander, though then not at war with Austria, receive as a present from Napoleon a part of Galicia, wrung from the Emperor Francis, at the peace of Presburg.

The unexpected surprise of Finland, when without troops or other means of defence, enabled Alexander to wrest from Sweden, in the most disgraceful manner, her finest province by the peace of Abo; and by such an act of violence Russia was protected in her only vulnerable part.

In these campaigns the Persians and Turks were deprived by Russia, with a proportionably trifling sacrifice on her part, of provinces, which, on account of their position, are not only of incalculable value to her, both in a military and commercial point of view, but by which the Emperor Mahmoud and the Shah of Persia are rendered absolutely dependent on a power, by whose inevitable conquest of those kingdoms a road will be eventually opened to the British possessions in the East.

The conduct of Europe in the expiring moments of Poland in her last and recent tragedy, and the politico-comic farce in the affairs of Turkey and Egypt (the conclusion of which by the Russian alliance with Turkey must bring on general embroilment), complete the master-policy of the Emperor Nicholas over the Cabinets of Europe. The time appears to have gone by when the policy of Europe can be directed by the Courts of St. James, the Tuileries, the Castle of Vienna and of Berlin. The present high-priests of diplomacy receive their oracles from the palace of the Czar of Muscovy. There alone the fate of nations and the existence of constitutions are dictatorially decided, and peace and good order are conceded to Europe only at the will of the Czar.

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* The curiosities in Paris were shewn to the Duke of Wellington by a Frenchman of high rank, and who, when he had asked the Duke, what his Grace thought the greatest curiosity in Paris? received from the victorious British general this laconic answer:—"The Russian Grenadiers."

The Prefect of the Department of the Rhine and Moselle had erected an obelisk of stone in the square before the Castor church in Coblenz, with the boasting inscription—

"Au mémoire du Napoléon le Grand et de la mémorable Campagne en Russie en l'an 1812.

The Allies at the close of 1813 passed the Rhine at several points. A Russian division occupied Coblentz. The Commanding General Count de St. Priest, after reading the inscription had the following words added to it:—

"Vue et approuvé par moi le Commandant Russe. Coblence le 1er Janvier, 1814.
"Le Comte de St. Priest, Lieut.-General.

The young Autocrat plays with the ambasadors of the European states as the monkey does with a kitten, whom at one time he dandles in his arms, and at another gives a pat on the head. To the representations of England herself, to whose exertions during a protracted war almost every continental kingdom owes its present independence, the Emperor Nicholas deigns to give no reply, but merely feasts or flatters the ambassadors with *fêtes* and still more unmeaning compliments.

The ambassador of the King of the Barricades (who, by doing all in his power to stamp himself *quasi legitimate,* still wins the favour of the Holy Alliance) was received not only with coldness, but even with insult. In the very first formal audience the Czar absolutely turned his back upon one of the French marshals, but to whom, in the best days of Napoleon, it would have cost an Emperor of Russia half his kingdom to have shewn the least disrespect.

The policy recommended by Metternich is flattered in words, but really derided in secret by Nicholas; and while he encourages *Prussia* in her consistent system of inconsistency, he insures at once her feebleness and his influence over her.

For that wondrous body with many members and no head, nicknamed the "*Germanic Diet,*" ukases suffice; and the mandates of the dictating Czar are accepted as God-sends *by the good Germans.*

The wrath of his lightning is launched in letters of political excommunication against the lesser princes who have dared to swear the oath of fidelity to the constitution of their states.

The causes of *Miguel* and *Carlos* were upheld by him as long as it was possible; and every attempt of freedom against such usurpers is branded as a criminal interference with his dictation over other nations.

Denmark and *Sweden* are flattered and lulled to rest in quiet dependence, that they may one day assist as allies against Prussia and Germany, and shut the Sound to the fleets of France and Great Britain.

Switzerland is menaced on every side, *if not directly* by Russia, *at least indirectly* through the intermediate voices of Austria, Prussia, and the Germanic Diet.

In *Greece,* a new kingdom has been vainly formed by England, France, and Russia, to the advantage of the latter alone; and every kind of intrigue is resorted to, for the purpose of keeping up the interest of Russia in countries where a similarity of religion forms the ready bond of union.

In the *European* and *Asiatic* provinces of Turkey, the mouldering flame of revolt is alternately fed with a liberal, and kept under by a powerful, hand. The treaties, kept secret from other states, are formed with Persia, and throughout Asia, even to the recesses of Tartary, China, Cochin-China, and the East Indies. Even from Kamschatka, the intruders send their emissaries to British America, to see, and to profit by what they see. Their ships of *discovery* expend money even in the convict colonies. Indeed, where do they not pry, and endeavour to extend their barbarian influence? In short, Nicholas omits nothing to improve the *morale* or *materiel* of his forces by sea or land; and follows up his plans with the domineering, or, at times, calculating diplomacy, the Argus watchfulness, and the unprincipled measures of the Vatican.

If effects are allowed to be a test of causes, can it be contradicted that the Emperor of Russia exercises a most powerful influence over all the other monarchs of Europe and their ministers, who either bow in submission, or render their resistance ineffectual by their imbecility of purpose. The emperor, conscious of his power and preponderance, *dares and does*, whilst other kings, and other cabinets, exchange fruitless notes and letters, and protocols, to be brought under his attention when he has leisure to amuse himself with them; and to bear these to the Eagle, the messengers are, consistently enough, selected from the dove-cote.

We have been led to these remarks by a perusal of the very able pamphlet (now, by the way, in its third edition), the title of which we have prefixed to our article. Government for many years, both Tory and Whig, have been disgracefully negligent of the British interests with regard to Russia. If they have confided on the faith of Russia—on its honour and protestations, they have stood alone in their simplicity—if they have treated Russia with the courtesy due to a civilized nation, they have been well treated for their credulity. In every way the conduct of the British government betrays either ignorance or folly, and is alike injurious to the best interests of our country. The press has continually directed inquiry to that most suspicious quarter. We have ourselves had numerous articles almost prophetic of what has come to pass—but without avail. The blindness of our foreign policy for these ten years past, appears little short of fatality; and now, when Russia has almost grasped the prey to which we have, like good-natured idiots, lent our assistance, we shall begin to find we have acted in error. The resources of Great Britain and France have actually been conducive to the grand scheme of the autocrat, although the interests of the two cabinets have been diametrically opposed to the ambition of Russia.

> "The independence of Turkey has been undermined by her, under the mask of common objects, common measures, and formal alliance with the two cabinets most interested, and now on the point of recurring to the last resort in its support; by an unparalleled combination of successful delusions, she not only has veiled from them her motives aud her acts, but has called in the aid of their armies and fleets, and the whole weight of their moral support, for the furtherance of her designs."

But the author of the pamphlet takes Russia upon her own showing, and convicts her upon statements put forth by herself.

> "She declares loudly, unequivocally, that she has no design on Turkey; and that she has every interest and every wish to maintain the integrity and independence of Turkey. Let us examine, therefore, in detail, how that independence has been affected by her acts, and by the acts into which she has betrayed England and France."

We shall then see the nature of the means which this "great nation" has condescended to use—means not only unworthy of men of personal honour and character, but "disgraceful to men sunk to a low level of moral depravity."

The Greek revolt was planned by Russia, and was the first development of that grand scheme which has brought Turkey to her feet. This was the first ground for negotiation, and during the course of this diplomacy, such a continuation of political fraud has been perpetrated, as no European nation, under any rulers, however profligate, would have been guilty of. Baron Strogonoff was the first to commence this serio-comic political representation, and under the specious pretence of humanity in the cause of the Greeks, he managed to obtain the powerful support of the French and English name in furtherance of his intrigues, and was thus enabled to dictate to the sultan terms of such a character, that had he ventured alone, would at once have alarmed the jealousy of Europe upon the Porte's refusal of the terms offered by Russia, as a settlement of the Greek question. He thus expresses himself, after reprobating the Turkish policy:—

> "The Sublime Porte may easily explain to itself the consequences of such a system. *It will find itself forcibly,* in spite of the most benevolent intentions of the powers of Europe, *in a state of hostility with the Christian world.*
>
> "Now, in the first place, if the disorders, of which the undersigned has been forced to retrace the afflicting picture, are to continue, or cannot be remedied, Russia, far from finding a guarantee of peace in the duration of the Ottoman empire, would see itself *forced, sooner or later, to accomplish that* which command—her insulted religion, her infringed treaties, her co-religionaries prescribed.
>
> "Au reste,—the Ottoman ministry must have already judged, by the unanimity of the representations that have been made to it, *that the cause which Russia pleads* IS AN EUROPEAN CAUSE."

It will readily be believed by those who understand Russian negotiation, that this benevolent note became an *ultimatum;* and so eager was the Russian diplomatist to close upon the Porte, and to evince the "lively regret" caused by the sultan's hesitation about the terms offered by Strogonoff *in the name of Europe,* that he only gave *eight days* to the divan to deliberate upon the dismemberment of their empire; but the reader will hardly be prepared to learn that the Porte's answer was not received because the *eight days had expired!* The simple Turkish narrative may be advantageously contrasted with the hollow atrocity of the Russian manifesto *in the name of Europe.*

> "'Howsoever contrary the fixation of such a term, to the rules established between two courts, still the Sublime Porte took to heart to conform to it. Effectively, the eighth day being finished, preparation was made to transmit the answer on the next day, and the dragomans of Russia were sent for, to convey it to the minister. The dragomans alleged pretext, and intimated that they would come for it the day after. They did present themselves at the Reis-Effendi's, and declared that, the term of eight days having expired, the minister could not receive the answer of the Sublime Porte.' This is what Russia calls rendering to the Porte, 'the last service she owed it,' and in doing which, the Emperor believes he has fulfilled all his duties 'jusqu'un scruple!'"

It is needless to pursue the details of this atrocious business.

Every one knows of the chivalric combination of the fleets of England, France, and Russia, against the Ottoman navy, and of the truly heroic sacrifice of the Turks. If ever the British flag was disgraced, it was at Navarino. Of the Russian declaration of war, under the pretence of acting as the champion of Christendom; of her successes over an already prostrate foe, deprived of its fleet, her provinces revolted, and discord at home; of the results of that most infamous war, by the Treaty of Adrianople, thus baring her bosom to the knife of the assassin.

> "Then appeared a manifesto: words, like sunbeams, are sent forth to dazzle the eyes of Europe—to baffle their penetrations—their faculty of sight; and piety and sentimentality unite, to celebrate the reluctant victories of the Russian army over despotism, infidelity, and barbarism.
>
> "The left bank of the Danube is occupied; it is to arrest the scourge of humanity—the plague. The important fortresses of the borders of Circassia are united in perpetuity to the empire; it is to arrest the traffic, *horrible to Russia,* in slaves, the greater part of whose population is in the most degraded bondage. The loss of human life has been compensated by the irrevocable settlement of the Greek question, so dear to her allies, so sacred to her own sense of religion and of humanity.
>
> "The grievances of her own subjects, so long patiently borne, are redressed; and, in fine, the Dardanelles are made entirely free to the commerce *of all nations;* still Russia 'has remained constantly a stranger to every desire of conquest—to every view of aggrandizement.'"

In that ever-memorable Treaty of Adrianople, Russia dictated her own terms, which the Porte, standing alone and friendless, was obliged to accept. Russia there virtually takes possession of Turkey; she occupies her frontiers, garrisons her fortresses, and mortgages her for a sum which it is impossible by her own means she can ever pay; and such was the rascality—such the genius of Russia for overreaching and fraud, that the Turkish plenipotentiaries were led to believe that one million meant one hundred thousand, and actually signed the treaty under the impression that they had acknowledged a debt of 400,000*l.*, instead of 4000,000*l.*! It is eloquently urged by the author of the pamphlet—

> "Well may Russia exult in the acquisition of such immense results with such slender means;—but no!—these admissions are altogether incidental; they are without the deep, the intent concentration of her thoughts and energies. Not a betraying sound will escape from her lips, not a conscious smile steal over her features, until the great day of consummation dawns, and the peals of the Dardanelles re-echo to the halls of Constantine the shouts and cries of victory and defiance, and the long-suppressed exultation of gigantic deception."

It now becomes the duty of England and France, now that the great secret of Russian philanthropy has exploded, to make up for their late apathy or ignorance, by taking the affairs of Turkey into their own hands, to afford her the advantages of their friendship and protection, which she ought to have had long before. Turkey is at her last gasp, but there is yet vitality, and more than all, the people look to us in their last distress as alone having the power to save them. If we disappoint them, we shall give them over to despair. The Russians are odious to the Turkish people, and the Sultan par-takes somewhat of this unpopularity, by his leaning to the Muscovite for assistance. This remarkable expression was lately used to an Englishman, by one of the chiefs of a district in Asia, wrested from the Turks by the Emperor of Russia:—"We would shed the last drop of our blood in defence of our Sultan; but why is he such a friend to th Russians? We see that he never will be worthy of the affection we all bear him, till he is guided by your council."

"It is a singular," continues the author of the pamphlet, "but natural circumstance, that hatred for the Russians should have led to the disappearance of prejudices against other Christians; as their hopes, from one extremity of the empire to the other, are now turned to us. In the capital, in the meanest village, in the centre of communications, on the furthest frontiers, a feeling of vague but intense expectation, is spread, which will not be satisfied with less, at our hands, than internal organization, and external independence."

How necessary is it, therefore, if we are not totally lost to our own honour and interests, to take advantage of the few saving circumstances left us, to arouse even at the eleventh hour, to arrest the knife assassin even at the throat of the victim. Already Russia knows the crisis is at hand, and is making secret, though gigantic preparations, to meet it; let us not then forego this opportunity, perhaps the last, of retrieving our errors; and as we have lost Poland as a bulwark on our side against Russian aggression, let us not also sacrifice Turkey on the other; but place her once more in a position by which she may maintain her own independence, the means of which we have unwittingly lent ourselves to deprive her.

MILITARY MEMOIRS:

Lieut.-Col. Cadell and the 28th Foot.*

There is no feature perhaps more remarkable in our literary history of late years than the number of military authors, who have suddenly poured in upon us, and sustained themselves so ably in the assault as to usurp sundry shelves of our library, and divide many a laurel in the republic of letters with their elder brethren, who, pursuing literature as a profession, have lived their lives unadventurously clustered in retirement, and sedulous in study. Of old, when his campaigns were over, the soldier turned his sword into a ploughshare, and supported himself vigorously by subduing the soil when he could no longer conquer the foe; but now he manufactures his sword into steel-pens, fights his battles o'er again in choice English, and presents war to the peaceful world in all its wonderful varieties, from the extreme of mean suffering and hardened cruelty to high romance and undying heroism. We are not going to expatiate upon the advantages or the amusement for which we stand indebted in this respect to the military historians, memoir writers, novelists, story tellers, &c. of the present day. There are few persons, we apprehend, who will not feel that the literary distinctions obtained by English soldiers of late years add considerably to the enlightened character of the profession; and with that single remark, we introduce to our readers another soldier author, from whose pages we have derived much satisfaction.

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* Narrative of the Campaigns of the 28th Regiment since their return from Egypt in 1802, by Lieut.-Col. Charles Cadell. 8vo. Whittaker and Co.

Lieut.-Col. Charles Cadell, of the 28th foot, is a gentleman who, like Othello, "doth a plain unvarnished tale deliver," for which we particularly commend him. In truth, a more unaffected narrative, or one more distinctly marked by good sense and a clear judgment, we have seldom met with. This is a work about which there is no glare or glitter, although occasions for display presented themselves at every page; and notwithstanding many temptations to digress, the author has had the tact to preserve unity, and, we might almost add, a distinct individuality in his book, which has struck us as being peculiarly meritorious. Having but lately left the gallant corps in which he proudly owns he has spent the happiest days of his life; and being in possession of many anecdotes of officers and men, which he thought worthy of being made known to their country, he has employed his leisure in drawing up a brief account of campaigns, of which he has been an eye-witness and participator for nearly thirty years, during fourteen of which he commanded the grenadiers. His is a soldier's narrative—simple, correct, and orderly; and it would be injustice were we to notice it without reporting that the author advanced himself, by valour and exemplary conduct alone, from an ensigncy to his present rank. To those who know how hard it is at all times, and under all circumstances, to climb the hill of fame—but still more arduous, how extremely difficult it is for an English officer to obtain promotion without purchase or patronage—the great praise which Lieut.-Col. Cadell deserves for having thus plucked his honours from the reluctant hands of the Horse-Guards, will be well understood. It is further to his credit that, during the long period of his services, whenever his regiment fired a ball-cartridge he stood by and shared the danger.

Lieut.-Col. Cadell begins with the return of the 28th regiment to Portsmouth Harbour, on Christmas-day, 1802, after the expedition to Egypt. Details of the subsequent expedition to the North of Germany, Copenhagen, and Gottenburg follow, from which we take a rather interesting anecdote:—

> "On our march we had reached the main road, leading from Copenhagen to Holstein. The brigade of guards were already upon it, and the music of the 28th regiment; when a part of the royal family were seen, coming from Copenhagen, in their royal carriages. The moment they were known, the guards wheeled into line, opened ranks, and presented arms, the band playing 'God save the King.' What must have been their feelings to have been received in that way by a hostile army, on the way to besiege their capital! They were all females, and seemed much afflicted. It appeared afterwards that they were the two princesses, nieces to the king, who had solicited and obtained passports to quit the city. The king

himself afterwards applied for the same permission, and passed through the hostile army in the same manner."

There is altogether something very touching in the conduct and position of the enemy upon this occasion. The officer-like brevity with which our gallant author conveys this idea, and exhibits the imminent perils of the war, is very characteristic:—

> "The attacking party of the Danes were the students of the University, formed into a corps of light infantry, and officered by their professors. They advanced in a most gallant manner, and fought nobly. Their devotion recalls the days of Rome and Sparta. Two very extraordinary occurrences happened during the 31st. A number of those gallant young Danes had formed themselves into a corps of artillery, and were continually firing at the British from the ramparts of the town. A man of No. 7 company (Alum's), on a working party near the ten-mortar battery, was in the act of drinking out of his canteen, when a shot from one of their guns astonished him by knocking it out of his hands, without hurting him. A party of the guards were likewise at work a little to our right, one of which was not so fortunate; he was standing with his cap off, when a shot from the enemy passed so near the crown of his head, that it killed him on the spot, without leaving the slightest perceptible mark. From several other instances of the excellent aim of these gallant fellows, we were all obliged to keep well under cover."

The 28th joined our first expedition to the Peninsula, and, in common with the whole army, had much to suffer in the well-known retreat to Corunna, of which Lieut.-Colonel Cadell gives a very feeling picture. From the scenes of drunken violence to which their privations drove the men, and the excruciating penalties which they paid for their excesses in a foreign country, in the depth of winter, and amidst an overwhelming hostile force, we shall make no quotations; but we cannot refuse room to an incident which presents an eminent officer and the detachment under his command in a pleasing point of view:—

> "January 3.—The following occurrence had more effect in establishing the good conduct of the reserve than anything that had yet been done. We were formed in close column, on the Bembibre side of the river, when our gallant chief, General Paget, in an excellent address, called the attention of the soldiers to the dreadful and disgraceful scene of yesterday, and the merciless conduct the enemy's cavalry had shown to many of the stragglers. He told the men that they had now become the rear-guard of the army; and upon their sober, steady, and good conduct, the safety of the whole depended. Just as the General had finished his admirable and soldier-like address, and after all the orders had been given, and the necessary examples had been made, two men of the reserve were found in the very act of shamefully plundering a house in the village, and ill-treating the inhabitants. The report was made, and the reserve was instantly formed in square; the culprits were brought out—the General being determined that an example should be made. They were ordered to be hanged upon a tree close to the village. Every thing being prepared, the awful sentence was about to be carried into execution; the unfortunate men were in the act of being lifted up to the fatal branch, when an officer of the hussars rode into the square, and reported that the enemy were at that moment advancing. The General said he did not care if the whole French cavalry were coming up; that he would hang those men, who had been guilty of so shameful an outrage. At that instant a few distant shots

were heard, and a second officer arrived at full speed with another report. The General then stopped the execution, and turning round to the reserve, said, 'Soldiers! if you promise to behave well for the future, I will forgive those men—say yes, in an instant.' 'Yes!' was said by every one. 'Say it again,' said the General. 'Yes, yes!' was again exclaimed by all. 'Say it a third time.' 'Yes! yes! yes!' and a cheer followed. The men were forgiven; the square was reduced; and the 52d regiment, under Colonel Barclay, went through the village in double-quick time, and in the most beautiful manner took possession of the vineyards on the opposite side of the river; while the remainder of the reserve crossed the bridge under cover of the 95th, and formed on the hill behind the 52d. By this time the enemy were close upon us, and attacked the 95th in great force, the cavalry joining in the onset. They were terribly galled by the rifles, as they advanced through the village. The 95th then retired up the road to the right and left, the French being at the same time exposed to a murderous fire from the 52d, in the vineyards, which completely checked them. The 52d then retired up the road, when the enemy were again most gallantly repulsed."

We pass over the disasters of the ill-judged expedition to Walcheren, in which Colonel Cadell and the 28th were much exposed, and snatch a passage from the details of the second campaign in the Peninsula, which is replete with anecdote, and all but actually stirring with military life.

"We suffered much, both in officers and men. Our artillery, which was admirably served, made dreadful carnage in the ranks of the enemy. Marshal Victor, who commanded them, must have been rather disappointed, for it was told by some of the prisoners that he put new clothing on his army, in anticipation of a triumph, for he had made sure of beating the English. One of the battalions which suffered most was Colonel Browne's: their bravery cannot be too highly praised. When the enemy came within range of his gallant corps of flankers, he made them the following laconic speech: 'There they are, you rascals, if you don't kill them, they will kill you; so fire away!'—Colonel Browne escaped in a wonderful manner; he was mounted on a large Spanish horse, and rode between the cross fire without any injury either to himself or his charger. Our poor fellows rested a short time on the hill, after the termination of such a hard-fought action:—but what would Britons not do, when led by so gallant a chief! After a most harassing night's march, they had beaten a force of more than double their numbers, fresh from their snug quarters at Chiclana. Hearing that we were to march to the Isla de Leon in the evening, I, accompanied by the late Lieutenant and Adjutant Bridgeland (then serjeant-major), went to that part of the field where Colonel Browne's flank battalion had so nobly fought, to look for the body of Lieut. Bennet. After a short search we found it. The spectacle was truly horrible. A musket-ball had entered his forehead, and had carried away the whole of the back of the head: a portion of the brain was lying in his cap; still he breathed! The serjeant-major said he would never leave him as long as he had breath in his body; and perceiving the army moving down to the beach, on their way to the Isla, a force being left to cover the removal of the wounded, he tied up the shattered head, and placing the body on his shoulder, carried it four miles to the Bermuga Heights, where the army halted. The surgeon coming up, examined the body, and said that it was perfectly ridiculous to think of conveying it a yard further, for although breath remained, all feeling was past. We therefore procured two great coats, and in the most retired place we could find, placed one under and the other over our poor comrade, and with sore hearts left him. About nine next morning, I was aroused from a sound sleep by a soldier of the regiment. He told me that a corpse had been brought in by some Spaniards, who said it was that of an English officer; upon which I instantly got up, and limped down stairs as well as I could (for I had been wounded by a spent grape-shot about the middle of the action), when, shocking to relate, I saw the body of poor Bennet brought in a bread-bag. He was still breathing. The dust from the bread, which had almost filled his nostrils, mouth, and eyes, I quickly removed with a sponge and water. His usual placid smile was still upon his countenance; but no sooner had this last friendly office been performed, than our lamented comrade, with a deep sigh, expired."

The wound which our gallant author received, is modestly described in a note, which we transcribe:—

"About the middle of the action I was struck in the right thigh by a spent grape-shot, and was sent head over heels out of the ranks. For a short time I remained stunned, and a report was given out that I was killed, when Lieutenant Potter took the command of my company. However, I soon recovered, by the assistance of a fine old soldier of the name of Gough, my right-hand man, who had a canteen of water (a precious thing at such a time), which he poured upon my face, and in about ten minutes, I was able to rejoin my company. On returning to the right, and touching Lieutenant Potter on the shoulder, it created in him no little astonishment to see me, as it were, arisen from the dead."

The following anecdote has a religious solemnity, and at the same time an intense solemnity which we greatly admire. Those Germans must have been models of soldiers. So affectionate, so musical, and so gallant, what an army must not such men have made!

"The conduct of the two squadrons of the 2d German hussars was truly fine. It was a curious thing, that the French cavalry were in the same proportion to them that the infantry were to us,—more than double. They were led to the charge on the hill in the most gallant manner by Colonel the Hon. F. Ponsonby (now Governor of Malta). Three times did they go through and through the enemy, doing terrible execution, until they completely routed them. The hussars suffered a great loss in Captain Busche, who was mortally wounded, and died three days afterwards in the same hospital in which our wounded officers were placed, at the Isla de Leon. I shall never forget the night before this brave officer was buried. The whole of his men stood round the coffin in the deepest grief, saying they had lost their father; they sate up all the night singing hymns, the whole joining. It was the most touching scene of devotion that we had ever witnessed; it would have melted the stoutest heart. At the siege of Copenhagen, while we were under arms one morning, a little before sunrise, I remember this same regiment of Germans passing us. At first we could not conceive what delightful sounds were approaching, and to our surprise, we found it was the whole of them singing the morning hymn, led by the colonel!"

These extracts will afford, we trust, a good idea of the matter of the work from which they have been copied almost at random, and also of the manner in which it has been produced. For ourselves, we can say with sincerity that we have not for a long time met with a volume, which has impressed us with so favourable an opinion of the man, and at the same time made us think so much better than we had done of the military profession. The severest thing we shall say of Colonel Cadell, is, that we can only find fault with him for being so brief, and our principal regret on the present occasion is that we cannot find room to proceed with him and his regiment over the Pyrenees, to Orthes, Toulouse, and to Waterloo; and then follow them in their fatigues during a tithe campaign in Ireland. But we must hurry to a close, which, to borrow a simile from our subject, is as abrupt as the death of a soldier, although Lieut.-Colonel Cadell continues his interesting narrative down to October, 1834, when he took leave of his regiment at Chatham, "preparing to embark for New South Wales, and from thence to the East, where they will unfurl their banners covered with their gallant actions with the same credit to themselves and honour to their country, as they have so nobly done in Europe for the last thirty years."

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Our foreign intelligence teems with interest of the most lively kind. The Spaniards are true Malthusians—practice men; for, in no country is the "preventive check" adopted with such complete success. Indeed, the population is decreasing in so cheering a manner, that the shipment of a few cargoes of the "finest pisantry" might not be a bad speculation at this moment. Our "ancient allies," on the contrary, are in a fair way to increase and multiply. They eschew Miss Martineau and her anti-domestic doctrines; and, it is to be hoped, that the late "coalition" in the cabinet will have the effect of rousing a united people. We have heard so many eulogiums of the prince lately raised to the dignity of King Consort of Portugal, that we begin to fancy him a second "admirable Crichton." After reading so interesting an account as the following of his intellectual development, no doubt can remain of his fitness to share the illustrious inheritance of the Braganza:—

> "The prince possesses talents of the very highest order. During his voyage from the British shore to the Tagus, his royal highness's chief amusement was to fire at sea-gulls and other aquatic birds, and proved himself to be a capital shot. He generally killed twice out of three times. We have not had an opportunity of seeing his royal highness on horseback, but report says he is an excellent equestrian."

After this, no doubt can be entertained but that his majesty is, in every respect, worthy to fill the Portuguese throne. The kings of Portugal have always been celebrated as good shots. The illustrious prince, Don Miguel, was extremely expert in that aristocratic branch of education,—he was a distinguished shot. But, it must be confessed, he was fortunate in his practice; for, when at Rio, he took upon himself the singular privilege of firing from the palace windows at the negroes employed in the rigging of ships in the harbour. No wonder, then, with such advantages, this amiable prince became a pattern to sportsmen; and, it is but justice to state, that he never took these little liberties with any but blacks, unless by the merest accident. This accomplishment is not confined exclusively to the kings of Portugal. The late sovereign of Naples, Ferdinand, used to practice upon his gamekeepers, and sometimes with splendid success. The court used to be much diverted with the royal pastime. With respect to the rumour of his majesty's equestrian talents, we sincerely hope, for the sake of the people he is called upon to govern, that the report may turn out to be well founded.

OTIUM CUM DIGNITATE.—The strange notions that some people entertain of their own dignity, and of the dignified offices they may at one period have held, are not a little perplexing to plain straightforward looking people. Here is a specimen, which we extract from a newspaper:—

> "Sir C. M. Sutton will, it is stated, retire from the Commons immediately, in consequence of the vote against him, and in compliance with his own opinion, that to descend from the chair to the floor of the house, and to mingle in its debates, would be to lower the dignity and character of the chair."

By what possible process of reasoning, Sir Charles Sutton could have arrived at this opinion, we are utterly at a loss to discover. Cincinnatus could return to his plough when he was no longer in requisition; and Sancho Panza, resigning the government of Bazutaria, condescended to withdraw himself from public employments into a more humble sphere. But Sir Charles Sutton, it seems, has invested the chair of the House of Commons with some mysterious claims to respect; or, rather, he respects himself, being once a portion of the chair. He is no longer of the chair; but the virtues of the chair have been infused into him. That he should remain in a house, of which he was once the servant, is, to him, strange and unaccountable. The wood of the chair has entered into his soul, and, therefore, he has taken it into his head. We shall not be surprised if Lord Winchester, upon the same principle, and in imitation of so great an authority, should, when his mayoralty is expired, conceive it to be beneath his dignity to descend to the floor of the court of aldermen. We shall see him snugly seated in some mayor's nest of his own, sitting upon the eggs of his own dignity, and hatching claims to a peerage. We have often heard children wonder where the old moons betake themselves, and have never been able to satisfy their curiosity. We now, however, think it highly probable, that they feel certain qualms of dignity, and that, refusing any longer to dispense their borrowed splendour, they are sent to some lunatic asylum, where their comparative dimness will pass muster for very tolerable moonshine. Let Sir Charles Manners Sutton go to the House of Lords, by all means.

LIABILITIES OF "THE LORDS."—This month has been unfortunate to our aristocracy. The melancholy death of the Earl of Darnley is fresh upon the recollection of our readers. The patriotic Earl Fitzwilliam is likewise suffering from a similar accident, which caused the death of the former nobleman. Lord Milton has been thrown from his horse in a fox chase, and seriously hurt; and an accident has happened to another juvenile branch of the aristocracy, though the precise cause of which, from the account given, must remain a puzzler for the curious. The following is the extract:—

"We are sorry to learn that a serious accident has happened to a son of Mr. C. W. Wynn. While *pursuing his studies* at Eton, the young gentleman violently sprained his ancle, and has since been confined to his room."

This is some amusement, we presume, peculiar to the Eton boys, which has led to such a melancholy result. We should have hardly supposed it possible that his pursuit of such singular game as study, should have been so eager as to have sprained his ancle.

The church has not escaped. A reverend gentleman, who glories in the name of *Shatto*, has been thrown from his horse, while *pursuing* a fox: he has broken his collar-bone.

The paper which recorded the catastrophe hopes the reverend gentleman will do well. We hope he will *do better*.

A GENTLEMAN ABOVE PARR.—If Ferdinand Mendez Pinto were suddenly to be resuscitated, and to be offered the editorship of an Irish newspaper, we think he would find his invention very speedily at a nonplus. A few more such plumpers for fiction, and it is sure of its election against fact by a triumphant majority.

"LONGEVITY.—On the 25th of December last, Dennis M'Kinley, of Sheans, near Ballycastle, departed this life, aged 177 years. He never had a day's sickness — could read the smallest print without spectacles— usually rose at three o'clock in the morning, and went to bed with the family. He died on the same day of the month, and the same month on which he was born. He was temperate in living."—*Cork Constitution.*

We always notice that those remarkably old people never suffer a day's illness; they can always read without spectacles, and they get up at three in the morning always. No pestle has ever stirred for them —they never mislay their spectacle case—the clock never outwits them: the wonder is that they die at all: — it must be a mistake, or a conspiracy. The doctor must connive with the optician, and the latter sophisticates the clock.

But Dennis M'Kinley died on his birth-day. This is, indeed, an extraordinary coincidence; and yet after all it may be true. Yes, he was born for the *Cork Constitution* — and he died for it—and he died on the day he was born—in the Office of the *Cork Constitutiou.*

ANOTHER PAGE FOR DEBRETT.—We have read with unfeigned pleasure the announcement of the proposed elevation of Sir Charles Manners Sutton to that portion of the legislature denominated, by courtesy the "upper house." We hope that this expression of his Majesty's approbation will accord with the ex-Speaker's delicate perceptions of dignity. There is one point that we would take the liberty to suggest, touching the style and title by which the talented gentleman is called to the hereditary branches, and which is generally, we believe, made the matter of discussion in the Privy Council. Would it not have been more euphonious, instead of "*Viscount Canterbury and Baron Boxford,*" to have substituted the more pleasing alliteration of "*Count Canterbury and Baron Boxford.*" We trust the next step the Viscount will make in the royal favour will be as "*the Most Noble the Marquis of Margate!*" and if he should be so fortunate as to progress in the royal estimation, that he may, at length, arrive at the dignity of "*Duke of Deal!*"

HUMAN THERMOMETER.—We hate scepticism in whatever form it may please to exhibit itself. We have faith in almost every thing. We have no idea of straining at gnats when a whole caravan of camels can walk down our throats without jostling. We are indebted for the following gnat of an anecdote to a morning newspaper:—

"A drover, a few evenings ago, laid himself down upon the platform of a lime-kiln, placing his feet, which were benumbed with cold, upon a heap of stones newly put on to burn through the night. Sleep overcame him in this situation, the fire gradually rising and increasing, until it ignited the stones upon which his feet were placed. *Lulled by the warmth,* he still slept; and though the fire increased until it burned one foot and part of the leg above the ankle entirely off, consuming that part so effectually that no fragment of it was *ever* discovered, *the wretched being slept on;* and in this state was found by the kiln-man in the morning. Insensible to any pain, and ignorant of his misfortune, he attempted to rise and pursue his journey; *but missing his shoe, requested to have it found;* and when he was raised, putting his burnt limb to the ground to support his body, the extremity of his leg bone crumbled into fragments, having been calcined into lime. Still, however, he expressed no sense of pain. The poor fellow survived his misfortune in the hospital about eight days; but the fire having extended to the *other part of his body,* recovery was hopeless."

Every particular of this story is so consistent and probable, that it is impossible to withhold one's ready belief from it. The poor fellow's foot and ankle "were so entirely consumed, a few evenings ago, that no fragment of them was *ever* discovered." "Lulled by the warmth, the wretched being slept on;" but attempting to rise and pursue his journey, he missed his shoe; upon which, as many other drovers would have done, he "requested to have it found." It being impossible to fulfil this polite request, the poor fellow discovered that he had been caught by the leg, like an unconscious bird with lime; and the faculty having perceived that the fire, not confining itself to his foot and ankle, and extended itself to "the other part of his body," the unfortunate drover was compelled to "hop the twig" upon one leg.

It may be impolitic to insist very strongly upon the truth of anecdotes like these, seeing that their general reception with the public might induce them to make light of a certain place in which no ordinary degree of heat may be expected to be furnished; but we cannot resist the opportunity of relating to our readers an anecdote which we know to be a fact.

"An uncle of our own, residing at Saffron-Walden, was not unfrequently subject to hypochondrical illusions, and on one occasion believed himself to be a teakettle. Proceeding to the kitchen, he sent out the servant on some trifling errand, and then went to the pump and filled himself with water. On the return of the servant, the poor fellow was found seated on the fire, singing, the smoke issuing from his mouth; and, missing, as he thought, the kettle-holder, 'he requested to have it found.' The servant assures us that he afterwards made use of these remarkable words—'I am full; do not take up my lid for fear of the steam, and mind how you place me on the trivet.' Still, however, he expressed no sense of pain; and it is most extraordinary that he mistook the surgeon who attended him next day for a tinker."

We vouch for the accuracy of this statement in every particular.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THE HISTORY OF THE BOROUGHS AND MUNICIPAL CORPORATIONS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM, FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT TIME, WITH AN EXAMINATION OF RECORDS, CHARTERS, AND OTHER DOCUMENTS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THEIR CONSTITUTION AND POWERS. IN THREE VOLS. BY HENRY ALLWORTH MEREWETHER, SERGEANT-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR-GENERAL TO THE QUEEN; AND ARCHIBALD JOHN STEPHENS, ESQ M.A., F.R.S., BARRISTER-AT-LAW. LONDON: STEVENS AND SONS, BELL-YARD; S. SWEET, CHANCERY-LANE; AND A. MAXWELL, BELL-YARD, LAW BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS. 1835.

OF all the social usurpations which the lapse of time, and the legal absurdity of "usage" has sanctioned, that of the bodies styling themselves "Municipal Corporations," has been the most odious to individuals, pernicious to the public, and injurious to the interests of the state. Originally Guilds "or companies," chartered by kings for the purposes of encouraging trade and commerce, their operations and influence were then exclusively confined to these objects. But availing themselves of the unsettled periods of our history, and the troubled times of our monarchy, they gradually assumed the important position in the community they at present occupy; and with it all the abominations incidental to irresponsible power, and the corruptions consequent on enormous and uncontrolled privileges. The anomalous principle adopted in our common law courts of giving the sanction of legality to the circumstance of "usage," completed the power and the profligacy of these bodies: and their corruption, as a necessary result, overspread the land with a deluge of evils. Their enormities, however, produced the natural consequences. Public attention became imperatively called to them: and a commission for inquiry into their abuses was issued. What this may lead to is not in our power to predicate; but we should say that much will depend on the politics of the government in power at the period of the production of their report. In the meanwhile every information which can be had on the subject must be valuable; especially as the reform of these bodies is inevitably close at hand. And just in the critical time when it is most wanted, it has appeared in a shape which must recommend it to all parties interested. The information we allude to is to be found in the work whose title heads this notice: the names of the learned authors who have compiled it, is a sufficient guarantee for its accuracy. With the plan proposed as a remedy by them, we perhaps see some cause to differ; but with the general purpose, the single-mindedness, and the sincerity which pervades it, we cannot. It is a fact worthy of serious notice, that the authors, Sergeant Merewether in particular, are conservatives of the first class; the Sergeant is likewise recorder of three or four corporations. The inference deducible from which is obvious to every one—to wit, that the abuses of these bodies must be very gross indeed—their usurpations fearfully glaring—their assumed position most false and illegal, and their unduly arrogated power unconstitutional in the extreme, when two *lawyers*, one of them the first constitutional lawyer in the kingdom, and the other, though less known to the public from the circumstance of his being a shorter time before them, not less learned in this particular branch of his profession—lead the way in their purification and reform.

The irrefragable positions assumed by the learned authors, as derived from dispassionate and impartial research into all the records relative to corporations extant, are fully set forth.

The remedies are then proposed, and next comes the plan, which, it will be perceived on perusal, proceeds on the idea of renovation and restoration, rather than of effacing the corruption of the present system, and founding a new and improved one in its place.

The very late period of the month at which this work was published, (the 21st) precludes our entering more largely into the nature of its contents: sufficient time, however, has been afforded to satisfy us of its value and importance to the community at large, and of the absolute necessity of its substance being thoroughly known to every member in the legislature, previous to the question respecting municipal corporations coming on for discussion in parliament.

Chances and Changes. 3 Vols. Saunders and Ottley.

It is very long since we rose from the perusal of a novel so much delighted as we have been with "Chances and Changes." Novel-writing has of late degenerated sadly, and common-places and extravaganzas have ousted nature. There is no branch of literature, however, which offers so many capabilities to a writer of sterling talent, or to one possessing a knowledge of society, and of the motives and designs of the multitudinous struggles which are going on around us, as novels. The scope afforded permits of the development of trains of actions, of which the moral essayist and the historian can only give faint and general outlines. Where the aim of a novel-writer is good, and when he keeps within the legitimate bounds to which a pure novel ought to be confined, we know of no works more deserving of being read, and of none from which a larger fund of knowledge may be derived. Unhappily, it has happened that novels have been made, in a vast many instances, mere speculations upon public taste. The publishers, knowing that a good title was enough to sell an edition, have become manufacturers of title-pages, never spending a thought upon the merits or demerits of the work, or upon its moral characteristics. Hence it has come to pass, that but few writers of distinguished talents, or of extensive acquirements, venture into the field, satisfied that the parties who are first to be consulted have few or no sympathies with them.

"Chances and Changes" would lead us to hope that we are upon the dawn of a better day, and we hail it, therefore, "as a star of promise," independently of its own beauties. These are, indeed, of the most attractive character, so much so, that we have placed it upon our book-shelves, amongst a few other standard works, which serve to beguile our literary labours.

The spirit which prevails in these volumes is excellent—the purity of its aim is obvious—and the description is lively and animated. The characters of Catharine Neville—of her father—of Edward Longroft—and of Colonel Hamilton, are finely conceived, and beautifully executed. That of Hamilton, with its "lights and shadows," stands out in striking contrast to the purity and noble-mindedness of that of Catharine; and the mode in which the intercourse and feelings of these two beings is painted, shews the authoress to be possessed of an intimate knowledge of the human heart, more especially of the heart and sensibilities of woman.

It is not alone in the painting of character that the authoress particularly shines. The work has literary merits of a very high order. Its style is chaste and classical, and is—what the writing of a woman ought ever to be—full of grace and feminine feeling. We might extract copiously, did our limits permit us to do so, satisfied that the best recommendation which the book can have will be found in its own language.

With what force and propriety the following passage comes from a female pen, and how admirable are the truths which it inculcates!—"Of all the evils attendant on a luxurious state of society, he thought the celibacy to which, from its multiplied artificial wants, it condemns a large portion of the female sex, and the consequent selfish and profligate habits it produced among men, one of the most unhappy in its effect. He considered marriage as the only state in which human beings could be as virtuous as rational, and as happy as the diversities of human life and the trials for which we enter upon it, will admit of. Much of the celibacy which he regretted to see so prevalent, Mr. Neville attributed to the short-sighted ambition of parents in the middle ranks of life; inducing them first to educate their daughters on a scale inconsistent with their own position in society, and then banishing them from their paternal roof all the spring-time of their life, to hide their bloom and consume their youth, in seclusion and dependence, as governesses in some titled or fashionable family, the habits of which must ever afterwards unfit them for their natural station. Far, rather, would Mr. Neville have seen his own daughters, with the simplicity of patriarchal times, spin their linen at his fireside, and wash it in the nearest brook, than he would have spent the whole of what little he could spare for them, in a superficial acquirement of showy accomplishments to qualify them for becoming servants in every sense but the most advantageous one, all the best part of their life, and return in the decline of it, every way incapacitated for managing a home of their own. He had always advised the wealthier farmers, and others among the more substantial of his parishioners, from giving way to this imaginary *gentility*, which was sure to return their daughters single and sad, when they might have been happy wives and tender mothers, had they remained at home, occupied in their domestic employments. These, after all, set the female character in its most attractive and endearing light, and are so far from interfering with real mental refinement, that many of our brightest and most solid examples of female talent are to be found in the retirement of domestic life, and in the active superintendence of its duties."

This is sound philosophy and sound morality; and we wish to heaven that the truth it inculcates was more widely acted upon, and more generally held up before mothers and daughters.

Throughout the work the authoress also shews a very fine perception of the beauties of natural objects, and with much ability describes the delightful influence they exercise upon us.

But there are other points where the talented writer will tell more powerfully upon the reader's mind. The development of Catharine's love for Hamilton—himself a hardened man of the world, but having some bright gleams of better things about him—is most admirably pourtrayed. She shews woman in her noblest character, namely, as having the power to sublimate and refine man's coarser and more mechanical moral qualities. So long as he is beside Catharine, his thoughts and actions reflect her own purity, and the entire details connected with their personal history we look upon as one of the most successful efforts in modern novel-writing. They will be perused with deep interest by all classes of readers, as they come home to the sympathies and feelings which are deeply implanted in all of us.

There are many excellent observations on men and manners scattered through these volumes, and a capital description of one of those nonentities 'yclepd modern dandies, with all his follies and absurdities, drawn to the life.

We sincerely hope that "Chances and Changes" may become as popular as its merits deserve to make it.

Emancipation Unmasked, in a Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen, by the Author of "The Annals of Jamaica," &c. &c. Edward Churton, London.

This letter, both as regards subject-matter and execution, is most appropriately addressed to Lord Aberdeen, and will doubtless be well received by that nobleman; for it is a senseless tirade against a measure of the late liberal administration granted to the prayers of the united British people—an act of grace and mercy no longer to be delayed. The letter is characterized by a want of temper, a petulance quite unworthy of a writer who pretends from his *experience* to dogmatize upon measures which can hardly be said yet to have come fairly into operation. He is like a spoilt booby, who, because he cannot win every trick, must forsooth throw up the cards. He asserts, that such is the constitutional indolence of the negro, that nothing but force can induce him to work, and that consequently our colonies and twenty millions are irrevocably lost to this country.—We must have better authority than "The Annals of Jamaica," so plentifully quoted to convert us to that opinion; and from Lord Brougham's work, on colonial policy, so triumphantly brought forward to aid the arguments of the writer, we shall prefer abiding by the following passage to illustrate the justice of the views of the abolitionist, rather than others, so partially quoted by the writer of the letter:—

"That those who continue in a state of slavery should exhibit the appearance of an indolence which nothing but the terror of the lash can overcome, is perhaps more *the consequence of their degraded condition* than of their uncivilized state."

Now, we have nothing whatever to prove that the negro is indolent, excepting in a state of slavery, and that he should be industrious under such circumstances is too much to expect. In his native country, the negro is active and accumulative. He is either agriculturalist, merchant, or hunter, for the purposes of trade. We find various traits recorded of him peculiar to uncivilized life, but indolence is by no means prominent. The fact is, that the slave-owners have been so long accustomed to despotic control—though we by no means infer that they have used it otherwise than humanely—that the prospect of freedom to their dependents is gall to them. The new regulations are likewise troublesome, and the planters, however energetically they encourage industry in others, are not remarkable for that virtue themselves. They will therefore clog the operation of the humane measures of enfranchisement as much as they are able, for the praise-worthy purpose of proving to the people of England the advantage of bondage. But, men whose ideas are so primitive that, according to the writer of the letter, they can see no system of agriculture equal to that of the hoe and basket, are not precisely the sort of men whose opinion we should take in matters of amelioration and improvement. Seeing the likelihood therefore of some trouble in remodelling the slave system, the planters propose to cut it short, by a little plan of their own, which is merely to disencumber themselves of their slaves in toto, and to supply their places with prime English labourers. But the inducement to the English labourer is not the least amusing; he is to bind himself for a certain period of years for his food, a cottage, and an acre or two of ground, and five pound per annum, wages; and, when the period of servitude is expired, the cottage and ground is to remain *his own property!* unfortunately the value of this boon is considerably diminished, by stating in another page that he can have land of the finest quality at 5s per acre; so that, supposing capital to be plentiful in the island, the fortunate freeholder, might, at the close of his servitude, succeed in raising a mortgage of about 10s. on his landed property to begin business with.

But, thus significantly asks the writer—supposing of course that the rush of ambitious agriculturists will be overwhelming upon such a chance of territorial acquisition—what will become of the negro race which has cost us 20 millions? Why he clearly makes out, that as "few will accept any other terms than unconditional idleness, they will lead the lives of brutal savages, till they either see their error or *finally disappear!* we should be glad to know what the writer means by *finally disappearing.* Surely, in "a land over-flowing with milk and honey," a land, claiming the proud distinction of being "the finest poor man's country in the world." There is not much chance of the negro's *final disappearance,* unless it be by bloodhound or *battue,* a medium of *disappearance,* which, of course, was not thought of by the writer of the letter. If the planters will cordially assist in the great plan of emancipation, the colonies will soon assume a vigorous and healthy appearance; but, if they do all in their power to thwart it, no system, however wisely devised, can work well, and the bad consequences which ensue will justly fall most heavily on themselves.

LONDON: BAYLIS AND LEIGHTON, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

PROSPECTS OF INDUSTRY—

LABOUR, MACHINERY, AND STEAM.

MANY writers on political economy put us in mind of two lines we have somewhere seen, on the common run of elucidators of the works of other men,

> "For commentators each dark passage shun,
> And hold a farthing candle to the sun."

Thus the glimmering light of political economists is perpetually opposed to the glare of acknowledged grievances, pressing from all sides upon the labouring poor, whether manufacturing or agricultural, while the real difficulties of the case, and an estimate of the causes which have led to it, are carefully kept out of sight, or rather, it may be, are never taken into account.

It needs no lengthened argument to prove that there is a heavy pressure weighing down the energies of the industrial classes of the community. If we take our stand amidst a rural population, we see nothing but rags, poverty, and pauperism; and, if we remove ourselves into a manufacturing town, protracted hours of work, and a constantly decreasing rate of wages, testify the unhealthy condition of the labour-market. Indeed, there are few people who do not acknowledge that considerable distress pervades the working classes in general, and, though opinions differ as to the amount of this distress, the difference only serves to show the universality of the opinion.

In our present paper we propose to look forward; to point out the agents which are in operation to keep down industry; to call attention, not to vague surmises and generalities, but to absolute facts, too patent and notorious to admit of question. In our future numbers we shall pursue the subject retrospectively; take into consideration the influence of the changes in the currency upon the productive and consuming classes; the altered distribution of farming property; and finally, point out what appear to be the most likely means for saving the lower orders of society from being overwhelmed by the onward career of events.

It was well observed by a writer of no common talents, in the "Quarterly," that "the changes which gradually and almost imperceptibly take place in the interior arrangements of society ultimately end in some crisis, which forces itself upon the attention of the community. Until the middle of the sixteenth century, the population of this country was employed almost exclusively in the labours of the field; manufactures, as a distinct occupation, being nearly unknown. A surplus population gradually arose which could not be absorbed by the cultivation of the land already in tillage; and for hands not wanted in agriculture, manufactures offered no resource; such establishments did not exist; every manufactured article which could not be fabricated at home, by the manual labours of the farmer's family, was imported from abroad."

This surplus population, by the breaking up of feudal tenures, and the confiscation of monastic property, was thrown into idleness and beggary; and it was this crisis with which the ministers of Elizabeth had to contend. The codification of the poor laws was one result of this crisis, and the cultivation of manufactures another. We are now come to another social crisis, different in many respects from the one to which we have just alluded, and yet having one main feature in common with it—namely, a surplus population, partially pauperised.

"The extent to which the employment of machinery," quoting from the same writer, "has been pushed as a substitute for human labour has at length brought on a new crisis: it is one essentially different from that which presented itself to the statesmen of the sixteenth century.—Then the agricultural population had become too numerous, while a large proportion of the surplus produce of English land was exported in exchange for wrought commodities. Now, so far are our manufactures from requiring an increased supply of hands, that they overflow with workmen, for whose industry there is no profitable demand. The employment of machinery not only stops the gap through which the surplus of our agricultural population had been used to make its way into manufactures, but it has likewise thrown out of employment a considerable proportion of the hands which had been previously occupied in the fabrication of wrought commodities: from both these sources a number of unemployed hands accumulate: the gradual increase of the population produces a surplus of labourers, who cannot find profitable employment in the tillage of land; and to this surplus is daily added a crowd of workmen, whom the extension and improvement of machinery disengages from manufactories."

This is a correct statement of the present condition of the labour-market.

"Many persons," says the same writer, "seem to regard the extended, and still extending, use of machinery in this country, with feelings of apprehension, if not of dismay; but we entertain no such opinion. So far are we from regarding the increased use of machinery as an evil, that we hail every such application of the discoveries of science as another step in the steady course, by which the benevolent Author of nature pushes forward the improvement of the human race."

This opinion as to the beneficial operation of mechanism upon the prospects of society in general, and upon the comfort of the labourers themselves in particular, has been supported by Mr. M'Culloch, who says, "that mechanical inventions and discoveries are supremely advantageous to the operatives:" and Mr. Babbage, in his able and ingenious book on the "Economy of Manufactures," takes the same view of the subject, though in a more limited and guarded way.

Now it certainly requires some ingenuity to prove that the blocking up of the labour-market, and thus depriving the labourer of the sole means for disposing of his industry, which is the entire amount of his capital, is to benefit him. The "Quarterly" indeed finds a refuge for the destitute in waste lands; and Mr. Babbage very coolly remarks, that "if the competition between machinery and human labour is perceived to be perfectly hopeless, the workman will at once set himself to learn a new department of his art." We confess this remark, coming from Mr. Babbage, surprises us, as his account of the hand-loom weavers must surely have satisfied him, that there are insurmountable difficulties in the way of the conversion of a great body of labourers from one industrial condition to another.

Machinery has, questionless, been a most important addition to our national resources as a means of *producing wealth;* and, as the production of wealth is the ultimatum of the manifestos so liberally bestowed upon us by certain schools of political economy, one cannot wonder at the rapture with which they view the progress of mechanism, backed by the gigantic and exhaustless power of steam.

One radical error which pervades the opinions and the writings of many well-meaning people, is, that the agricultural and manufacturing classes are viewed as two distinct bodies, having few interests in common, and being in a very great degree independent of each other. This is one of those absurdities which makes us question the sincerity of parties using it. Their interests are one and the same. They are equally parts of one great social community; and whatever causes injure or depress either of them, both suffer both immediately and remotely.

Machinery enables the manufacturer to quadruple his wrought commodities, and to keep in advance of the market, without increasing the number of his human labourers: thus, in the town of Manchester alone, the thirty thousand hands employed in the cotton-mills, aided as they are by machinery, represent the labour of five millions and a half of human beings. This productive power, so greatly in advance of population, is a most startling truth, more especially when it is borne in mind, that these mechanical agencies are yet in their infancy, both as to age and as to extent and applicability.

It is in vain to urge that the facility thus given to production must benefit society; inasmuch as the articles produced are rendered infinitely cheaper, and that things, which were once luxuries, become comforts available to all classes. This is true enough as as far as it goes; but it entirely overlooks the fate of the labouring producer. If the market value of a manufactured article fall, the wage paid to the labourer must, sooner or later, go down with it, inasmuch as wage is a part of its cost price. Thus, although the wage paid to manufacturing labourers is not to be judged of by the reduction which manufactured articles have undergone, still these wages have, in the majority of cases, fallen considerably, and they must continue to fall.

The object of mechanical contrivance is to cheapen production or to improve the matter produced; and, as human labour is the most troublesome and expensive agent in this production, one grand point always calculated upon is, to do away with the necessity for its employment. This point has in some instances been nearly attained, and, in others, things are fast progressing towards it. It has been calculated, that there is at this moment a labour-power of steam at work in Great Britain equal to that of from ninety to a hundred millions of human beings. Still, from the enormous demand, both home and foreign, for our wrought commodities, and the cheapness consequent upon facile production, wages have preserved their equilibrium much more nicely than could have been anticipated. A table from Mr. Babbage will explain how this has been effected. A machine called a "stretcher," in cotton manufacture, and worked by one man, produced as follows:

Year.	lbs. of cotton spun.	wages per score.		rate of earnings per week.		
1810	400	1*s.*	3½*d.*	1*l.*	5*s.*	10*d.*
1811	600	0	10	1	5	0
1813	850	0	9	1	11	10½
1823	1000	0	7½	1	11	3
1825	1000	0	7	1	7	0
1827	1000	0	6	1	10	0
1832	1200	0	6	1	10	0

This table is quite sufficient to show the influence of machinery. In this particular instance wages have risen, but at the expense of increased labour; the same man, aided by mechanism and steam, doing the work of three men in 1810: and the manufacturer has thus a mill three times as large as he had at the same period, with no increase in the number of his hands; or, if his mill has remained stationary as to size, he has only one-third the labourers he then had, though the productive capabilities are at least quadrupled.

This is the point of view in which mechanism and industry should be always looked at—increased production and diminution of labour required: we are not unconscious of the benefits which have resulted from the application of steam-power; we are not about to whine over the ruined prospects of the labourer, nor write a Jeremiad of useless lamentations. It is the result of one of those transitions in the state of society to which all states are doomed in the march of civilization; but this should not make us blind to the consequences, nor induce us to look heedlessly upon the sufferers.

The consequences of mechanism have been the damming up the outlets for the labour of our rapidly increasing population: the powers of productions are increased by it *ad infinitum*, without the agency of human labour; and these inanimate powers are constantly improving. The agricultural population has sunk into depression from the breaking up of the cottier and small farm system; and mechanical contrivances are forcing away the labourer in addition to the extensive farming, which requires fewer hands: the extent to which these causes have already operated is startling. In eight agricultural counties, a diminution of not less than twenty thousand cottages was found to have taken place from 1690 to 1801; and the thousands which are annually leaving our shores, with an enormous poor-rate, and the notable scheme of the New Poor Law Act, to cover our once smiling and happy country with "pauper palaces," are sufficient corroborative evidences.

But mechanism will not stop at the point it has gained; we are at present the "manufacturers of the world," and for years to come must be so, as our wealth, the enterprise of our merchants, the possession of coal, and the skill of our artisans, place us greatly in advance of all other nations. This monopoly cannot, however, continue for ever: other people will devote their energies to the the same purposes; and, though all are greatly behindhand as to roads, canals, skill, and capital—this will not continue. Switzerland, the Low Countries, France, and the United States, are already in the field, and to some extent interfere with our markets. Whenever therefore the pressure of foreign or domestic competition becomes more severe, prices must come down, and human labour must go to the wall. Contrivances are in progress, by which many delicate processes, now requiring the human hand, will be performed by machines; and these, if they do not quite displace the workman, will render one man capable of producing, or rather of superintending the production of quantity now requiring ten or twenty labourers.* The time, indeed, seems fast approaching, when the people, emphatically so called, will be worse than useless—when the manufactories will be filled with machinery so admirably constructed and impelled by steam, that nearly all the processes required in them will be performed without the intervention of man; and when land will also be to some extent tilled by the same means.

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* Vide Gaskell's "Manufacturing Population of England," &c.

It is astonishing with what gleeful anticipations the mechanists view this. Mr. Gordon, an eminent engineer, in a late able work, when contemplating the substitution of inanimate for animate power in locomotion, is almost poetical on the subject. Thus he says,—"Should the question be asked, what has enabled the inferior proprietors to wear two hats a-year instead of going bare-headed, or sporting the bonnet which their fathers wore? what has clothed them in suits of excellent broad cloth, and given them to ruffle it with the first-born of the land; which has donned for their wives, ladies' apparel; made their boys rejoice in a plurality of suits; and, in the bridal hour, busked their daughters in robes, delicate in texture as the spider's web, beautiful in colour as the rainbow's hues, and for elegance such as never in her grandame's younger days, even Duchess wore: which plaited her bonnet, tamboured her net, wove her laces, knitted her stockings, veneered her comb, flowered her ribands, gilded her buttons, sewed her shoes, and even fashioned the rosette that ornamented their ties? The answer is, *Steam.*" [We beg to apprise Mr. Gordon, that the inferior proprietors, upon whose dress he is so eloquent, have disappeared.]

He continues, "Considered in its application to husbandry, the cottager looks forth upon the neat paling which fences his dwelling: it was sawed by steam. The spade with which he digs his garden, the rake, the hoe, the pickaxe, the scythe, the sickle, every implement of rural toil which ministers to his necessities, are produced *by steam.* Steam bruises the oil-cake which feeds the farmer's cattle; moulds the ploughshare which overturns his fields; forms the shears which clip his flock; and cards, spins, and weaves the produce.

"Applied to architecture, we find the Briarean arms of the steam-engine every where at work. Stone is cut by it, marble polished, cement ground, mortar mixed, floors sawed, doors planed, chimney-pieces carved, lead rolled for roofs and drawn for gutters, rails formed, gratings and bolts forged, paint ground and mixed, paper made and stained, worsted dyed, and carpet wove; mahogany veneered, door-locks ornamented, curtains and furniture made, printed, and measured; fringes, tassels, and bell-ropes, chair-covers and chair-nails, bell-wires, linens, and blankets, china and earthenware turned; glass cut, and pier-glass formed; the drawing-room, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, closets, &c.—all owe to steam their most essential requisites."

A goodly catalogue truly! so that when our roads are traversed by steam-carriages, a steam-engine in every township, and a foundry in every parish, with a few dozen engineers, foremen, and labourers, every cottage-roof may perish. What a picturesque country we shall have if these utilitarian schemes are ever fully carried out! We once heard a very eminent manufacturer express a wish that the country would grow nothing but factory-chimneys—Mr. Gordon and he may shake hands.

We do not object to this progressive developement of the power and applicability of steam; but in the interim we should be prepared for its effect upon our labouring population. The writer, whom we have just quoted, congratulates the labourers upon the fact, that by substituting steam for horse-power, food equal to the consumption of sixteen millions of people will be set at liberty: it may be so, but unless some means are found for these sixteen millions paying for this food, we do not see how they are to be benefited by it. If this extra quantity of corn is to be produced, we presume the mechanists must suppose that the English farmer is to become an exporter: but here taxation comes into question with the money value, both of labour and of food; and these must occupy our attention in a future number.

G.

LELIA.

BY P. GASKELL, ESQ.

CANTO I.

Argument.——Apostrophe to Woman—The Roman Sisters—The Roman Father—His campaign described—The Christian Slave—Sufferings of her race—Roman opinion of Christ—History of Carus—Hope—Directing power of Providence—Plague in Rome—Notes.

O lovely woman! God to thee has given
The power to make this earth a lower heaven!
To thee has given the wiser, happier part,
To make thy life a picture of the heart;
To thee has given an angel's form and face,
To thee has given a spark of heavenly grace.
Thine influence falls amidst the mortal strife
Man madly calls the bliss of human life—
Like the cool breeze, that fans the fever'd brain,
And turns to hope the pang of sickening pain!
Within thee glows the quenchless flame of love,
That, like a beacon light, soars high above
The storm of passion, and the cankering care,
Which make man's heart the victim of despair!
The bitter world may scorn thy gentle fears;
The bitter world may staunch thy ready tears;
Yet still untouch'd thy richest treasure lies,—
Press but its spring—what clouds of incense rise!
Though deck'd in costly robes of Tyrian dye,
This cannot still thy heart, or quench thine eye:
Though humble russet may thy form debase,
This cannot steal thy charms, nor hide thy grace.
Dwell where thou wilt, in palace or in cave—
Love whom thou wilt, the coward or the brave—
Thou hast the power—a power which God has given,
To bless man's life, and make this earth a heaven.

Proud peerless Rome, though long by luxury cursed,
Within her breast the seeds of virtue nursed;
Though wealth and power and universal sway
Had made her sons to vice a willing prey;
Though heathen rites had steel'd the Roman mind,
Till not a trace of God was left behind;
Yet Rome's proud daughters played the woman's part,
And woman's love was shrined within their heart:
Eros nor Anteros had touch'd its flame,
Which burnt as pure as when from heaven it came:
Pity and tenderness, love's softer powers,
Their dwelling found amidst Rome's proudest bowers.
Alike these fell on noble and on slave,
And *this* had power to bless, and *that* to save.

Within their Atrium, graced with victory's crown,
And where their hundred sires looked proudly down,—
Amidst the menial train—the servile crowd
That bent the knee, and low in reverence bow'd,
The fairest of Rome's virgin daughters stand,—
Twin stars of beauty, even in beauty's land;
They wait to greet their father from the field,
Where Roman courage taught its foes to yield.
Noble in rank, and high in warlike fame,
The daughters gloried in their father's name.
He comes with helmet doff'd, and hasty feet,
The filial kiss—the warm embrace to meet:
Brave as the bravest, kindest of the kind,
And in the foremost fight, ne'er left behind,
Flavius had still proud manhood's better part,
Domestic love—a father's doating heart.

Oft were the maidens kiss'd, oft view'd with pride,
And then with anxious haste were drawn aside,
Where freed from friends, and from the pomp of state,
His dangers and his cares he may relate.
Well might proud Flavius view with fondest pride
The two fair children seated at his side.
No brighter gems did Roman beauty grace,
(The form of Venus join'd to Dian's face.)
A thousand loves sit playing in their eyes,
And there Dan Cupid in sweet fastness lies.

With heads bent low, they hear the warrior's tale,
And tears and smiles alternately prevail:
He tells of hard-fought fields, where sword and fire
A savage lesson taught barbarian ire;
Where Roman eagles flew, though drench'd in blood,
Whilst undismayed the Roman phalanx stood;
Of perils dared, without one thought of fear,—
Of glory gain'd, the soldier's heart to cheer.
And then he tells of acts of mercy done,
The slaughter stayed when victory was won;
The captive's tear—the captive's prayer for grace,
When war puts on the charms of pity's face;
He tells of other climes—of glorious lands,
Of sun-lit seas—of soft and verdant strands,
Of unknown forms—of unknown fruits and flowers,
Of unknown gods, with all their varied powers.
And then, that he has brought a captive fair,
To be their slave, their gentle yoke to bear,—
One that he saved when all her kindred died,
Because great Cæsar's name they had denied;
A horde of Christians dwelling in their caves,
The scum of earth, unfit to be their slaves.
But this one girl was famed for healing art,
Could ward disease, and act Machaon's part;
Her he had rescued from the avenging sword,
To tend their health, to watch at bed and board.
Her they must take, yet treat her as became
Daughters of Rome, and heirs of his proud name.

His tale was told; they breathed the Roman prayer,
And thank'd Olympian Jove for all his care.

With gentle step, with timid air and gait,
Aza, the Christian slave, does meekly wait;
A half-blown lily, drooping in the shower,
The maiden stands, within the myrtle bower;
With dove-like eyes, and soft Madonna grace,
A heaven seems shrined within the Christian's face;
Most purely fair was Aza's cheek and brow;
With voice like distant music, soft and low.
No sullen tear, no sign of discontent,
Showed murmuring at the lot her God had sent.
She had no home, no friend but Him above,—
Not one on earth to fear, not one to love.
The eagle's beak had torn her native home,
And all was gone she once could call her own.
Ruin and woe, the dungeon and the grave,
Were doom'd to all who Cæsar dared to brave:
Yet Aza dared herself a Christian call,
And worshipp'd God within the Flavian hall;
Not like the Pharisee, in proud array
Who bends his knee, that men may see him pray—
Her orisons were made when none might hear;
Her vows were breathed when God alone was near;
And in her life and in her actions shone
A purity that springs from Christ alone.

O God! thou givest a portion of thy love
To Christian hearts, that they Thy faith may prove.
Thou breath'st into their soul Thine essence, Lord!
To show mankind the beauty of Thy word:
Midst woe and grief, and in the pangs of death,
Thy spirit, Lord, employs the Christian's breath!

Aza the slave,—though spurn'd, though shunn'd by all,
Though made to feel the weight of slavery's thrall,
Though laugh'd at, scorn'd, and made a common sport,—
In Christian faith found comfort and support.
Though thought too vile to breathe the common air—
Too vile the very crimes of slaves to share,
She found that God was watching o'er her path,
To save her from the storm of heathen wrath;
That His protecting love was round her spread,
To smooth the rugged road she had to tread,—
To make her life, though robb'd of freedom's light,
A shadow of His grace and saving might.

Her gentleness, her skill, her modest grace,
The meek submission shining in her face,
Soon won their way to noble Lelia's heart,
Who placed her from the menial train apart,
And, when upon her couch, would call her near,
And sorrowing weep, her hapless fate to hear;
Would wonder what could be the Christian's faith,
That thus consign'd its votaries to death.
Aza would tell her, of her young hopes riven,
How all her friends had died to merit heaven;
How not a trace was left by sword and fire,
Of that loved home where dwelt her aged sire;
How she had lived, and with what fond regret
She still look'd back on things she should forget;

How in the world she had not one to love,—
How all her hopes were fix'd on God above;
How that her race and faith had been proscribed;
And then with trembling voice the scenes described,
When they were driven, their life and faith to save,
To hide midst desert rocks—a living grave;
And how they perish'd, when the spoilers came,
Burnt in their caves—a prey to scorching flame.

Day after day, in twilight's softening hour,
On Lelia's ear these tales did Aza shower;
Till Lelia's heart was melted, and she pray'd
That Jove would lend the Christian slave his aid,
And thrice invoked her household gods, to save
The Christian maiden from the Christian's grave.

Flavius, the Roman, saw with angry pride
The slave girl kneeling by his daughter's side;
Took her to task, and ask'd her if she knew
What crime was Aza's, and what death her due?
"What, love a slave? who bends the suppliant knee
To him that struggled on the felon's tree?
To him who died as thieves may only die?
A dreaming fool, whose life had been a lie;
A base mechanic, and a low-bred slave,
Who dared their gods' and Cæsar's name to brave;
Who taught the heretics, that call'd him Lord,
To spurn the gods their fathers had adored?
Hear what befell brave Carus, whose renown
We fondly hoped to mingle with our own.
One who had sought and won my Flavia's love,
Hear how he sinn'd, the curse of Christ to prove;
Hear what befell the youth, whose generous sire
Had saved my life from Parthia's vengeful ire;—
One whom I loved, one who had manly grace
And honour's stamp engraven on his face.

"On some far field, when slaughter's work was done,
A maid was brought, a prize by valour won;
One Lelia—like this Aza fair and meek;
And one whose eye and lip could sweetly speak:
He took her as a gift by Venus sent,
To soothe the hardships of the soldier's tent.
She was a Christian, Lelia, and he smiled
To think how lightly women are beguiled.
He laugh'd when at his feet the maiden knelt,
And told what holy hopes the Christian felt;
Told him of one who dwelt in heaven above,
Whose arm was mightier far than that of Jove;
Told him that Christ who fill'd a mortal grave
Had come from heaven, man's sinful soul to save
This Carus heard, and yet forbore the blow
That should have sent her soul to shades below,—
Forbore the blow, because her cheek and eye
A language spoke, that did her words belie.

"Oh! would that all who bear the Christian name,
In one vast pile might feed the withering flame

To think that he, whom I had call'd my son,
For this cursed faith, my Flavia's love should shun!
The infernal gods to Christ had lent their aid,
When thus to shame brave Carus was betrayed!
He came ignobly from a glorious field,—
Not like the Spartan borne upon his shield,—
But fetter'd, spit at, made a common thing,
On whom the slaves their wretched wit might fling.

"O father Mars! let fall thy trenchant sword
To sweep from earth this race by all abhorr'd!
To sweep from earth a faith by dæmons nursed,
That thus the noblest of thy sons has cursed!
A son, whose statue and whose glowing face
To victory might have led some future race!
He came, great Mars, a wretch the crowd reviles,
The victim of a Christian slave's lewd wiles;
A crouching fool, to noble feeling lost,
And in the forum did his folly boast:
To Christ he bow'd, to Christ he breathed his prayer—
A wretch like this our edicts could not spare.

"The Colosseum heard the mighty sound
Of Rome's ten thousands murmuring around,
When Carus, fettered to the Christian slave,
Received the curse the sovereign pontiff gave.
Shouts rent the skies, when from their iron cage
The tigers rush'd, to glut their hungry rage;
When the fierce fang seized on them as they stood,
And stain'd the level sand with Christian blood."

Here Flavius paused, and raised to heaven his eyes;
And thus with frantic voice, he loudly cries—
"Hear me, ye gods! hear me, immortal Fates!
Grave deep my vow on heaven's unchanging gates!
Should Lelia ever bend to Christ her knee,
A second Roman father—Rome shall see!"

"Like the lone bird at day's departing hour,"
That sings amidst the keen unpitying shower;
That sings to tell that this shall pass away,
And be the herald of a brighter day;
So hope exists, e'en while fond woman weeps,
And on her heart its hold undying keeps.
"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest."
But woman has the power to draw from tears,
A healing balm for all her woes and fears.

The maidens wept, when thus with threatening speech,
A caution stern, their father strove to teach;
They wept, for Carus long had been their pride;
And Flavia had been his—a promised bride.
From earliest boyhood with them he had dwelt,
Had with them prayed, had knelt when they had knelt;
Had shared their sports, until their hearts became
One common temple for love's sacred flame.

Well might they weep for all his humbled pride;
Well might they weep for one his widow'd bride;
Well might they weep, that thus his once-loved name
Was now a mere reproach, a word of shame.

The maidens wept,—not as when hope is lost,
And when the mind in wild despair is toss'd;
For hope still lived, and had the blessed power,
To fling its brightness on the passing shower.
Hope has, like love, an alchemy divine,
To still our fears, and all our thoughts refine;
And like the sun, when clouds are darkly driven,
In every break it shows the face of heaven.
They knew the curse that hung o'er Aza's birth,—
And more than this, they knew her gentle worth;
They knew the dreadful wrath the gods sent down
On those who dared the faith of Christ to own.
Yet Aza was so pure, so nobly meek,
That not one chiding word they wish'd to speak.
No dark suspicion could their minds invade,
For innocence had there her altar made;
And frank simplicity that knows no fear,
Nor thinks of danger, till it felt it near.

'Twas thus the Romans played the parent's part,
And kept from vice youth's pure and angel heart:
Cornelia's boast—a mother's noblest fame,
Its brightest wreath has given the Roman name.
Not purer did the lamp of Vesta burn—
Not purer was the Vestal's sacred urn,
Than the strict discipline Rome taught her youth,
To make their minds the home of stainless truth.

O God! what humble ranks the agents fill,
To whom is given the power to work Thy will:
Man plans his little hour, and blindly thinks
That his vain thoughts are the connecting links
Which hold and govern states; and in his pride
The palm of glory would with Thee divide:
Without Thine aid—his plans are air-drawn schemes,
Delusive fancies, and a dreamer's dreams;
Yet, in all ages, these possess man's faith—
Nor is Thy strength acknowledged, but in death:
To thee, O God! alone belongs the power,
To rule events, and guide the coming hour:
To thee, O God! belongs this potent sway;
'Tis ours alone to worship and obey.

Disease and death, with stern unpitying tread,
Amidst Rome's crowded streets their havoc spread:
Borne on the Siroc's wing, nursed by its blast,
O'er Rome's proud walls the pestilence had pass'd.
In vain the lustral water drench'd the door;
In vain the incense smoked upon the floor;
In vain the augurs shed the heifer's blood,
Whilst round expectant crowds in terror stood.
Apollo's aid now vainly was invoked;
In vain burnt-offerings on his altars smoked:

In vain Boccacio's garden here was tried ;
Triumphant Death their every art defied.

What horrid scenes the crowded city shows,
When through its streets the plague-stream fiercely flows,
That, like the scorching lava, finds fresh power
In every victim which it may devour ;
That on and on its ravage spreads around,
And strews with human wrecks the tainted ground !
When love and charity are lost in fear,
And man may die—unwept by pity's tear;
When human sympathies are driven away ;
When hope is lost, and man forgets to pay ;
When death triumphant stalks, and in his path
No barrier finds to check his awful wrath !

END OF CANTO I.

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41 The Atrium was the hall in which the Romans placed the statues of their ancestors, and where they received their clients ; and where in general they performed the more important domestic offices.

165 The Romans, generally speaking, were very strict in their religious observances. In their prayers they commonly appealed to their gods in succession ; and were exceedingly precise in giving them their proper names and titles. Livy gives the following as a common prayer :—" Jane, Jupiter, Mars Pater, Quirini, Bellona, Lares, Divi Novensiles, Dii Indigetes, Divi quorum est potestas nostrorum hostiumque, Deique Manes, vos precor," &c. &c. They had also great faith in the number three ; and, when invoking the aid of any particular god, they prayed to him three times, believing that by this means they were certain to procure attention. Thus Horace says to Diana—" Quæ laborantes utero puellas, ter vocata audis." In their funeral rites they called the dead three times by name, bidding him eternally farewell, and wishing that the earth might lie light upon him.

215 The Romans, in addressing Mars, generally styled him Mars Pater, from the circumstance that in their mythology he was called the father of Romulus : on this account he was treated with peculiar veneration ; as a proof of which, as well as of the warlike genius of the people, two of the months in the earliest Roman calendar were dedicated to Mars.

219 The Romans erected statues to the heroes whose constancy and courage made them fit objects for being deified ; thus statues were erected to Pollux, to Hercules, &c. The faces of these statues it was the custom to paint with vermilion ; and hence the expression, 'glowing face.' Horace in his third ode applies to Augustus, to whom the senate had decreed divine honors, the words 'purpureum ore,' in reference doubtless to this custom.

237 Voluntary imprecations and invocations were very common amongst the ancients, of which many examples might be quoted.

282 One of the best features in the character of the Romans, was the jealous care they exercised in educating their children. Their nurseries were temples into which no impure thing was allowed to enter ; so strict were they in this respect, that whenever the parents left their home, they were in the habit of sealing the doors of the apartments in which their children were placed, lest during their absence improper persons might approach them. The 'grata sigilla pudico' are repeatedly mentioned by Roman writers.

303 The ravages committed by plagues in ancient times, have been fearfully, though beautifully, portrayed by Thucydides, in his account of the pestilence which desolated Athens during the Peloponnesian war. Diodorus Siculus, Manilius, Lucretius, and others, have also given graphic details of the fearful havoc made by epidemic and contagious diseases.

311 " Nec locus artis erat medicæ ; nec vota valebant :
Cesserat officium morbis, et funera deerant
Mortibus et lacrymæ."—Manil. lib. i. ver. 886.

321 Heathen and Christian are equally open to the reproach of abandoning at these periods all those who are usually dear to man; and for whom, under ordinary circumstances, no sacrifice is too great to be paid. Guido Cauliacus informs us, that during the plague which raged in 1348, the infected were entirely abandoned:—"In tantumque gentes moriebantur sine famulis, et sepeliebantur sine sacerdotibus. Pater non visitabat filium, nec filius patrem: caritas erat mortua, et spes prostrata."

322 In the funeral rites of the Greeks and Latins, tears for the dead formed one very striking feature; and the absence of the usual lamentations was accounted the heaviest misfortune which could possibly befall a family. Ovid even calls up the drowned Ceyx, in order to implore that the usual rites might be paid to his memory:—

"Surge, age: da lacrymas; lugubriaque indue: nec me
Indeploratum sub inania Tartara mitte."

Metam. xi.

323 All the ceremonies and decencies attendant upon death were neglected, and even the passionate sorrow of woman was silenced by terror; and the beautiful dirges, which they were in the habit of singing, were no longer heard. The following dirge from Lucretius is most exquisitely pathetic:—

"At jam non domus accipiet te læta, neque uxor
Optima; nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Præripere, et tacitâ pectus dulcedine tangent:
Non poteris factis tibi fortibus esse, tuisque
Præsidio. Miser, o miser, omnia ademit
Una dies infesta tibi tot præmia vitæ."

Dryden's translation of this passage, though conveying the sense of the original pretty correctly, can give the mere English reader but a slight conception of its real beauties.

Ovid has a beautiful passage in the seventh book of his Metamorphoses, on the overwhelming violence of a pestilence, and the consequences produced on the social and moral habits of the sufferers:—

"Ante sacros vidi projecta cadavera postes:
Ante ipsas, quo mors foret invidiosior, aras.
Pars animam laqueo claudunt, mortisque timorem
Morte fugant: ultroque vocant venientia fata.
Corpora missa neci nullo de more feruntur
Funeribus: neque enim capiebant funera portæ.
At inhumata premunt terras; aut dantur in altos
Indotata rogos. Et jam reverentia nulla est:
Deque rogis pugnant, alienisque ignibus ardent.
Qui lacryment, desunt; indefletæque vagantur
Natorumque virumque animæ, juvenumque senumque:
Nec locus in tumulos, nec sufficit arbor in ignes."

Boccacio too gives a somewhat similar tragic detail when describing the plague which visited Florence in 1348: "Et erano radi caloro, i corpi de i quali fosser' più che da un' dieci, ò dodici de suoi vicini alla chièsa accompagnati, de quali non gl'horrevoli, e cari cettadini, ma una maniera di beccamorti, sopravenuta di minuta gente, che chiamar si facevano Becchini, la quale queste scruigi prezzolata faceva, sottentravano alla bara, e quella con frettolosi passi; non à quella chiesa, che esso haveva anzi la morte disposto, ma alla più vicina, le più volte il portavano, dietro à quattro, ò chei clerici con poco lume, e tal fiata senz' alcuno, li quali con l'aiuto di detti Becchini, senza fategarsi in troppo lungo ufficio, ò solenne in qualunque sepultra disoccupata trovavano, più tosto il mettevano."

Boccacio, in Proem. Decam.

PORTRAIT-GALLERY OF OLD BACHELORS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'OLD MAIDS.'

No. I.—THE AMOROUS OLD BACHELOR.

> " Love various minds does variously inspire,
> He stirs in gentle natures, gentle fire."
>
> *Dryden.*

NOTHING is more remarkable about Thomas Tickler, Esq., who sits for our portrait of an amorous bachelor, than the fact, that he remains in a state of celibacy at the reverend age of sixty; for, to judge from his pursuits, language, and pleasures, we should at once pronounce that his blood was very " lovebroth ;" yet so it is—a bachelor he is, and a bachelor he will remain, even should he live to be as old as Methuselah. Now this is a singularity; for, according to his own account, he has been constantly in love since he numbered eighteen years. Let us look at him—why, he is as likely a man to please a woman's eye as you will see in a summer's day; rather diminutive—but none the worse for that—" *ingentes animos exercent, in corpore parvo:*" dressed quite *à la mode,* save and excepting that the skirts of his claret-coloured coat are a little, a very little broader than common, and the points of his low-quartered shoes somewhat of the broadest; his cravat is unexceptionable, his linen white as snow, and carved like an apple-pie ; the cut of his vest, and the fit of culotîns admirable, and setting off to advantage a reasonably good pair of legs, little the worse for wear ; his manners the very pink of courtesy—and, take him altogether, he may be safely declared, *point device*—a gentleman !

The walls of his private sitting-room present a goodly show of beauties, " scorning the veil of dress ;" here a Naiad sporting in the transparent element with golden hair and blue eyes, that gaze upon you as if in consciousness of your presence; there a " wood-nymph wild," half-hidden, yet wishful to be seen ; and a hundred other splendid and delicate creatures, that seem to live and blush on the canvass—the production of

> " Rare artisans, whose pencils move
> Not our delight alone, but love.—"

The shelves of his library are filled with a good selection of works, handsomely bound and gilt, the burden of which is ' Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love ;"—and yet Mr. Tickler is a chaste bachelor !

Nor have his attentions been confined to canvass and letter-press beauties : for the last forty-four years he has been indefatigable in falling in love with the handsomest women of his day, whether maids, wives, or widows. Nor are his anxieties a whit abated : watch him seated beside that lovely girl with dark meaning eyes and heaving bosom : why the man is in an ecstacy ! his eyes glance, his legs quiver, his tongue falters; and well they may, for she is a creature "to plant a soul beneath the ribs of death," much more to rouse a flame in the bachelor's touchwood heart. Look at him, half-screened as he is in the deep recess of that oriel window, in company with the beautiful Widow Mansel, whose coif lends new charms to her noble features: her soft eyes are bent upon him, and they pierce him to the very back-bone, and make him fidget like a longing child. See him *tête-à-tête* with the loveliest of wives and matrons, Mrs. M———, she who feels

"In the soft duties of a virtuous love,
Such pure, serene delight, as far transcends
What men call pleasure—the delirious joy
Of an intoxicated, feverish brain!"

Watch with what insinuating fondness he sidles up to her, and carries on the conversation in that low, mysterious, confidential tone used by lovers, whilst his looks express how much he envies the cherub baby that is reposing on her breast, in the untroubled sleep of infantine innocence. Observe him leaning over the chair of that sweet girl who is playing on the piano; she is no bad representative of St. Cecilia: and listen, we pray you, to his singing to her accompaniment; he is obviously sincere; one hand is placed upon his heart, another upon the young lady's chair, and he turns up his eyes like a duck in a thunder-storm: hark how his voice trembles; what exquisite modulation; what unspeakable tenderness!—

"As after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river,
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

"With skill he chose his sharpest dart;
With all his might his bow he drew;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well guided arrow flew.

"I faint, I die, the goddess cried,
O cruel! couldst thou find none other
To wreak thy spleen on?—Parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

"Poor Cupid, sobbing, scarce could speak:
Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake!
I took you for your likeness, Chloe."

At this last line he throws a most expressive quaver into his voice: and such has been his mode of life for forty-four years: and yet, strange as it may sound, Mr. Tickler is a chaste old bachelor, and would be as much shocked at being suspected of having committed a peccadillo, as if charged with felony.

He is an invaluable man to the ladies, and as useful as a wishing-cap; his complaisance and good nature being invariable: to the old maids he is a perpetual bouquet, handing them about with as much gallantry and devotion as he did in the period of the downy cheek and the budding breast; praising their persons, and admiring their antiquated charms, till they think themselves young again, and look upon him as a perfect Adonis. Has one of them a sick monkey, he is at once consulted, and becomes the depositary of all its symptoms and amiable peculiarities. Has another a fancy for a parrot, or a piping bullfinch, he scours the neighbourhood, opens a correspondence with dealers in such articles, and, having succeeded in procuring the desired object, presents it to the fair one, with a copy of complimentary verses, comparing her voice to the tunefulness of the one, and her complexion to the brilliancy of the other. Has a third lost her tabby, he is ready with proper consolation to ease the breast of the sorrowing virgin; and no rest is given the feline race till another, as like the former as two beans, is purring on her lap, beneath the white hand of the smirking bachelor.

At the breaking up of a quiet card-party, who but Mr. Tickler is permitted to cover their wintry bosoms with shawl or cloak, to tie the string round their ancient persons, or apply the pin beneath their smooth chins? who but he is seen guiding their footsteps through the darksome night, whispering gentle things in their not unwilling ears, and being finally dismissed with a sisterly kiss, and "fie, Sir?"

To younger maidens the amorous old bachelor is equally valuable: his arm is readily accepted, his escort gladly received to balls, theatres, and sights. If a little female party is arranged for a rural excursion, who but he is the invited companion, when younger men are looked upon as dangerous by parents or guardians? He, happy man, is permitted to assist over stiles, hedge-rows, or brooks; his handkerchief is spread for the belle of the hour to seat herself on the grassy bank; he throws himself at her feet, and listens to her pretty prattle about trees and fields and birds, till the gentle creature's heart is softened by the sights and sounds around her, and then she talks of love,—"ye gods, how she does talk!" while the enraptured bachelor, overpowered by sweet sensations, "gives sigh for sigh, and tear for tear lets fall;" till he fancies himself the Colin, and she the Amanda of some well-remembered pastoral, which he does not fail to recite with due emphasis and tenderness,—happy man!

Is a book, or a drawing, or a pattern, or an earring, or a bracelet, or a shoe-tie, or a thimble, or a bodkin, wanted by a blooming damsel, the officious gentleman is never easy till he carries it in triumph to the smiling syren, and is rewarded with a look—"a tell-tale look;" or perhaps she whispers him—"you are the best creature alive. Ah, Mr. Tickler! what a pity you are an old bachelor!" And the gallant veteran, if time and opportunity are fitting, sometimes in these melting moments succeeds in ravishing a kiss, the perfume of which he swears shall live on his lips for ever—happy bachelor!

Does he find some pensive Juliet wrapped in maiden meditation, negligently reclined on her ottoman, watching the sun-set hour, with eyes full of "dewy light," and a heart softened by thoughts of young love; with the privilege of his character, he sits beside her, and, being himself filled with wandering hopes and wishes, talks to her in language so consonant to her own feelings, that she sighs, and lets fall the "fringed curtains" of her eye-lids, till she is roused from her trance by the recollection that it is only Mr. Tickler, an old bachelor of sixty: she however gives him her hand, which she holds tenderly, while pointing to the evening-star just glimmering in the hour of early twilight, and recites

"Hail, golden star! of ray serene,
Thou fav'rite of the Cyprian queen.
O Hesper! glory of the night,
Diffusing rays of blissful light;
Bright star of Venus, mayst thou prove
The gentle harbinger of love!"

These exquisite lines he repeats *sotto voce*, which the smiling nymph begs he will write down in her album; he then starts off into the Sapphic strain:—

"Bless'd as the immortal gods is he
Who fondly sighs and sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile;"

till, fearing the old gentleman's vivacity, she invites him to sing her a song of his younger years. The complacent bachelor at once lifts up his voice, and warbles his best, as follows:—

"Unless with my Amanda bless'd,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower;
Unless to deck her sweeter breast,
In vain I rear the breathing flower.

"Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me sing,
In vain the freshening fields appear;
Without my love there is no spring:"

and having thus served for her amusement and the momentary indulgence of a deeper feeling, he accompanies her to the drawing-room, flourishing his lily-white pocket-handkerchief, which diffuses "sabæan odours," and resigns her to one anxiously awaiting her coming, and then—transfers his attentions to her mother.

The amorous old bachelor is perhaps even more useful to the married ladies than to either old or young maidens. Husbands, after the honeymoon, generally show a strange antipathy to attending their wives in their shopping and morning calls: here then the amorous old bachelor becomes a capital walking-stick, and he is quite in his element; and as he is known far and wide, and is deep in the secrets of the sex, his presence is no check upon the tittle-tattle current on such occasions: he may thus be considered as a circulating medium between husbands and wives and the rest of the sex; and in this capacity he hears a prodigious quantity of scandal, but he is a prudent man, and wisely holds his tongue, treasuring up his knowledge for his own private advantages. If business or pleasure have taken a married man away from his family, no sooner are candles placed on the sitting-room table, and the curtains drawn, but straightway the veteran enters in full dress, thus affording a strong contrast to the absent spouse, to wile away an hour at backgammon or piquet with the solitary wife. Or does the obstinate fellow refuse to attend her to the theatre or concert, he is sure to drop in just in the nick of time to proffer his services. Or has a wedded friend a sick child, he is constant in his visits and sympathies: or is she convalescent from illness, he serves the purpose of a Dutch-oven in her room, warming gruel or tea, or toasting bread, or sopping biscuit in wine, or giving her physic, or holding a smelling-bottle to her nose, or threading her needle, or serving as a silk-holder or cotton-winder, or doing a hundred other little services whilst the nurse is asleep, and the indifferent husband either quietly reading the newspaper and sipping his brandy-and-water, or disputing with a friend on politics or trade.

Nor is it on these occasions only the amorous old bachelor shows his devotion to the sex. Is a party given, who but he is prime counsellor and assistant to the mistress of the feast; for he is deeply learned in the mysteries of china-closets, tea-equipages, wine-decanters, and wax-candles—happy man!—he may be seen in close conference in drawing-room, dining-room, sitting-room, parlour, spare bed-room, and store-room; and who knows what "favours sweet and precious" he thus earns from "ringed" beauties:—well, he certainly deserves something; but he is nevertheless a most correct gentleman.

But it is amongst the widows that Mr. Tickler shines most resplendently. Give and take is the order of the day; and the cunning and experienced dames use him as a whetstone for their passions and propensities; whilst he, being kept upon the *qui vive*, exhibits all his points in their best and most striking order. Alike free from the bashful timidity of the girl, the matronly scruples of the wife, and the frigidity or cautious terror of the old maid, the widow puts him upon the rack of her amorous ingenuity, to extract from him some determined advance. Here is Mrs. Shackle, a widow of six months' standing, reclining luxuriously on a sofa; thinking, doubtless, of "joys now dead, of sweetness fled:" and here comes the magnanimous bachelor, for truly he must be a bold man who will venture on a widow in this situation, unless he has made up his mind to some decisive step. Here however he comes in tights, silk stockings, and pumps, and looking as killing as possible. His hair is arranged *à l'Antony*, his cravat without stain or wrinkle, his whiskers newly dyed, an extra new tooth, and "smelling as sweet as any gentlewoman." He throws an air of vigor and elasticity into his steps, and, marching boldly up to the smiling beauty, places his hand on his heart, and declares himself her slave,—a feat we would not undertake for a thousand pounds.

"Hah, Mr. Tickler! very happy to see you; but you are a dangerous man to admit to one's retirement; a sad man, Mr. Tickler; a sad man!"

"'Pon honour, my dear widow, you do me injustice; I am a perfect lamb, I assure you; never injured man, woman, or child in my life."

"Well, Mr. Tickler, I suppose I must believe you; but my late dear husband often warned me against your arts, I assure you. Ah! he was an excellent man, Mr. Tickler—an excellent man! I lost a treasure when I lost him. He often said, 'beware Mr. Tickler, Anne; he 's a dangerous fellow, depend upon it. I make no account of such a coddling fellow—something in the wind, take my word for it.' Yes, Mr. Tickler, such were my dear departed's words, I assure you, and he was an excellent man, Mr. Tickler."

"He was an excellent man, my sweet widow, I admit; but he did me injustice, I swear to you:—permit me to arrange your *coiffure:*—he was clearly wrong:—what a fine head of hair!—'threads of gold' every bit of it. Yes, my dear widow, Shackle was an excellent man, there 's no denying it; and you suffered a loss, hard to bear, and difficult to replace, when it pleased Providence to snatch him from your arms:—by the bye, allow me to examine that bracelet;—a fine cameo, and an arm worthy Cleopatra—so round, so smooth, so polished! and these fingers are

'Ivory arrows tipp'd with pearl.'"

"Oh fie, Mr. Tickler!—why, Shackle never used to talk so!—fie, Sir! I begin to think you are very wicked."

"Nothing of the sort, most amiable widow:—that my friend Shackle never talked so, I will believe; but he was an excellent man, nobody can deny that. I have often thought, however, that husbands seldom are fully sensible of the value of their wives; possession, I know not why, alters them strangely; but still, Shackle was an excellent man."

"Yes, indeed he was, Mr. Tickler; so tender and affectionate; a dear good man!"

"Well, but, widow, having thus tasted matrimony, why don't you hang out a signal for another consort? Shackle is gone irrevocably:—why waste your youth and beauty in empty reflections?"

"Ah, Mr. Tickler, where shall I find another Shackle? how dare I venture on another man, having had such a one?"

"Tut, widow, there 's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it; and if Shackle is gone, you may depend upon it 'there are a thousand men as good as he.'"

"Ah, Mr. Tickler, I dare say, I dare say; but how is one to know the good ones? If you were on the marrying list, your good qualities are so well known, that—that—in short there is no knowing what might happen."

"Ah! my sweet widow, you flatter; and why should not I marry, pray? 'Time has but slightly thinned my flowing locks,' or 'shrunk my swelling calves;' and I am as full of life as a 'three year old.' What, when I called myself an old bachelor! why, 'I did not think I should live to be married;'—but with you, widow! I vow to Heaven you are a *bonne bouche* for an abbot."

"Oh, fie! Really how you do talk! I am positively afraid of you:—do let go my hand. Oh, fie! what a naughty man you are!"

"Well, my charming widow, you won't have me, then?—Hah, here comes Mr. Snowball, with his amiable sister. Widow, widow, beware of Snowball." And notwithstanding Mr. Tickler has been thus hovering on the verge of a precipice for forty-four years, he is still an old bachelor.

With his own sex the amorous old bachelor is by no means so great a favourite as with the ladies: he neither drinks, unless a single glass of wine, generally home-made,—nor smokes, nor meddles in the affairs of the nation, nor joins the club, nor swears, nor hunts, nor goes on 'Change, nor lends money, nor runs in debt, nor gambles; he does nothing, in short, that, in the usual mode of reckoning things, can stamp him with the name of "good fellow:" on the contrary, he is looked upon as a man who has so long dangled at the end of apron-strings, and spent his time so perpetually with women, that his right to the masculine dress is exceedingly equivocal; and in consequence of this injustice, they do not hesitate to joke him most unmercifully. But Mr. Tickler is a happy man notwithstanding, and his green old age will pass away quite as harmlessly and pleasantly as his youth and manhood. And finally, he will bequeath his property to the Penitentiary and Lying-in Hospital, and will be immortalised by having his portrait hung up in the board-rooms of these laudable institutions.

THE MARAE:

AN ADVENTURE IN POLYNESIA.

The earth has no spots more beautiful than many which are to be found amongst the remarkable islands now called by the general name of Polynesia. I have visited many lands, have rambled in the olive-groves of Italy, have gazed with rapture on the scenery and vegetation of the fairest parts of the East; but no where have I felt so impressed with the beauties of nature, as in Tahiti, Farè, and other islands of the Pacific.

The aspect of these favoured spots from the sea is most romantic: viewing them from afar, with their belt of coral reefs, they seem very "gems of ocean," guarded, as it were, by some mysterious power from the influence of winds and waves.

I had had a most uncomfortable voyage, partly on account of the rugged temper of the captain of the trading vessel in which I had unluckily embarked, and partly that the vessel itself was badly found, and badly managed. We had enjoyed a faint misty glimpse of land before I went below for the night, when on coming on deck in the morning I found the vessel at anchor, and the glorious light of a tropic morning revealing to me a scene of exquisite loveliness.

The vessel was rocking idly to and fro in calm water. At the distance of a mile seaward, a barrier of reefs kept out the surge, which broke in masses of spray upon their summits, and then fell over in graceful arches, glittering in the sunlight with a thousand brilliant colours: within this barrier the water was perfectly calm and undisturbed; canoes were shooting backwards and forwards; fishermen were plying their labours; and groups of naked children were swimming and splashing about with as much ease and agility as if the sea were their natural element.

The island itself seemed an abode "fit for the gods," or for men in the golden age: the shore was bold and rocky, but clothed with vegetation down to the water's edge; many of the trees and shrubs dipping their branches into the waves, giving a softness and a finish to the outline: verdant glens and spreading vallies were seen extending far away into the interior, spotted here and there by the huts of the inhabitants, and overshadowed by the luxuriant foliage of the pandanus and the bread-fruit; whilst in the background were lofty mountains, clad in the magnificent vegetable productions of tropical regions.

The whole formed a scene of beauty and of domestic activity inexpressibly touching; and as I quitted the vessel and placed myself in a canoe, I involuntarily exclaimed:—

"Eternal Spring, with smiling verdure here,
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year."

On landing, my delight was increased by a closer view of every thing around me: the place where I disembarked was a sheltered cove, rendered absolutely gloomy by a gigantic growth of cocoa and bi trees; the latter loaded with bunches of the most tempting fruit, intermixed with the brilliant apples of the jambo. A crowd of natives and several of the missionaries welcomed us on shore.

Several weeks had passed in rambling at will through the islands in my neighbourhood—passionately fond of indulging in solitary musings amidst the beauties which the Creator has so plentifully scattered over the earth, but which seemed here to be concentrated so as to form a perfect paradise. I sometimes passed whole days far away from the inhabited parts of the country. There was plenty of scope for my wanderings, and I enjoyed a feeling of independent existence which I had rarely experienced.

I scaled the loftiest mountains, and looked over the expanse of ocean, studded thickly with "emerald isles," with their belts of rock and foam: canoes like specks were gliding from point to point, and nothing was seen of man that could disturb the harmony and beautiful repose of the panorama.

One day, whilst resting in indolent listlessness in a wooded solitude, I was startled by the sound of a multitude of voices, rising some distance on the left. A cane-brake and a forest of underwood prevented me from seeing what could be the circumstances giving rise to an uproar so unusual, as the people, though they quarrelled often enough, rarely fought in factions like the Irish, generally contenting themselves with a few hard-blows and hearty falls, and the thing was at an end. I had heard of no rumour of hostilities, though I was aware there was a good deal of heart-burning beginning to show itself between the Christian part of the community, and those of the inhabitants who still remained firm in their idolatrous worship: it was however unlikely that any sudden outbreak of violence would occur, although facts had come to my knowledge, which showed me that a collision was approaching between the new and old religions. Of these facts I had made the missionaries aware, and had cautioned them to preach and inculcate peace to their followers; convinced as I was, that, should war be declared against them, superstition would inevitably gain the day. My caution had excited fear rather than determination; and the worthy and pious men had laid themselves open to reproach, in consequence of the measures they had thought fit to pursue with regard to Tomati, a chief of considerable repute, and the arch-heretic of the island.

After listening for a few seconds to the confused din, I roused myself from my slumberous reverie; and skirting the cane-brake, and pushing my way through the wood, I came in sight of the cause of the disturbance.

Ranged on each side a narrow sloping valley, were at least 2000 of the natives, clad in their war dresses, and many of them speaking and gesticulating in the most ferocious manner. It was a stirring and magnificent sight. I had seen war in Europe conducted like a game of chess, and battles fought where individual prowess and courage had no chance of being displayed. It was war robbed of its excitement, and reduced to mechanical rules. Here however it was clear that I was about to witness a contest of a different kind, and in which the actors were brave and powerful. Though the use of guns had been already introduced, their number was small, and did not take away from the moral and physical chances of combat. Every man was habited in his war dress, and their feathered turbans glancing and swaying in the bright sun-light, joined to their tall and commanding persons, produced an imposing spectacle. The ground was quite open, so that every thing was brought under the eye. Behind the line of warriors were groups of women, as vociferous and fierce in their declamations as the men.

I stood in painful surprise, gazing on the animating but still melancholy spectacle. No man can view his fellow creatures about to join in murderous conflict, without having his feelings and his sympathies deeply stirred, even though he himself may not be a sharer in the fray. The hostile parties were only a few yards asunder, and were within hearing of the revilings and reproaches, couched in the most irritating language, which they thundered at each other,—brandishing their spears and javelins, and swinging their slings, at every opprobrious speech. The lines, if they could be called lines, were broken into knots of from 20 to 100 men, every chief having his immediate followers around him; whilst, at intervals, were standing, in the most conspicuous places, the war-orators, or Ranti, exhausting their eloquence and their energies in stimulating their respective friends: these men were distinguished from their fellows by their commanding stature, and by being naked except wearing a girdle of Ti-leaves.

After I had looked for some minutes, and seen one or two single combats, many of these always preceding the general battle, I issued from the cover of the wood, anxious to know what had caused the outbreak, and to ascertain whether a reconciliation might not be effected. I was well aware of the savage and sanguinary character of these apparently peaceable and inoffensive people; and though the day had long passed in which they considered Europeans as beings of a superior order, still a white man had weight with them, and I knew of no reason which should make me obnoxious to either party.

I approached within forty paces of a group of warriors without being noticed; so busily were they occupied in invoking curses upon another party directly fronting them. I selected this group because I recognised Tomati in the centre, to whom I was well known, and who had counted himself my particular friend, for which indeed I had given him very substantial reasons: no sooner was I perceived, however, than he uttered a loud cry, and, running at me like a madman, endeavoured to transfix me with his spear. Surprise and resentment, for a second, chained my feet, whilst I called out I was a friend; I sprang aside as he rushed on, and, seizing his spear, strove to wrest it from him, as I was unarmed: he was, however, a far more powerful man than myself, and I should have been quickly despatched, had not Anato, another chief, with a small band, hastened from the other side and rescued me. This led to a desperate and sanguinary struggle, in which self-preservation compelled me to take an active part; weapons were soon sufficiently plentiful, as many fell: it was a bloody and terrific conflict, man to man, or mass against mass, without a thought of quarter: the battle became general; shrieks and shouts rent the air, and the multitude swayed and eddied, as different parties fled or died. As soon as I could possibly extricate myself from the *mêlée,* I drew off and confined myself to mere defensive measures. I looked round on the crowd of fierce men thus savagely butchering each other, whilst the women, animated to fury, hovered upon the skirts of the combatants, screaming, yelling, and mutilating the wounded or dying warriors with the most savage cruelty. This was the most disgusting part of the picture, as the battle-field itself carried one back some centuries, and, spite of its repulsive features, the awakened spirit sympathised and hungered eagerly to participate in its carnage.

I had taken up a position within a few paces of one of the Ranti, or orators: with a bunch of Ti-leaves in one hand, and a sharpened weapon in the other, and with impassioned gesture, he poured out a stream of eloquent exhortation, the imagery of which was sublime, and strongly reminded me, spite of my dangerous situation, of the battle-songs of the old north-men. It is impossible to translate so as to convey even a faint impression of the sublimity, and of the energetic expression of the original, which came directly from a mind heated and roused by the sight of a furious conflict: sometimes his appeals were general; at other times he singled out particular individuals by name, and according to their situations, whether fighting bravely, despatching their enemies, or themselves perishing under the sword—his language was varied—now triumphant, now encouraging, and then changing to a lament, or into vehement imprecations against the slayer.

The fight had continued upwards of an hour, seemingly with increased ferocity, when it became obvious that the party which had taken me under its protection was to have the worst of the day; they were compelled to give ground, though they fought with the most obstinate bravery. I had seen enough from the division of the army, to show me that war had commenced between the native priests and the mission; and I was anxious to make my escape, in order to secure my own safety, being well aware of the atrocities to which we should be subjected if we fell into the hands of the victors. As I was turning away to effect this desirable purpose, I became sensible that other hostile bands were pouring into the field, and gradually surrounding the devoted Christians: I sprang into a neighbouring thicket, and might possibly have concealed myself, had I not exposed my place of hiding by rushing out for a moment, in order to rescue Anato, severely wounded, from a band of women who had seized him and were murdering him with fiendlike cruelty. I was immediately seized, and hurried away with a shout of triumph and revenge.

I now believed my fate to be sealed; on every side death was at work, and I momentarily expected to be made one of his victims. Many a club was raised to dash out my brains, and many a spear was placed against my breast by the infuriated warriors. But I was reserved for other and more appalling sufferings. The priests, omnipotent in influence, seized me as their prize; and I was doomed to be offered up as a sacrifice to their god *Oro*. I should have felt it therefore a mercy, had any one despatched me on the spot; but I was safe from immediate harm, and though subjected to the most villainous treatment, and tortured by blows and slight wounds, which in wanton mockery were inflicted upon me, good care was taken not to injure me so far as to endanger life.

I believe I was almost the only prisoner reserved. The rage of religious bigotry had steeped itself in the blood of all that fell in its power, and the day had added another to the countless list of inhuman cruelties perpetrated by fanaticism. Man in a semi-barbarous condition hardly needs to have this added to his fierce and untamed passions in the hour of triumph; and it was thus my lot to suffer two of the most dreadful evils which can befall a sentient and intelligent being.

I was strongly bound with rough cords made from cocoa, and guarded by several warriors, as they led me at a rapid pace over a track of country familiarly known to me. I had passed over it in the morning, and it was a perfect Eden; now every cottage was in flames, and their inhabitants either fled into concealment, or carried away as slaves. It was that portion of the island in which the labours of the missionaries had been most successful; evidences of which were to be seen in plantations of European fruit-trees, and in little garden-plots bearing an appearance of even English neatness. Busy hands were at work destroying these, and in hunting out the women and children who had taken refuge in the woods and rocks around them.

Our journey was continued till near sunset, when we came in sight of the great national *marae*, in which I doubted not my earthly pilgrimage was to terminate. It was seated on a bold promontory, and surrounded by groves of large overshadowing trees, whose luxuriant and intertwined foliage gave a gloomy and impressive look, when it was visited under the most favourable auspices: but now, fettered and guarded, in the darkening hour of twilight, with the knowledge of my fate, joined to the mystic and sanguinary rites carried on within it, its appearance seemed to my excited fancy most awful; and I do not know that my spirit was ever more completely cowed and oppressed, than when I entered the gateway of the temple. It was a gigantic building composed of coral-rock, rude in its architecture, but imposing from its size, and still more so from the services to which it was dedicated.

A few words having been interchanged between the priests and my guards, I was placed in the custody of the former, and the warriors hastened away to new scenes of carnage. I was conveyed into an open part of the temple, after suffering some barbarous treatment, and secured in a way that put all idea of escape out of the question. A large post was fixed in the centre of the area, to which I was bound by a long cord, the turns beginning at the neck and being continued to my ancles; my arms were included, and the cords drawn so tightly as to give me exquisite torture. No part was at liberty but my head, and the compressed muscles and blood-vessels seemed ready to burst. It was now dark, and as the priests moved about me by torchlight, they gave me no faint idea of demons. After they had thus bound me, I was left alone in my misery, with the certainty of passing many hours in a state of suffering utterly indescribable. The tightness of the cord for some time appeared to increase; the parts swelled on account of the severe injury they sustained from the pressure; the pain was dreadful, and I invoked death in screams of agony. How long I remained in this state of frenzied torture, I know not. At length the very intensity of the pressure proved to some extent its own cure, and I became benumbed, and almost lost to sensation. Even this feeling was dreadfully overpowering; and, as I vainly writhed my aching limbs, I would have exchanged years of life, had they been in my possession, for one moment's alleviation of my sufferings.

By a strong effort I recalled my senses, and strove to think: the night was lovely; and as I looked up and felt the cool breeze rush over my face, its grateful influence acted as a cordial upon my exhausted spirits. I gazed at the magnificent sky of the southern hemisphere; that beautiful constellation the Cross was near its meridian, and stood erect before me,—a type of my religious hopes: I had never looked on this sign without emotions of a sacred and holy character; and now in my cruel and desolate condition, without one human being to sympathise with or assist me, I felt the full force of the comfort connected with it. Kneel I could not; but if ever man breathed sincere and solemn aspirations to his Maker, they were breathed by me during that night.

Calmed by this appeal to the Almighty, and keeping my mind steadily away from my bodily torments, I looked around me: the moon was rising over a wooded height on the left, and the tops of the loftiest trees of the surrounding grove were just becoming tinged with silvery light; all else was buried in profound gloom. The rush of the breeze through the foliage produced a gentle murmuring; whilst the sound of the distant surf came like music, alternately rising and falling.

All my feelings assumed a devotional and spiritual cast, and, as I gradually rallied and became excited, the sights and sounds around me ministered to my peculiar sensibilities. I looked on the Cross, and the thoughts of a merciful and protecting God inspired me with resignation. Often and often had I been surrounded by peril, and as often had I escaped, sometimes almost miraculously; and hope, which seemed to have been banished during my paroxysm of suffering, again returned to my aid; and I did hope, though I could not even fancy, any possible chance of escape. I did hope, even though the conviction was strong within me, that my present purgatory formed but the programme of still severer torments, and of a cruel and lingering death. The whispering of the breeze brought with it consolation, and I listened to its varied murmurs, till I worked myself into the belief that it spoke of human sympathy and of human aid.

After a time, however, these soothing trains of feelings yielded before the horrible reality of my situation; my mind lost its healthy elasticity. I invoked help when the invocation was useless; and, in the bitterness of my anguish, prayed for ruin and woe upon those who held me prisoner. The moon had risen, and illuminated the masses of foliage surrounding the temple: I looked at the waving branches tossing free in the wind, and I deemed it in my folly a mockery of my sufferings. I gazed on the placid and lovely face of heaven, with the stars shining down upon me with their eternal tranquillity, and I wondered that the course of nature was unchanged, because I a poor worm was struggling in bonds. The very whisper of the breeze came loaded with frightful sounds, and I worked myself into a state of mental torture, which was powerful enough to overcome my physical pain.

As my eyes wandered from point to point, my attention became fixed upon a monstrous head, which seemed to be emerging from the gloom a few yards before me: as I knew not in what shape or at what hour my tormentors would assail me, I absolutely yelled with horror as this frightful object gradually developed itself; lineament after lineament became visible, till it stood forth in strong relief, as a gigantic head of the most horrible and uncouth form. My excited imagination invested it with a thousand fearful attributes, and I addressed it in accents to which terror and fury must have lent terrible vehemence. It remained motionless in the bright moonlight, impassive alike to my invocations and my ravings. My hopeless struggles were continued, and a period of furious madness, heightened by excruciating pain, must have ended in fainting.

When I again became conscious, the rosy light of returning day had tinged all about me. The moon was sailing in the heavens, the cross was gone, and the twitterings of birds were issuing from the grove. I gazed around in utter prostration of strength and spirit; and, as one by one I recalled the incidents of the last few hours, dejection and despair filled my mind. To brave danger is an act of mechanical courage; but few men have moral nerve to look death in the face, when both bodily and intellectual energies are gone. I longed indeed for the hour of final trial, even though I shrank within myself at the idea.

The object which had so terrified me, I found to be a monstrous idol, rudely carved in wood. Several others of smaller size were placed about it, but all of the most grotesque and hideous forms; they seemed grinning in mockery at their victim: and, as I looked at the massy and gloomy inclosure surrounding them, and called to mind the rites celebrated within it, I felt that they were fit gods for such a temple.

After I had remained sinking from suffering and inanition for several hours, the priests came and unbound me. I was powerless as an infant, and had to be carried or rather dragged into the building. Food was brought me, but, after eating a few morsels, I experienced the most deadly nausea, and I lay down and prayed for death.

This boon was denied me, and I was destined to feel the full force of barbarian and idolatrous cruelty.

(*To be continued.*)

EXPERIENCES OF A SURGEON.

No. I.—MY FIRST CASE.

I HAD been upwards of sixteen months an apprentice, and was more than seventeen years of age, but I had as yet seen nothing of the practical part of my profession, save drugs and phials—not even so much as a solitary tooth extracted. I was thought too young and too ignorant, I suppose, to be of any use in out-door practice, and nothing was done in the surgery.

One night after the family had retired to bed, and as I was sitting up reading, as was my custom, a thundering rap came to the door, and a hurried summons for Mr. —— to go to a public-house in a neighbouring street, to see a man who was very ill. Mr. ——, not thinking the case worth notice, I presume, told me to attend for him, and to see what was the matter. I was thunderstruck, and put on my hat reluctantly, and wiled away as much time as possible in the hopes that some other surgeon would secure the *pàs* before I made my appearance: it was however differently ordained; and, on reaching the house, which was all in confusion, I was at once shown up stairs, where I found the landlord, boots, waiter, the landlady, barmaid, chambermaid, cook, and kitchen-wench, all bawling at the top of their lungs for help, and endeavouring to pinion the arms of a powerful and athletic man, who was dragging them about the room as if they had been so many children; whilst he was cursing and swearing, and imprecating the most horrid oaths, with livid lips covered with foam, staring eyes, and flushed and convulsed features. I drew back in affright, and should have beaten a retreat, but that the door was secured, for fear the madman should escape. I was utterly bewildered, and was forced to show some agility to avoid being crushed by the cluster of terrified attendants, all of whom cried out in chorus, "Bleed him! bleed him!"

This was an impossibility unless the man could be secured; and there was another, and to me equally cogent reason against this proposition—I had never bled a man, and what I had read on the subject had done any thing but put me at ease. There was the median basilic and the median cephalic veins, I knew, and I also knew that there was an artery somewhere about these veins, which I had learned might be pricked. A person perfectly ignorant would have had none of my scruples. I had but little choice,—bleed him they swore I must; and I could have only got out of the predicament by declaring my incapacity—a thing which my pride forbade, and which it was probable might have procured me a somewhat rough expulsion.

I therefore plucked up heart of grace, and said I would bleed him willingly, if they would get more assistance to hold him: about this there was some difficulty, none of those who had him in hand durst leave go, fearful that he might get his hands at liberty, and so do them a mischief; as it was, by the aid of his teeth and feet he inflicted severe punishment; every bite or kick being followed by piercing screams, or vows of vengeance. The uproar was terrible: now they were all in a heap rolling head over heels on the floor; then they got him on the bed, whilst he continued vociferating in a stentorian voice a vocabulary of sea-oaths; the only connected sentence I could catch, being, "Swab the deck, you lubbers! d—n your eyes, swab the deck!"

After considerable delay, and not before it was much wanted, farther help was procured: the parties, male and female, who had been struggling with him, were battered, bruised, and nearly exhausted, and he would soon have gained the mastery, as his gigantic and preternatural strength in violent frenzy seemed rather to increase than diminish. Several men now seized him, and by main force held him on the bed; and I proceeded with no good will to perform my part towards taming him: his arm was securely held, and, on looking for the veins, I was much flurried to find no trace of them. I had frequently examined my own arm, but it was that of a delicate lad, with a skin white as snow, and smooth as a lady's cheek, through which all the superficial blood-vessels could be seen meandering quite distinctly. I had calculated upon something similar; but, in place of these, I saw a brawny muscular member, rough with hair, and every thing in the shape of vein hid from view. I had gone too far to recede, and, on tying a piece of tape tightly above the elbow, I had the satisfaction of seeing a faint rising, which I rightly conjectured must be the object I was in search of: I hesitated before venturing farther; all however were impatient, and the man was so turbulent, and made such horrid noises, that, wound up to desperation, I plunged a lancet boldly into the swelling, and was instantly covered with blood.

I had made a most capacious opening, and, in the state of vascular and muscular excitement in which he was, the blood flowed out impetuously, and very soon quieted his vehement struggles. "Bleed him well!" was shouted out, and so I let him bleed till the blood ceased to flow, and he fainted. This was thought sufficient, and I bandaged up his arm, as I best could, internally wondering whether I had pricked the artery. I now ascertained that my patient was captain of a coaster, and had been drinking and "spreeing," as they called it, for several days, till he had become perfectly mad and ungovernable. I left them most gladly: I had done all I could, and was in a state of fidgetty uneasiness lest he should begin to bleed again: I had but little comfort or sleep that night: the scene dwelt in my memory, and I fancied a hundred times I heard him bellowing out, "Swab the deck, you lubbers! d—n your eyes, swab the deck!"

Early on the following morning I was despatched to ascertain the result of my doctoring: all was right—the captain had been quiet and was now sensible, and his arm as comfortable as could be wished.

No. II.—THE BLIND CHILD.

I HAD successfully treated an infant labouring under a severe attack of inflammation of the eyes, belonging to a hospital patient of the name of Myers. The woman was of somewhat better rank than was usual with those applying for relief, and was a widow. When her infant was recovering, she brought down another child about four years old, labouring under a similar affection, and very urgently entreated me to attend to it. As it was out of the line of my duty, being older than the hospital rules admitted, I, in the first place, declined interfering, desiring her to take it to the eye institution, offering to give her a note to one of its surgeons. The woman was however so pertinacious, and expressed so much confidence in my skill, that, partly moved by her distress, and partly by her flattery, I consented to stretch a point, and put it on my list.

On examining the child's eyes, I found that no time was to be lost, if any thing must cure them. The lining of the eyelids and the ball of the eye was of a dusky-red colour, looking like a piece of flannel. The discharge was immense, and the child, in answer to my inquiry—"Can you see me, my dear?" replied—"Yes, Sir, a little." I ordered leeches, and blisters behind the ears—prescribed her an astringent wash, to be frequently used, and with directions to bring her to me morning and night, in order that I might with my own hand use an injection containing a weak solution of nitrate of silver.

For several days these active measures kept the disease at bay; and I began to hope that in the end I should be able to preserve vision uninjured. I was exceedingly pleased with my little patient. She was a sweet girl, and so docile and patient, and withal so fond of me, that I was as anxious to cure her as if she had been a child of my own. Her mother reported to me, that she looked forwards to coming to be dressed quite with glee; and that if fretful, it was always sufficient to quiet her, by saying, that her doctor would not love her if she cried or were naughty. Her conduct whilst I was dressing her was very engaging: she submitted without a murmur or complaint whilst I cleared the discharge away and threw in the injection, which, though it gave her momentary pain, was soon followed by relief; and then she would quietly lift up the eyelid with her finger, and, smiling, say—"I see you, doctor."

It is astonishing what little things sometimes fill a large place in the imagination. I thought more of this child and her simple remark, than I should have thought of a case which involved life and death; and expected her silver voice to make its customary remark, just as a lover expects the whisper of his mistress, or a mother the kiss of her child.

One morning, her mother, on bringing her down, stated that Lucy (which was her name) had passed a restless night—had screamed out several times, and said, "that something was burning her eyes!" This sounded ill. I removed, with a careful hand, the bandage, containing a small cold poultice, and, on gently pressing the eyelid, saw with infinite pain, that all my anxiety and care had failed. The crystalline lenses of both eyes escaped with the gush of matter; rapid ulceration had come on, and the child was blind. My throat swelled, and a tear filled my eye. The injured organs sunk, and the fair and intelligent girl was freed from pain—but for ever robbed of vision. I dressed her in silence, and with acute sorrow waited till she should say that now she did not see me.

The smile passed like sun-light over her features; her finger was placed on her eyelid; she turned towards me, and in a moment the heavenly expression of her face vanished, and she said,

"I can't see you, doctor;" then, smiling again, "but I shall to-morrow."

I turned abruptly away, and smothering my feelings briefly explained to her mother the unfortunate termination of our labours. She wept bitterly; and Lucy, to increase my distress, kept saying, "Don't cry, mother; I shall see the doctor to-morrow."

The disease, having committed its worst ravages, now rapidly subsided; several large cicatrices occupied the place of the transparent cornea, and the balls of the eyes were shrunk. Her blindness was irremediable, and the only consolation I had was, that no further injury or suffering was likely to result to the patient and beautiful child. She soon played about in the house, and seemed to forget that she had ever known what it was to see, beyond the brief moment she had been in the habit of looking at me. Whenever she heard my voice, as I sometimes called when in the neighbourhood, she came to my knee, and, turning up her face, said—" I shall see you to-morrow, Sir,"—the same smile mantling her cheeks as before.

Like the little girl in Wordsworth's ballad, " We are seven !"—who persisted in her belief that although two were buried in the churchyard, where " their graves were green," that still they were seven :—

> " How many are you then," said I,
> " If they two are in heaven ?"
> The little maiden did reply,—
> " O master, we are seven."
>
> " But they are dead—those two are dead !
> Their spirits are in heaven !"
> 'Twas throwing words away ; for still—
> The little maid would have her will,
> And said, " Nay, we are seven !"

so it was with Lucy : no reasoning nor assertion could remove the impression ; and her young and jocund voice rung in my ears long after I left her, saying,—" I shall see you to-morrow !"

SPRING EMBLEMS.

Sweet Time ! how like a blushing girl—o'ershadowed by the wing
Of new-born love, now hovering near—her young heart's gushing spring ;
A charmed, joyous life is hers—and where her light feet tread,
Bright flowers arise, while fragrant winds sweep gently round her head.

Glad Spring ! how like a glowing bride, when first her treasured love
Begins to sun its radiant wings—in open daylight move ;
What thousand budding joys are hers—what thousand dreamy sighs !
Day shrouds her in his golden beams—night, star-gemm'd, sweetly flies.

Bright Spring ! how like a singing mother—upon whose half-clad breast
The first-born flower, the primrose child, its gentle head doth rest :
The world to her is Paradise—blooming with rarest flowers ;
Life's sun shines brightly on her path, led by the rosy Hours.

OLD MAIDS.

WELCOME? Most welcome! aye, welcome as spring flowers and spring sunshine, for it glads one's heart and delights one's senses to meet with this book. And, ye old maids, whether young or old, ugly or handsome, rejoice with us, for your cause has been taken up by a champion in every way worthy the noble task which he has thus voluntarily imposed upon himself. But, to be serious,—

The condition of Old Maidism has, it matters not from what causes, long been one of covert if not of open reproach. Society, with that injustice which sometimes characterises its decisions, has passed a sort of moral excommunication against the order; and to be an "Old Maid," and to be believed to be a creature full of vinegar and vexation, have been synonymous. For our own parts, we have long viewed this large division of the community with considerable interest—and the more so, because from the progress of luxurious refinement, and in the constantly increasing pressure of artificial wants, a large portion of the sex must be inevitably doomed to celibacy. Viewing the order in this light, the writer who can succeed in clothing single blessedness in an attractive and even charming dress, who can find arguments to reconcile the sufferers to themselves, will do an immense service to the social happiness of his kind; for a saying more true to experience was never uttered than—

"They who are pleased themselves, must always please."

If the delightful volume before us does not succeed in making Old Maids pleased with themselves, their case is absolutely hopeless. The grace of its diction, the beauty of its sentiments, the fund of its rich and quiet humour, and, above all, the pure and delicate spirit which pervades it, must carry conviction home to every heart capable of appreciating all that is good, amiable, and generous in literature. It seems as if the author had had before him visions of gentle loveliness, and had fashioned them into models for things as they are; and yet such is the truth of delineation, the knowledge of human character displayed, the *vraisemblance* of the sketches to real life, that we are almost tempted to believe that they are portraits; and, if so, they are portraits touched with a master's hand and form beautiful originals.

Moreover this is a book which makes one in love with mankind, and we are constantly tempted to exclaim,

"How beauteous mankind is!"

No slight recommendation in itself, nauseated as we so frequently are by the darker shades and viler propensities of humanity being brought glaringly before our eyes for no other purpose, as far as we can discover, than to make us hate ourselves.

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* "Old Maids; their Varieties, Characters and Conditions." One vol. 8vo. Smith, Elder, and Co. London.

The author's classification of Old Maids is excellently conceived, and introduced by some humorous but graphic pages, full of sparkling wit and correct observation. What can be better described than the general treatment received by the venerable sisterhood? After an animated account of what an Old Maid really is, he proceeds:—

> "Acknowledge, reader, that thou hast done her great injustice, that thou hast viewed her as a selfish, envious, ill-natured, affected, credulous, and curious creature; a fit object for mirth, a standing family jest, suited only to play a conspicuous part at funerals and births, and having none of the fine sympathies which thou supposest to be locked in thine own breast. Acknowledge that thou hast considered a relation, if an old maid and poor, as suited to a by-corner in thy domicile, there condemned to spend her time in darning old clothes, and knitting stockings or 'comfortables,'—as the '*ame damnée*' of thy family,—a licensed plaything for thy children, and nurse-general for thyself, thy wife, and thy offspring. That if rich,—thou hast invited her to set dinners and card-parties,—hast permitted thy young hopefuls to visit her but rarely, and then with an especial injunction to avoid treading on the cat's tail, choking her parrot with apricot-stones, or lengthening the tail of her pet poodle, by appending thereto an addition in the shape of an old can or kettle—to shun her china cabinet—to meddle not with the 'little monsters' on her mantel-piece—to wipe their shoes twice before entering her drawing-room —to keep their plates well under their chins when seated at table, lest gravy or plum should escape upon her 'snow-white napery;' and threatening death and destruction to Tom and Mary if they amuse themselves with pulling faces and 'doing the pretty,' to imitate their aunt's peculiarities,—an intimation which it is ten to one the mischievous monkeys overlook."

We believe that the class of voluntary Old Maids includes a larger portion of the sisterhood than the world is willing to believe. The general opinion that all women are husband-hunters, and continue in a state of celibacy, simply because they can find nobody who is willing to adventure marriage with them, may in the main be true, but there are numberless exceptions to it. Listen to the defender of the "order" on this subject; how touchingly and how finely he lays open the deepest recesses of woman's heart! The passage breathes the impassioned spirit of some of Shelley's richest poetry.

> "There is, without doubt, implanted in the breast of all women a passionate longing, an almost irrepressible desire, for the society and companionship of man: it is an instinct woven into their moral and physical structure: it is a passion which grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength: it has mingled with their dreams, and formed the subject of their mid-day reveries.
>
> "The bashful maiden, whose deep-fringed eyelids conceal the liquid lustre of her hazel eyes, seats herself pensively away from observation, perchance, in the deep recess of some Gothic window, or on some grassy bank, arched overhead by the 'giants of the wood,' and there is a voice and a mystery around her. This is the spirit of love, felt every where; it finds a kindred feeling in the breast of the coy maiden, and in luxurious meditation she lives in the space of one brief hour, a life of love. But the maiden is not alone in her solitude,—her heart is filled with the image of some ideal being created by her heated fancy; it comes at her bidding, shadowy and unreal, and she steeps her soul in tenderness, and with enamoured accents of delight betrays how profound, how intense and overpowering is the desire to love and to be loved. It requires only that some congenial spirit shall approach her, and the whole torrent of her

affections will be let loose upon him: one touch, or one look, that stirred the chord of her feelings, would fix her destiny: any incident, however trivial, that developed a correspondent tone of sensibility in one of the opposite sex, would make him the idol of her young heart; and yet this creature, whose very frame is love, lives and dies an Old Maid."

Involuntary Maids! aye, there are many of these—they form, doubtless, the majority of the "order." The account given of them is capital,—a little overdrawn perhaps, but we would not alter a shade. Read it, Maidens, and if it does not delight you, there is no faith in truth or genius—it sparkles with little poetical gems.

In our estimation, however, the most fascinating picture of Old Maidism is found amongst "Inexplicable Old Maids," although the two stories illustrating "Accidental Old Maids" will probably be more generally liked. There is one short extract we cannot forbear making, from the second of the stories, descriptive of woman's love in its purest and most intense form.

"I had no thought but of him—I lived only in his presence: to see him was rapture, to be folded in his arms safety and content; I was *his* body and soul—but Henry was too pure and too noble to triumph over my utter abandonment of self: no word ever escaped his lips, but which I could repeat to you without raising a blush upon your cheek; and no child ever reposed with more conscious security on the bosom of its mother, than I did upon that of Henry: his honour was my safety, for in his presence I forgot every thing but my love—I was even terrified at the vehemence of my own passion, and have hidden my burning face from him, lest my irrepressible emotions might betray him."

Commend us, however, to Miss P., the mysterious Old Maid. We know of no piece of humour superior to the account given by herself and her lover, of the 'mystery' which broke off their marriage; indeed the entire conversation is one of the best specimens of colloquial writing in our language, having much of the ease and grace of Horace Walpole. Its great charm to us consists in the beautiful view it gives of human life. Our extract is long, but we are sure it is not misplaced.

"You are a brilliant example of an Old Maid occupying her natural position in society. Is sorrow an inmate of your friend's dwelling, you visit it, and by your sympathy and tender condolence and assistance rob it of its bitterness: does death snatch away from some fond mother her only and idolised child, your paradise receives her, for your heart tells you that her agonies will be kept alive if she remain on the spot which had been blessed by her little cherub, and though even here she may indulge her anguish, for a mother's grief

'Fills the room up of her absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with her,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers her of his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
Thus has she reason to be fond of grief!'

Yet your kind care and quiet consolations come like balm upon her wounded spirit; and when she leaves your beautiful home, gratitude to her benefactress soothingly breaks up the current of her woe, and she mingles again in the common affairs of life—sorrowing indeed, but the first keen sting removed. Is any sweet girl pining in thoughtfulness, or brooding over the love springing in her young heart, and robbing her of her fresh beauty, who but Miss P., kind and gentle Miss P., can be selected for a confidante? and thus you restore peace and joy to the anxious maiden. If a parent is obdurate, or a lover perverse—who but Miss P. is the agent of reconciliation? and thus you are become a 'ministering angel' to all within your sphere, diffusing happiness around you, and presenting an example to all your sisterhood, while many of them are ever representing their 'beauty and their bliss' as a shadow of the past, and singing with poor Sheridan,

'No more shall the spring my lost pleasure restore,
  Uncheer'd I still wander alone,
And, sunk in dejection, for ever deplore
  The sweets of the days that are gone.
When the sun as it rises, for others shines bright,
  I think how it formerly shone—
While others cull blossoms, I find but a blight,
  And sigh for the days that are gone.

I stray where the dew falls through moon-lighted groves,
  And list to the nightingale's song;
The plaints still remind me of long-banished joys,
  And the sweets of the days that are gone.
Each dew-drop that steals from the dark eye of night,
  Is a tear for the bliss that is flown.
Where others cull blossoms, I find but a blight,
  And sigh for the days that are gone.'

You are a—

'summer bird,
Which, even in the lap of winter, sings
The lifting up of day.'

And having taken a proper estimate of your condition, your life is a—

'great essential good,
With every blessing understood!'

The chapter on "Literary Old Maids" abounds in truth and quiet laughter. The author's explanation as to the why and how these misunderstood beings escape the assaults of Cupid is exceedingly graphic, and full of arch and delicate humour. It is excellently conceived.

"There are, amongst Literary Old Maids, some whom intellectual pursuits have so far purified from the calls of passion, that they would scorn the intrusion of Cupid, and spoil for ever the beauty of his

'Imped wings with speckled plumes all dight,'

by emptying their ink-stand upon him did he so much as dare to whisper in their ear, or draw his 'ebon bow' within arm's length of them; and there are others so fearful of their sex's weakness, that they would, had they a chance, transfix his little majesty with their steel pen, and try whether his immortality was proof against cold iron.

Others there are too who have levelled the 'tiny god' by a well-aimed blow with a ponderous folio, and others who keep him in check by a continued discharge of chubby duodecimos; others who guard their chastity by a shield of old calf-skin binding, and others who trust their virgin honor to gilding and morocco leather; others who constantly flatter the rosy boy, and so prevent him stringing his good bow, or who blind him by sugared compliment, and thus escape his darts; others who steal their hearts and freeze their blood by cold philosophy; others who coagulate life's genial current by swallowing doses of political economy, so that should the 'subtle poison' be infused, it would produce no effect upon the stagnant circulation; others who wrap themselves in the robes of metaphysics, and in this hoary covering dose away existence; and others who suffer their souls to wander amongst the elements, or bury them in oyster-shells, or in the hollow tooth of a Megatherium; others who lavish the whole sum of their affection upon a butterfly's wing or the colour of a peony; and others whose love must be sought

'Ten fathoms deep'

in a coal-pit or a lead-mine; others whose 'soul's treasure' is encased in a block of granite, iron, stone, or grey wacke; and others whose passions and desires are fixed upon the 'loves of the angels,' the sons of Anak, or the gigantic Cyclops; others who think only of the loves of fairy elves, the singing of the Troubadours, or the clashing of spears in some gallant tourney; others whose brains are turned with the fervid descriptions of Sappho, Anacreon, Bion, Moschus, and Tibullus, or of Horace, Ovid, or Virgil, and find the approach of a mere man without the adjuncts of a poetical declamation, so different from the picture sketched out by their heated imaginations, that he is repulsed as a monster. Thus are Literary Maidens armed cap-à-pie against the assaults of love—partly by having their minds so much engaged with other matters that they are unconscious of the existence of the 'boy god,' and his shafts fly past them as little cared for as the 'idle wind.'"

One of the best characteristics of the Old Maids is the extreme purity of its feeling and its expressions. There is a gracefulness and a delicacy about it most strictly in accordance with its subject, and many of its passages come before us as soothing

"As sweet music creeping upon the waters."

There is also an extent of reading and a fine poetical conception shown in it, which are rarely combined, as

"pains, study, and reading,"

often prove fatal to the lighter and more sparkling portion of man's intellectual attributes.

We need not say we like the book; our notice of it is the most convincing proof of the estimation in which we hold it. Its aim is excellent, and though the author might have worked out his intentions in a more logical and analytical manner, we doubt if he would have been as successful as his work must be in its present shape.

Celibacy, considered in reference to the social happiness of man, is a deeply interesting and important subject of speculation. Multitudes of women are condemned to single life by the calculating prudence, as it is called, of young men,—and

"waste their sweetness in the desert air,"

in place of filling a married home with unalloyed happiness. We hope the author of Old Maids will take Old Bachelors in hand, and, treating the subject in a somewhat loftier way, lay bare the folly and absurdity of the many notions prevailing about marriage. The voluptuary avoids a wife, because, pander-like, he lives solely for the gratification of his animal passions; the Cynic sneers at her because he knows nothing of the million delights that dwell around her; the poet too often shuns her because the flame of genius is too bright and flickering to be confined within the precincts of home, the only temple for married life; the philosopher, because he wastes his life in the pursuit of chimeras; the man of science, because he chooses to wear out his existence in the pursuit of ill-rewarded and uncertain discoveries; and the man of business avoids the sex, because, in the outset of his career, he thinks, forsooth, that a wife would be too expensive.

The man however, who fulfils the duties of a husband, presents the most beautiful example of happiness that humanity can exhibit. In the affections that bind him to his wife and to his home

> "There is a power,
> There is a soft divinity, that draws
> Transport even from distress:"

and woman, when a wife, developes a world of mysterious happiness, that rises up in her heart like spring flowers, making life one long delight, when it is properly cherished and treated with that tenderness which her devoted love demands.

ENGLISH SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

MECHANIC INSTITUTION LECTURES, INCENDIARY FIRES, &c.—EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

From the MSS. Letters of a Distinguished Foreigner. *

I LEFT the metropolis weary of the incessant variety of its sameness, and of being lionized; and travelled to a midland town, in the centre of a large agricultural district. It was neat and clean; and as I arrived on the Sabbath, its quietude and apparent tranquillity came soothingly upon my exhausted spirits, contrasting very forcibly with the scene of noise and bustle I had witnessed a few hours previously. After breakfasting, and as the bells began to summon the inhabitants to their hebdomadal devotions, I sallied out, and was infinitely pleased to witness the long lines of clean and decently dressed children, proceeding in double files from various Sunday schools to the different churches and chapels. These I visited *seriatim*, and found that the little folks formed no inconsiderable portion of many of the congregations—a circumstance I explained to myself, by supposing, that in this country, so singular in the character of its people, parents sent their children to places of public worship as their substitutes, and thus got to heaven by proxy. As part only of the attendants on these Sunday schools had left them for the service of the day, I entered one of the largest for the purpose of observing what was the mode of tuition, and the extent and sort of knowledge afforded within its walls.

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* Our opinions must not be supposed to be altogether identical with those of the talented and intelligent writer of these Letters.—ED. MONTHLY.

The first thing which struck me was the illiterateness of the teachers themselves: it is true they could read and write, but that was all, and their manners were rude. The superintendent, a middle-aged man, attended me. I asked what particular religious sect the school belonged to.

"Oh, Sir! this is a school afor all denominations; we takes all as comes."

"A very liberal course! and your pupils are, I observe, between six and fourteen years of age, apparently: and pray, my friend, what is your plan of instruction,—what do you teach?"

"Oh, Sir, we teaches 'em their A, B, C; then a-b, ab,—then a-n-d, and—till they can read the ready-my-daisy." (Reading made easy, I presumed.)

"You teach them just the rudiments of spelling then?"

"Oh yes, Sir, just the ready-my-daisy."

"And does your instruction end here, my friend, or do you endeavour to instil into their young and susceptible minds principles of morality?"

"Oh yes, Sir, just the ready-my-daisy."

"Or to inculcate their duty to their parents, brothers, sisters, or masters, or, as far as their intellect will permit, point out some of the first and simpler subjects of your religious belief?"

"Oh yes, Sir, just the ready-my-daisy, and sometimes the catechiz?"

I suffered him to proceed, hoping he would tell his own tale *in his own way*. After having eyed me for a moment, he went on.

"I suppose as you 're a parson, for you talk mighty like his reverence the rector, only as how he always comes hisself when there are visitors. But you 're may be a stranger as is curious about schools. Well, Sir, I 'll undertake to uphold that there ai'nt a better nor this in all the country. Why, Sir, when I was a young one, there wasn't no such thing, and we little creturs were as ignorant as heathens; and now you see they can say their ready-my-daisy like Christians! It 's a grand thing, Sir! for I 'll undertake to uphold, that if teaching 'em the ready-my-daisy and catechiz won't make men and women of 'em, why nothing will; and so says his reverence."

"A very good step, certainly! but their parents, I suppose, follow up this elementary part of education, by teaching them their social duties."

"Their parents, Sir! Lord help ye! why, now I see as how you are a stranger:—are you a foreigner, Sir? (I nodded.) Well, that 's queer!—but their parents, as I was a-saying, cares no more about them than my old hat!—they just sends 'em here to have 'em out of the way, that they may run their rigs comfortable of a Sunday."

"Indeed! and do your scholars make rapid progress in their studies? A week intervening between one school day and another would retard their improvement, I should fancy."

"That 's just true, and it 's what his reverence says, Sir. We reckon it pretty good if a scholard learns to read the ready-my-daisy in four years; some that are 'cute do it sooner. It 's slow work, Sir; but I don't wonder at that, for it took me twelve years; and, as his reverence says, it's slow and sure."

"Does his reverence often visit the school, and take much interest in it and in the children?"

"Just by times, Sir,—if so be as any of the quality come a-inspecting; then he visits us, and pats the children's heads, and speaks grandly about them, else we don't often see him."

I presented this intelligent Mentor with a small sum for the use of the school or himself, and made during the day a round of every other in the town. I found many teachers of a higher order of intellect than my friend "ready-my-daisy," but the principle was the same throughout; simple reading, and in some cases writing, comprising the course of instruction: a principle, I am satisfied, radically wrong, as mere intellectual cultivation, considering the circumstances under which the labouring poor are placed, is full as likely to prove a rock for their destruction, as a harbour for their safety. During the brief intervals of leisure which they can snatch from daily toil, with bodies exhausted, and with minds in equal ratio depressed,—if not well guided or supported by a high sense of moral propriety, they will seek mental food of a more stimulating nature than penny magazines, or religious tracts,—unless these latter are tales of rank superstition, highly wrought death-bed scenes, or something similar,—than which no mental food can be more exciting, but none more poisonous: they may teach cant and hypocrisy, but neither true religion nor domestic virtue.

This abstract opinion was abundantly confirmed by our inquiries on the following day. Cheap publications, I found, had ramified deeply into this class, and of a most destructive character, both in regard to its own social and moral interests, and to the safety of the country at large: halfpenny sheets circulated through it, and were printed for its exclusive use; the contents of which were either prurient stimulants of animal passion, blasphemy, or exaggerated and treasonable political diatribes, calculated to make it dissatisfied with its own lot, and pointing out revolutionary violence as the shortest and only way of benefiting itself. But what had become of the bibles, testaments, and other pious books, which had been presented to them and to their children by well-disposed people? An incident which occurred taught me their fate. Happening to pass a pawnbroker's shop, I saw a very curious-looking walking-stick, and went in to purchase it. I found "mine uncle" one of those queer shrewd animals so often found behind the counters of these temptation-shops in England.

"What, Mr. Cent, do you keep a circulating library!" said I to him, casting my eye over several shelves filled with books.

"A circulating library! I wish it would circulate:—but there it stands for me to curse it twenty times a day. You must know, Sir, that these books are the bibles, testaments, hymn-books, prayer-books, moral pieces, &c. which the sunday school people and bible 'sociation folk have given to the poor: the first use which they make of them is to bring them here: you see they have never been opened, quite clean; and if you are disposed to open a school, or make a donation, I will sell them you a bargain,—a hundred volumes for thirty shillings! You won't? Well! I have sent to offer them to the society, and I dare say it will buy them at half price; it will save their money, and I shall make a tolerable profit. I wish you good morning, Sir, and thank ye."

In the evening I attended a lecture delivered in an institution dedicated to the instruction of the working community. I expected of course to hear a plain practical discourse on some subject having reference to the condition of those for whose benefit it was said to be delivered,—a familiar view of agriculture,—a statement of their relative position in society, with its advantages,—or a brief exposition of their moral and social duties:—no such thing. The meeting was composed of young and old men, the majority of whom were obviously of the working class: they were in the first place amused by watching the movements of an orrery, and then enlightened by a tissue of bombast and absurdity on the poetry of the ancients. Surely, I said, this is a singular people; the means and the ends of their intentions are diametrically opposed to each other. They pretend to educate themselves, and yet learn nothing which can make them good men or good citizens, which is the very aim of education.

On my return through the streets, I overtook a group of the edified class, and heard the following remarks upon the lecture.

"Why, I say, Jem, dang my buttons! but yonder fellow 's a greater foo' than ony we 'en had afore. My eye! does he think we 're such softies as to tak his word that yon whirligig thing of his is like the univarse?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" said another, "we 're no such foo's as that. I think it would ha' been more to the purpose if he 'd told us how to live on six shillings a-week." In this expression I fully coincided.

The inn at which I had taken up my temporary abode happened to stand on a rising ground in the middle of the town, and commanded a fine prospect from its upper windows of the surrounding country. On my return, I went up stairs to jot down my remarks, whilst my supper was getting ready; and on accidentally looking out of one of the casements, was astonished to see two or three fires at different points of the horizon. I leaned out for a few minutes, admiring their singular effects upon the surrounding darkness, and the ruddy canopy they formed in the night sky. In many countries which I had visited, I had observed that nightly fires were kindled to keep off evil spirits and wild beasts; and in England I remembered to have read that fires called bonfires were during the times of ignorance and superstition made to frighten away witches. I naturally supposed that one of the two latter causes had led to the making of these night-fires: to be quite certain, however, I rang the bell, and the chambermaid made her appearance.

"Pray, my pretty maiden! what are these fires I see in different directions—bonfires, perhaps?"

"Lord sake, Sir, they 're 'cindery fires."

"'Cindery fires! incendiary fires, perhaps you mean?—that is very strange! Why, what are they burning, peat perhaps, or stubble grass?"

"No, no, Sir, they 're burning the farmers' hay and corn, and maybe a few cows and horses. Lord, Sir! have ye never heard of 'cindery fires before? why they 're as common as blackberries hereabouts."

"Never, my girl; but who are burning them—not the farmers themselves, I suppose?"

"No, Sir, it 's just the poor starving people."

"Indeed! and do they expect to be better off by destroying the means of their support, and preventing the farmers cultivating the soil?"

"'Deed, Sir, it 's very odd! but supper 's ready, Sir."

As I descended the stairs, my reflections were—Surely this is a singular people; they burn the means of subsistence, in order to live better; but I will inquire farther to-morrow.

On the following morning I was early afoot, and, after an hour's brisk walking, reached the smoking ruins of an extensive farm-yard. A considerable amount of property had been destroyed, and the owner declared that he was a ruined man. On inquiring what had led to the catastrophe, I was told that the neighbouring cottars had refused to work at such a rate of wages as he could afford to pay, and that consequently he had been obliged to purchase a mechanical contrivance, to assist him in thrashing, and cutting vegetables, which was no sooner set to work, than his premises were fired by the very parties who had forced him to adopt such a step. I forbore to press the sufferer with farther questions, but was exceedingly astonished to find so little confidence, and community of feeling, between the employers and the employed. Musing on this singular people, on my road back, I passed a hale old man, in the dress of an ordinary peasant, leaning against the gate of a cottage, and very composedly smoking, though it was mid forenoon; and assistance was much wanted at the place I had just left. I stopped, and spoke to him. "Not at work, my friend, this fine morning!"

"Work, Sir! no, no, there 's very little o' that going on i' these parts."

"How so, pray? you have a rich and fruitful country, and one which I should conceive to be well able to repay the labours of the husbandman."

"Oa—the country 's well enough—but you 're one of the spies I reckon, by your speering.—You 'll learn naught fro' me however."

"If there be such things as spies, my friend, I am not one of them, I assure you. I arrived at N—— but the day before yesterday, and leave it this evening. I am a native of a foreign and distant country, and am visiting your neighbourhood out of a desire to know something of the condition of its inhabitants, and was led here by seeing the fire at Farmer Trueman's last night from the window of my inn."

"Well, that makes a difference to be sure, and so I 've no objection to having a bit of a confab wi' ye, in a neighbourly way. Will ye come in and sit down, as it 's a longish stretch to N——?" I assented, and followed through a small patch of ground, once used as a garden, but now untilled, into a cottage badly furnished and looking neglected. I sat down on a crazy settle, and my host said, "The wife and children are gone to the fire, to pick up any thing they can lay hands on."

"You do not seem, my friend, to sympathise with the farmer's misfortune. It appears to me singular, that the labourers should destroy, not only the food which was destined for their support, but that also to be consumed by the unoffending cows and horses; and by so doing rob themselves of the means of living, by depriving the farmer of all means of employing them: how do you explain it, pray? As one of them, you are of course aware of the peculiar reasons which have led to such an anomalous state of things,—a state obviously at variance with common sense and what ought to be."

"Why, its a long story, Sir; but I 'll tell you, if you like, all about it. You see formerly things were different. In my feyther's time, and when I was a lad, things were clean different. Then the gentry, the squires, and the landlords were hand-and-glove, as one may say; and there was nothing to be seen but hunting, hawking, and such like, while the poor folk were encouraged to be happy: there were wakes, May-games, church-ales, and all sorts of junketings, while a can of ale and a loaf were also to be had at the squire's buttery. At that time 'o day we were mighty proud to see the squires and landlords amongst us, and should have gone through fire and water to serve 'em. We poor folks had bits of crofts, for a cow-keeping, and gardens, and common-rights, and were as comfortable as could be. Howsomever, you see times changed; the gentry somehow left us, the squires died away, and the landlords had their rents raised. There was an end of neighbourlyness; and so they took away our bit crofts; then the commons were inclosed; and then they lessened our wages. Well, you see, things went on badly enough, but still a man might live. Well, at last there came an outcry that we must be edicated; and so you see, nothing would serve but we must have some larning. Well, we were dragged away, willy-nilly, as a man may say, and so most of us learnt the redy-my-daisy, and to spell the Bible: now you see formerly there was no such thing; we were all busy, being comfortable. Well, after this, there comes fellows a-lecturing, as they called it, and they told us as how we were free-born men; and the gentry and landlords were tyrants, and wanted to make us slaves; and that we should not work for such wages as we got. Well, you see, we then began to grumble, and to think we were badly off; and we quarrelled with our employers, and wouldn't work except we'd so much. Well, they said as how they couldn't give it; and so they got a sort of things called machines, as thrashed just like oneself; and so then we were in a pretty quandary. Well, the next thing as happened was that a lot of fellows brought about little books at a halfpenny a-piece, and so as we could read, we bought them; and these soon opened our eyes, and we found as how all sorts of folks ought to be alike, and that we were serfs, while our landlords were great people; and that the land in the country ought to be divided, and each have a fair share: so you see, we wouldn't work any longer, and cursed and swore at our betters. Well, these same papers taught us that we might be masters if we would, because as how we were twenty to one; and so as I said, work we wouldn't, as we had learnt that we must be kept out of the rates; so you see we gave over slaving, and got may-be a shilling a week a-head. Well, as the rents were high, and as the rates got higher and higher, the farmers were clean done over, and got more machines, and what not; but as we were too poor to buy their stuff—why we determined nobody else should; and so you see we next began to break these machines; and when they found we came over them that gate, why they sold their stuff in the lump; and so to make matters short, and to help us to our own, we burnt their stacks and any thing else that would burn; for you see if we can drive them out, we shall have fine times again."

"Well, my friend, your tale is a melancholy one: from it, it appears that your education has taught you the means of being mischievous. You describe yourselves as degenerating from a happy and contented race of men, to criminality and poverty. It seems to me, that those who enabled you to read should have enabled you also to distinguish good from bad, and, in place of leaving you to the machinations of evil and desperate men, have followed up their efforts by teaching you your proper station, with its many advantages, and pointing out how these might have been improved."

"Well, that from a foreigner does sound sensible; but then, you see, you are not one of us, and so may be mistaken."

"No, my friend, the dictates of common sense are applicable to all countries alike; and they tell me that the course you are pursuing must end in wide-spreading misery. As a man who has seen something of human life and its complicated affairs, let me advise you rather to work for your own support and that of your family, than to read; or if you do read, read your Bible. The result of your imperfect education has been literally a fire-brand,—and its farther fruit will be heading, hanging, and transportation."

"Well, really, for a foreigner, you speak to the purpose—I wish some of our leaders had the same sense, for I am afraid you speak truth."

"Be assured, I do speak the truth: you are losing all sense of independence, for a slavery of the most sordid and base kind; and the best thing you can pray for is—a return to your ancient condition. I wish you farewell."

Such, said I to myself, as I pursued my walk back to the town, are the fruits of teaching the "ready-my-daisy," and lecturing on orreries and languages in place of moral instruction. Surely this is a singular people, and, in this instance, mistake the means for the end. They would, I presume, make a warrior by placing a sword in his hand; and an astronomer, by giving an ignorant boor a telescope; forgetting that the first might be used to the injury of the man's neighbours, and that the only use of the second would be—to amuse the rustic by inciting him to gaze at distant objects, in place of minding his daily toil.

In the evening I got into one of the public conveyances, and, after travelling all night, was set down in the metropolis of manufactures. It was a busy and animating sight; and the noble piles dedicated to manufacturing processes, and the splendid ranges of warehousing, bespoke unbounded wealth in the proprietors of these magnificent establishments. I found many large buildings devoted to the education of the lower ranks—Sunday schools, mechanics' institutes, halls of science, &c.; but was grieved to discover that the same radical error prevailed here, as in the town I had been inspecting.

I soon remarked, as I had previously done in other countries, that when men are brought together into large masses, the average of intelligence is of a higher standard than amongst a scattered population. The error, in the present instance, consisted in seeking for the fulfilment of the ends of education in mere intellectual cultivation; hence the same mischief had arisen which I had seen in a district inhabited by agriculturists, modified by the superior information of the town population. The same division of interest between employers and the employed; mutual distrust and dislike—these being exhibited, not in the destruction of property, but in a far more dangerous form. Some years past I was informed such had been the case, when the workpeople were chiefly composed of parties from the provinces: now, however, since they had become a fixed and defined body of men, their attempts to improve their condition were the result of deep and well-devised schemes. They leagued themselves together by unions, embracing several millions of hands, bound down by oaths to an organized plan of steady and unflinching resistance. They compelled their masters to keep up one permanent rate of payment for labour, while the universal complaints of the lowness of profits, and foreign political changes, with the incessant application of mechanical contrivances to supersede human power, rendered such permanent rate of wage utterly impossible. Thus, for want of proper education and moral subordination, the vast body of manufacturers were upon the point of a social crisis, which threatened the most lamentable consequences to the entire nation. Those well-meaning people, who had been the apostles of education, had just crossed the threshold, and either misunderstood or were ignorant of the mighty power they had given, and had forgotten or shrunk from the task of directing it into its proper channel. They left the multitude to be guided by designing demagogues, after having furnished them with weapons. Thus I found that the operative manufacturer was, in many instances, a bad man, a bad servant, a bad husband, father or son, and a discontented citizen. His leisure hours were passed in complots to injure his master—in listening to the ravings of some furious political scoundrel, or in reading trash of equally poisonous quality, furnished him for the small price of one halfpenny. Imperfect and ill-judged education and cheap literature were leading him headlong to his ruin; and his lot would have been happier, and his country safer, if he had been kept in the most profound ignorance, and had never seen a printed book.

It will probably be urged against me, that I am an enemy to the diffusion of education. This would be a mistake: there is no man living more anxious than I am to see the people instructed; but I am an enemy to education if it mean teaching—reading and writing, and no more: these go for nothing, if unaided by morals. The end of education ought to be to make mankind fully aware of its duties; and to open sources of innocent recreation, to occupy those hours not devoted to our active duties. I would therefore educate every man according to his station in society, and give him that species of knowledge which such station demands. To say that reading and writing are requisite to enable the poor man to perform his duties, I hold to be an absurdity. If it be said that these are given as a means to an end—well and good; but that end ought to be attained. The position of the labouring poor is in general such, that of themselves they cannot and will not pursue these means; and to leave them in this position a prey to whosoever may choose to mislead them, is little less than diabolical cruelty. In their natural state of ignorance, with the ties of dependence in full force, they will do well enough; but they would do still better if, in addition to these ties, they had superadded that degree of education which is needful for them: and this is to teach them their true position, to point out how and in what manner they form part of the great social chain; and to enable them to improve to the utmost their advantages; and to bear as lightly as possible their disadvantages; to make them in short moral and religious. Their cup of life has in it much that is necessarily bitter and unpalatable; but to tell them this, and be for ever calling their attention to it, is to make it nauseous and disgusting:—

"There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
What he hath drunk, or must drink,"

this is to fill him with irrepressible loathing; and yet such has been the result of education in this remarkable country upon the poor. If it should ever be my lot to witness efforts of the same nature in my own country, my voice shall not be wanting to point out its unavoidable evils.

I assure my readers that the above is a plain unvarnished statement of facts. I have "extenuated nothing, nor aught set down in malice;" for my heart was filled with grief from seeing so noble an institution as public instruction thus vilely profaned.

POPE.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

WRITTEN MAY 14, 1831.

THE wild confusions of the mind to clear,
Make objects in their genuine light appear,
Direct the movements of the generous heart,
And courage to the humble to impart—
Of Virtue and of Wisdom claims the praise,
And, if it does not win, deserves the bays.
The moral lesson, clothed in gentle rhyme,
Does not in empty toils consume the time;
And light upon the intellect to throw,
May teach what it were sinful not to know:
Our thoughts and feelings right to regulate,
Is the first duty of the human state;
And if the head and bosom be not pure,
Action correct but shortly will endure.
"But who," perchance the censor rude will plead,
"Of strains beyond the present stores has need?
Our bards their streams abundant have supplied,
The listener by immortal verse to guide;
And Pope has told us all that taste requires
To learn from lessons of didactic lyres."

But who on moral truths, exhaustless fields,
The sceptre of extended empire wields?
Various the powers that suit to various climes;
So various genius works for various times.
The manners change; the passions take their course
In various paths, by accident or force.
Language in fashions new, attention calls,
While the same tune, for e'er repeated, palls.
In Pope, sense, harmony, expression pure,
Clear, terse, and strong, the critic's praise secure:
But it has something of mechanic art,
Which fails too oft to move the human heart.
It is a studied intellectual strain,
Which, rather than the bosom, tries the brain:
In reason strong, words polished and concise,
It forces on the judgment its advice:
But, in the burst of overwhelming song,
It rarely pours the tide of verse along.
The words combined by pressure more than ease,
By strength compel us,—not by nature seize.
But oft the thoughts are, like the language, dry;
Or pleasure only to the ear supply.

Yet such is genius—whatsoe'er the way
It shows its mastery at the present day,
It leads the public taste; and all submit
To think it the supremacy of wit.

Direct and free, to Nature's guidance prone,
Pope sought the paths that most he found his own:
And never till his proper strength he knows,
Home to the mark the archer's arrow goes.

O mighty master of a vigorous lyre!
To whose domain no rivals dare aspire,
From youth to age where in a puny form
The ardour of immortal fame could warm;
Where, to one end thy noble labours bent,
Straight to the goal of proud perfection went;
And, whilst thy body writhed with constant pain,
Thy soul exulted in the conquering strain!

Once in a dream within thy studious cell,
Plying thy daily task, I saw thee well:
The impression was so strong, that I forget
'Twas Fancy that thy form before me set;
And still believe, till recollection's force
Brings back the glowing image to its source,
That I have seen thee,—talk'd with thee,—and knew
Thy hallow'd person in its living hue!
The ardour of my heart not age can tame,
And my thoughts kindle with their youthful flame!

Poet of Twickenham! with unbounded awe
The glances of thy fiery eye I saw:
Beheld them in my early days, when Hope
Led me in vain with sons of song to cope;
And now, when darkening life's approaching close
No more the vigour of the body knows,
In the full fire of intellectual heat,
With equal worship I thy memory greet!

Though dry thy judgment, and thy thoughts severe,
In daily toil would flowery fancies clear;
Yet when to passion thou thy heart didst yield,
What founts of heavenly splendour were reveal'd!
Then beauty shone as blazing angels bright,
And the soul melted in sublime delight.
Then altars trembled, and with sudden awe
The lamps grew pallid, that the wonders saw.
In mighty conflict then of thoughts divine,
Love and Religion fainted at the shrine!

O Eloisa! in the living strain
Where all the bursts of eloquence complain—
Where, in the solemn temple's heaven-pierced gloom,
The immortal soul puts off its mortal doom—
Where, by the groves of shadowy umbrage fed,
Imagination wanders with the dead—
Were ever such celestial tones as thine?
Did ever passion, music, so combine?
Force, elegance, and pathos, and the play
Of images, and grandeur's holier ray?
A burst that angels only could impart—
An effluence far above all human art!

O mighty poet, by whose hallow'd tongue
Notes never to be rivall'd thus were sung;

Why didst thou in thy daily tasks refrain
By humbler bounds the tenour of thy strain?
Perchance thy blood by Nature's partial thrift
To heights like these no more thy soul could lift!
But, burnt and wither'd by the flaming fire,
Was doom'd in that high effort to expire!

O how exhausting is the toil that heaves
The soul's own movements, while the web it weaves!
The tides of life along the veins impel
The purple currents with a wasteful swell—
And then the excited hopes the praise demand,
Which cold and uncongenial lips withstand.
It is the self-applause, which only pays
The recompense for truth's impassion'd lays.
The alien mind, fatigued, distracted, new
To thoughts familiar to the poet's view,
Lists for awhile, then turns aside, and hears
The eternal murmur with unheeding ears.
But if the fire be pure,—if in the brain
The love of an exalted glory reign—
If round the tribe of any visions floats,
And his ear trembles with celestial notes—
All vain the unnatural effort to control
In silent gloom the o'erboiling of the soul!

A VOYAGE IN THE NORTH SEAS.

(Concluded from the March Number.)

CHAPTER IV.

"It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,
With cliffs above and a broad sandy shore,
Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an host,
With here and there a creek, whose aspect wore
A better welcome to the tempest-tost,
And rarely ceased the haughty billows roar,
Save on the dead long summer days, which make
The outstretch'd ocean glitter like a lake."
BYRON.

As the boat neared the shore, they found it obstructed by a considerable quantity of ice, which the set of the current had deposited there; and they were more particularly annoyed by several large floes, the rotatory motion of which threatened destruction to their little craft. Keeping, therefore, as far as possible to windward of the fixed ice, and threading their way as well as they were able among the floating masses, they coasted along the shore in search of some spot where they might land. The coast, of which they of course knew nothing more than that it must be that of the continent, or some island on the west side of the streights, was divided by a sound or inlet, into which a current set at the rate of four or five miles an hour. When they had drifted with it for two or three hours, they came to a narrower part of the channel, which was there not above five or six miles across; and, finding that the ice had totally disappeared, they closed in with the land, looking anxiously for some creek, by which they might reach the beach without danger from the shoals that guarded it. Presently, rounding a rocky promontory, they reached the wished-for spot, and beheld a scene more gay and delightful than they had thought it possible these inhospitable regions could present. A deep bay, or cove, the waters of which were as smooth as a mirror, lay inclosed on each side by high rocks, while, from the edge of the graceful curve which it formed on the shore, the land, covered with grass and mosses, sloped upwards with an agreeable acclivity. A considerable stream, the noise of whose waters they had for some time heard, formed a picturesque fall down rocks fringed with flowers of the most beautiful tints; and, on the other side, an ice-cliff, the growth perhaps of a century, shone in the sunbeams as if the whole mass with its fantastic pinnacles and fret-work had been carved out of one solid diamond. Here and there the black rocks jutted out, and contrasted strongly with the irregular icy masses which were imbedded in their cavities, giving to the whole the singular appearance of waterfalls, arrested in their course by the genius of frost,—and now wearing the similitude of what Coleridge calls " Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!"

With a cry of joy, Flora and Arundel hastened to the land; and embracing each other, they kneeled down, and devoutly poured forth their gratitude to Him whose are " the treasures of darkness and the hidden riches of secret places."

After their long imprisonment in the boat, the very treading on the land communicated the most delightful feeling of freedom to their frames; and, as they walked on to enjoy their delicious sensations, they felt

> " The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To them were opening Paradise."

They had rambled a few hundred yards from the boat, when they saw, at a little distance, something which seemed like the ruined walls of two or three huts, erected on a level part of the ascent. They eagerly advanced, hoping to discover traces of the inhabitants, who might assist them in devising some scheme of returning to their native land. A small troop of deer, that had apparently been reposing in the shade behind the low walls, sprang up at their approach, and, after trotting off to the distance of a few yards, turned round and gazed quietly at the intruders. They had clearly never felt the tyranny of man, or been taught to shun him; but now looked at his image as before the curse. Within the inclosure there were the remains of hollow structures like bee-hives, which the Esquimaux Indians use for stores. Two or three broken bone-headed arrows, a few other worn-out implements, and some small figures, which might possibly have been the household gods of the former dwellers, lay about the ruins; and a number of short pieces of whalebone, which had probably at one time formed part of the roof, had been deposited in a corner. When he found that the ruined huts were not likely to lead to any means of discovering the inhabitants, he determined at least to make use of them for present shelter. For that purpose, having cleared out the inside of one of them, he procured some stakes proper for his purpose, from the drift timber which was strewed about the shores of the bay in quantities sufficient to build a frigate; and, having stuck them in a line with the stakes which still remained in the old sides of the hut, he interwove them with branches of dwarf willow, and such shrubs as were most easily procured; then placing over all the sail of the boat, he formed a dwelling capable of resisting any bad weather which might suddenly arise. A quantity of the driest moss formed a couch on which the Sybarite might have reposed with unalloyed pleasure, and one of the boat-thofts erected against the front wall of the hut made an agreeable seat, from which the rocks, ice-cliffs, green sloping ground, inlet, and opposite coast afforded a pleasing and romantic prospect. Hither he removed the guns, pistols, and ammunition, as well as the axeheads, packets of needles, beads, and other articles which had been put on board to be exchanged for furs, whalebone, &c., as has been before related. He now threw a gun over his arm, and set off to examine the interior of the country, leaving Flora to make her toilet at the pool formed by the waterfall, which, from its translucent purity, and the soft fresh moss with which it was bordered, was indeed well fitted to be

"A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters."

When he returned to the hut, he found Flora busied in preparing a repast of the delicious tern-eggs with which the coast abounded, and the mellow berries which she had gathered beneath the rocks. While they partook of this simple fare, Arundel strove to encourage his fair companion. But Frank had entirely mistaken the nature of Flora's mind. She was, and women in general are, as infinitely superior to men in that nobler kind of courage which is called passive, but which might with greater propriety be named intellectual, as men are to the weaker sex in active or animal energy. She will shrink from the naked weapon, or the tempest, which man fearlessly braves; but when any long-continued suffering calls for the severest sacrifice which human beings can give, she rises superior to him in noble and persevering resolution, and lays down unmurmuring on the altar of affection her acute sensibilities, her joys, her health, and even hope itself.

Arundel was delighted to find that Flora listened to his attempts at consolation with perfect complacency, and returned them with sentiments of pious resignation and hope. He found himself obliged to receive instead of giving encouragement in their isolated and perilous circumstances. A woman's imagination is more vivid than that of a man; and Flora, even while she professed herself resigned to the destiny before them, dwelt with so much cheerfulness and confidence on their chances of regaining their native land, that Frank involuntarily yielded implicit belief to the agreeable anticipation. They were seated on a natural couch of the white moss which grew around in abundance; Flora's hands were clasped in one of her lover's, and the other played among the luxuriant tresses of her hair. The smooth hard sand of the beach lay beneath them, strewed near the sea with shells and pebbles of innumerable forms and colours, amid which, with a gentle and ceaseless murmur, the tiny waves spilt their small white ripples and foambells; while, in the clear depths of the waters, myriads of plants clothed the bottom with submarine meadows of woven silver and green, or shot up in huge branches of ten or twelve yards in height, waving slowly their immense arms with the undulation of the waves; and amid all this luxuriant vegetation, troops of fishes could be seen deep down in the clear element, wheeling and darting forward and turning up their silver scales, giving the magic of life and animation to the silent under-world. The sky and the everlasting mountains were calm as the sea in which they were reflected. It was a scene and an hour when the feeling heart dreams over what words can never express,—when deeper thoughts of tenderness than language can utter are poured forth from the fountains of love, and hope, and memory,—when the soul, feeling herself to be part of that nature which she surveys, yields up all her faculties to the prevailing sentiment which breathes from every feature of the scene. That sentiment, even in the bleak scene before them, was love; for every thing spoke of the unforgetful love of God towards all his creatures, for whom, even here, on the very confines of eternal frost, he had spread a table in the wilderness. A philosopher would have sought in the laws of refraction an explanation of the gorgeous spectacle,—but lovers are rarely philosophers.

From this period their occupations assumed a more systematic form, so that a description of one twenty-four hours may serve for that of the whole time they remained on the island. By the elevation of the sun they knew when it was day or night in the southern regions; but they were ignorant of the more minute divisions of time, and had lost, or rather gained, more than one day while tossed about amid the mist. When the shadow of the ice-cliff, therefore, was thrown upon the opposite rocks, they retired to rest, and arose when they felt sufficiently refreshed. While Flora bathed in the pool of the waterfall, Arundel took a plunge in the sea, and then rambled among the rocks, and brought home a few tern-eggs, and a fowl or two for their day's provision. By means of the simple expedient of a crooked nail, he also contrived to catch plenty of fish, which proved to be excellent food. At his return he found the fire, which he had made before he left the hut with a little dry moss and drift timber, burnt down to a heap of hot ashes, fitted for roasting their eggs, or preparing their birds or fish in a way which might have delighted a gourmand. Meantime Flora had gathered a quantity of the mellow berries among the rocks, and, having arranged them upon a handful of the fresh white moss, they sat down with grateful hearts to their simple meal. The flesh of the deer, rabbit, hare, and every kind of wild fowl, varied their diet; and a delicious spring which ran past the door of their dwelling slaked their thirst. The rest of the day was variously occupied.

CHAPTER V.

"As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come and whence;
* * * * * * *
Such seem'd this man." WORDSWORTH.

ABOUT the beginning of August slight showers of snow began to fall, though the temperature of the earth was yet too warm to allow it to remain. The elevation of the sun became daily less; and when he skirted the horizon, throwing only a slanting and enfeebled ray upon the higher grounds, the atmosphere became filled with minute particles of ice, woven into the form of gossamer-netting, while the whole surface of the sea was covered with the *frost smoke* occasioned by the water being of a higher temperature than the superincumbent air. Already the island began to be depopulated of many of the animal and vegetable tribes which had enlivened it during the summer. The flowers had faded, the insect tribes perished or retired to sleep away the long winter in the quarters appointed them by Nature, and the small birds had ceased their songs and were preparing to return to warmer climates. The partridge and ptarmigan began to change their mottled summer coats for the pure white plumage, which enables them to resist the intense cold of an Arctic winter; and the aquatic tribes were gathering together, and commencing those evolutions by which they discipline themselves for their long flights. It may well be supposed that these signs of the dismal and protracted winter's approach were not observed by Flora and Arundel without the most intense and solemn feelings. Their destiny was now closing around them; and wherever their eyes turned, they were met by proofs of the nearing danger. The necessity, however, of now using all dispatch in procuring provisions, since the period when they could be preserved had arrived, prevented Frank from sinking into despondency. On the summit of the mountain which overhung their dwelling, he had erected a pole with a sea-jacket extended at its top, for the purpose of attracting any of the Indians who might be roaming about within sight of it. To this place he had been accustomed almost daily to repair, and cast a longing eye around the neighbouring coasts, and to the wide expanse of ocean which might be seen from it.

It was about their usual hour of rising, one morning in the middle of August, that they were alarmed by the quivering of their rocky dwelling, as if it had been shaken by an earthquake, accompanied by several quick stunning explosions. Running out in the utmost alarm, they saw that several huge pinnacles of the ice-cliff, which, as we have before said, shut in one side of the bay, had been precipitated from the body of the frozen mass into the abyss below. The rending and quivering still continued, and it was evident that what they had for some time anticipated from the undermined state of the iceberg, was to occur,—namely, that the whole of the gigantic mass was about to be rent from its frozen chains and hurled into the ocean. Myriads of sea-fowl flitted through the dim vapour, flying with wild cries of fear from the threatening danger. Each clasped by an arm, Flora and Arundel remained mute and motionless, gazing with emotions of awe and sublimity on the elemental struggle. At each of the terrific explosions wide rents appeared between the rocks and the ice which had adhered to them; splintered fragments flew about in every direction, as if propelled by some deadly engine, until by one mighty and convulsive effort the enormous mass tore itself away from the solid rocks, and, tottering for a moment, at length rushed down into the unfathomable waters with a stunning roar, which shook with successive reverberations the mountains to a distance of many miles. Amid boiling waves and showers of spray and foam, the vast fragment disappeared in the depths of the ocean, tracing its course beneath by the wheeling eddies and ripples on the surface. At length, at a distance of some hundred yards, it emerged, gradually rearing its carved and fretted towers through the vapour, till the sunbeams lit up every graceful line, and it swept with the current on its slow stately and irresistible course. The echoes had scarcely died away in the distant mountains, ere the vapours upon the sea began to rise and fade away under the influence of the sunbeams. The morning was calm, peaceful, and bright,—bearing no mark of the late outrage upon its serenity, save that of the waters gradually sinking to repose, and the receding form of the iceberg.

As they stood gazing upon the subsiding waters, they beheld four boats successively round the point whence the ice-cliff had fallen and make towards them. Three of them were the simple *kayaks*, or canoes of the Esquimaux, formed of seal-skins sewed together, moved with a single oar, by means of which they impelled their little craft with extraordinary swiftness; the other was an *oomiak*, or woman's boat of considerable size, the flat sides and bottom of which were covered with deer-skins. It contained several women and children, besides an old man, whose long white beard, tall frame, and light complexion, showed that he did not belong to any of the Indian tribes. Occupied as Flora and Arundel were with sentiments of the most extravagant joy, they could not but be struck by his venerable and patriarchal appearance, more especially as contrasted with the low, uncouth forms, olive skins, and long straight black hair of the Indians. His manner also was as different from that of his companions as his appearance. As they closed in with the shore, he stretched forth his hands as if giving a benediction, while the wonder which his features displayed seemed chastened by loftier feelings, or repressed perhaps by that tardiness of the sensibilities which sinks upon those who have "grown aged in this world of woe, *so that no wonder waits them.*" The Esquimaux on the other hand made a thousand gestures of surprise and pleasure; they chattered to their companions, then turned, beckoned, and bowed to the two strangers; and, when they perceived them answer with gestures of the same kind, they raised a wild universal scream of delight, beat their breasts, pulled their noses, and jabbered out some uncouth sounds, which were perfectly unintelligible to our friends. At length, having reached the shore, they assisted the old man to land, and then gathered round Flora and Frank with renewed cries, screams, and gestures of pleasure and astonishment. A few words from the old man, spoken in their own tongue, caused them to draw back, and cease their uncouth exclamations. What was the joy of Arundel and his companion to hear themselves, after they had in vain attempted to understand the Danish which he first spoke, addressed in their native language by their venerable deliverer,—for so they already considered him! When they had replied to his questions by giving a brief narrative of the events which had cast them upon the island, he walked aside abstractedly for a brief space; and then, after speaking rapidly to the Esquimaux, who instantly ran to their boats, and began unpacking their portable tents, he sat down on the rocks, beckoning Flora and Arundel to be seated near him. He informed them that he belonged to the Moravian mission, and was endeavouring to spread the blessings of Christianity among the poor people of the north, to whom he had attached himself; that the noise of the falling iceberg had directed the attention of himself and his companions to the spot where they now stood; and that having observed the signal from the top of the mountain, they had coasted along the other side of the streight, to a point from which, allowing for the current, they might reach their wished-for destination. He had been surprised to discover any marks of the island being inhabited, for it had been long abandoned by the natives on account of a grievous malady having many years ago attacked them here, which carried off great numbers. It was therefore with great difficulty he had prevailed on the Indians to come over, so great was their dread of the "land of the scarlet death," as it was called. The families whom he accompanied were part of a roving tribe of Esquimaux, who, during the summer, gained their livelihood by hunting. They were now returning with a quantity of furs and skins of water-fowl for clothing, to their winter-quarters, which lay on the north coast of Hudson's Bay. From the description of the neighbouring countries, Arundel discovered that the island on which they now were must be one of those which cluster round the entrance to this great inland sea of Hudson, and the whole of which, taken collectively, were supposed to form the Meta Incognita of Frobisher, at one time expected to turn out a sort of northern Peru.

CHAPTER VI.

"All's well that ends well."

THE spectacle of the Esquimaux huts and their inhabitants formed a pleasing picture of savage life. Some of the men were plucking moss for beds, others were gone with their nets to catch fish; the women were singing while they lighted their fires or engaged themselves in other domestic employments; and the children were rolling about before the huts, playing with the dogs which formed part of their establishment. The huge fur-dresses, ornamented with stripes of different colours,—the strange appearance of their faces, covered with punctured representations of animals,—their waddling gait, deep olive complexions, and straight black hair hanging about their shoulders, formed a curious picture; while the mountains, sea, and snow, gave wildness and romance to the uncouth groups. On the approach of the old man, they gathered round him, and began all at once to speak to him,—their questions, as their gestures indicated, relating to Flora and Arundel. Notwithstanding their eager curiosity, it was pleasing to see the respect with which they addressed their aged friend, and to mark his quiet smile of benevolence as he strove to answer their multifarious inquiries. To something which he had said to them, they answered by a loud shout of joy; and taking Flora and Arundel by the hand, they led them to one of the tents, and, pressing them down upon a seat, placed their heads under the hands of their new guests. The old man informed his young friends that he had asked the Esquimaux whether they would entertain them during the winter; and this was their reply. A sudden thought struck Frank, that he would be more than able to repay their hospitality; and, going to the cave, he brought forth the parcels of needles, beads, and a few axe-heads, and delivered them into the hands of the old man, to be given as he thought best, to the Indians. The savage shriek of delight which they raised on beholding these immense riches was almost stunning; they danced, they embraced each other, then flung away with the most frantic gestures and cries,—till at length they suddenly sunk into sobriety, and, gathering calmly round, began silently to contemplate the wealth which was spread out before them. The beads and needles were distributed to the women, or laid up in the common stock, and the axe-heads became the property of the men. On being offered a gun, they shut their eyes and stopped their ears, to express their ignorance of its use. Arundel fired it off, and brought down a duck which was crossing above their heads. At the report the women and children fled into the huts, and the men crowded round their venerable pastor in manifest perturbation. One however, bolder than the rest, advanced, and took up the bird, and at sight of its broken and bloody wing set up a wild halloo of exultation. Innumerable, in fact, were the interesting scenes which took place among this untaught people at every fresh display of the superior intelligence of their new friends. But we must pass over the detail.

The next day the whole party left the island, Frank and Flora feeling even a kind of regret at leaving a place rendered sacred by their suffering and their love. For a fortnight they wandered about the neighbouring coasts with the Indians, on their way to their winter-quarters. They had arrived at the entrance of the great streight leading into Hudson's Bay, when the white people of the party, who were in a separate tent, were aroused by a bustle among their Indian friends, and a cry of "Kabloonas! Kabloonas!" Returning to the place where the Esquimaux were assembled, Flora and Arundel beheld, to their inexpressible delight, a large frigate at anchor in a deep bight within a mile of them. Signals were hoisted and guns fired to attract the attention of the strangers, and in a few minutes they had the pleasure of seeing a boat let down the side and come towards them. The vessel proved to be one of a small fleet of French frigates, which, in pursuance of the vain attempts of Napoleon Bonaparte to break the maritime resources of Britain, had been despatched to these seas for the purpose of destroying as many of the whalers and fur-traders as possible. The crews had been ordered direct from the West Indies, where they had formerly been cruising, to Davis' Straits, and were in a wretched state for want of the necessary clothing to resist the rigors of the climate. It is unnecessary to state that the romance and the gallantry of the French officers being interested in the sufferings of Arundel and his companion, they received a welcome permission to return to Europe, with the promise of every comfort which the circumstances of their entertainers could procure.

The sun had been for some time beneath the horizon, when they left the huts, and proceeded to the boat, accompanied by their Indian friends, who seemed much affected at losing their gentle guests. The night was perfectly clear, and a few stars had stolen into the sky after their long banishment during the Polar summer. The old man, observing the distress of his young friends, spoke to them in a cheerful tone, blessed them, and bade them be happy together.

On board the French frigate there was a good deal of insubordination on account of the hardships to which the half-clad men were exposed,—much blaspheming, and a most abominable smell of garlic. The word "*sacre*" seemed breathed from every recess in the ship, or rather the surrounding atmosphere seemed spontaneously to utter it.

The captain was precisely such a personage as is in Love's Labour Lost described in the character of one intituled, nominated, or called "Don Adriano de Armado."—"His humour was lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He was too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too perigrinate, as I may call it." Nevertheless, though he could scarcely help discovering this character to his guests, whom as English people he hated with all the national hatred which existed between the two nations in the earlier part of the present century, yet he could not but yield to the charms of Flora and the gentlemanly demeanour of Arundel the courtesy which their situation demanded.

The frigate, called the Blanche, was now about to cross Davis' Straits, keeping as much as possible in the track of the returning whale-ships. After cruising about for some time without success, they at length fell in with two whalers bearing down towards them under a press of sail. These vessels sometimes carried a considerable number of guns, and preparations were therefore made for the struggle which might probably take place. The Blanche was disguised like a free trader, and displayed English colours. The whale-ships therefore approached without anticipating danger, when a shot struck the water before the bows of one of them, and, skipping from wave to wave, at length buried itself in an iceberg some hundred yards to leeward. She immediately hauled up to the wind, and, without taking in a single cloth, dashed into a stream of ice, and was presently out of all danger, boring away through immense pieces where the unfortified bows of the frigate would have been bulged in an instant. A shot which struck through the bulwark, and snapped the wheel-ropes of the other vessel, prevented her from following her companion, and for a brief period placed her in imminent danger of being thrown on her beam-ends. Another shot, fired rather to intimidate than do any injury, boomed above the heads of the crew of the whaler, passing through the main-top-sail in its course. Resistance would have been madness; flight was now impossible, and they instantly struck. In a few minutes an officer's boat from the Blanche lay at their side.

During the bustle which succeeded the discovery of the whalers, Arundel had remained below, for it could be by no means grateful for him to look on calmly, and see the lives or property of his countrymen destroyed without being able to stir in their defence. Now, however, that the business of the hour was concluded, he went on deck, and beheld, to his great surprise, that the captured vessel was no other than the Labrador. Her depth in the water proved that they were well fished; a fact which the huge whales' tails hung over her side corroborated. Arundel instantly informed the captain that this was the vessel in which he had come to the country, and that it still contained a considerable amount of treasure, the private property of the lady under his protection. Captain Achillé Danton bowed low at this announcement, but said that " his duty obliged him to leave the future destination of the property to the French authorities, who he had no doubt would respect the interests of a young lady so distinguished for her charms."—Again Captain Achillé Danton bowed, and then 'stately strode away.' Frank however received permission to go on board the Labrador, and secure the books which had been left, as well as the dresses which Flora so much needed. As he stepped on the deck of the whaler he was greeted by involuntary cries of pleasure and surprise, and a thrusting forth of many horny hands by the crew; who, even amid their present reverses, could not but feel a deep and joyful interest in the preservation of him whom they had seen last in the very jaws of destruction. Arundel saw that the smuggler crew who had been left on the shores of the inlet were there; and a few questions gained him the information that the Labrador had succeeded in getting hold of the land during the fog, and rescuing Captain Bellamy and his companions.

There was little time however to exchange histories, for pistol-shots suddenly resounded from the cabin, and a noise of struggling succeeded. Arundel darted down the companion-ladder, calling on some of the boat's crew to follow him. He there beheld a scene, to account for which we must give a few words of brief explanation.

When the miscreant Bellamy, having been foiled in his diabolical intentions respecting Flora, was left on the shores of the inlet with the smuggler crew, he coined a story, which his companions, on their being picked up a day or two after by a boat from the ship, swore lustily to the truth of. It went to charge Arundel and Black Bill with the deepest treachery in leaving them there to perish. Though this tale never received credit from the crew of the Labrador, still, as they had no evidence to the contrary, they were obliged to smother their suspicions. From this time Bellamy had been almost continually intoxicated,—and had at the same time won over his harpooners, who live in an apartment near the cabin, entirely to his interest. At the time that the French officer took possession of the Labrador, Bellamy was, as usual, in a state of besotted drunkenness. He gave up the keys of his lockers, &c. to the officer, and, while his men were rummaging for plunder, sat glaring on them with an appearance of idiocy. But when they burst open his trunk and discovered the large bag of doubloons belonging to Flora, he had slipped out unnoticed to his harpooners, while the Frenchmen were examining their prize, and, by promising to divide the whole sum among his men, prevailed on them to attempt the massacre of the captors with their lances. Maddened with the loss of their voyage, embittered against the foe who had taken them, and deeming it still possible to escape the frigate by boring through the ice, some of the men accepted the offer, and, rushing out armed with their deadly weapons, attacked the Frenchmen, who, taken by surprise, had been well-nigh all despatched. It was at this moment that Frank entered the cabin:—two or three of the crew of the Blanche lay on the floor amid pools of blood, which had flowed from the ghastly wounds made by the weapons of the harpooners, while one or two of their own number had been stretched on the ground by the pistol-shots. The remainder had come to close quarters, and, struggling furiously, were giving and taking stabs with terrific rapidity. In one corner of the cabin upon the contents of a chest, the lid of which had been broken in, stood Bellamy; he had a large carving-knife in one hand, the arm of which was grasped firmly by the French officer, and held innocuous aloft. The wretch's eyes were reeling with rage and intoxication, and his teeth gnashed together in impotent rage, as he attempted to drive down the weapon into the bosom of his foe. The moment Arundel entered, his features underwent a change, from the extremity of rage to that of the most abject terror. The knife dropped from his relaxed grasp, a deadly lividity shot into his features, and muttering "The dead risen against me!" he fell utterly insensible upon the floor. The struggle was soon concluded by those of the boat's crew, who had followed Arundel, cutting down with their cutlasses the harpooners that still wrestled with their comrades; and then the affair being investigated, and found to arise from the treachery of Bellamy alone, an account of it was transmitted to the captain of the Blanche. The order brought back was that Bellamy should be run up to the yard-arm, the remainder of the crew brought on board the frigate, and the Labrador burnt. These orders were presently executed;—the seamen disposed themselves with their chests and hammocks in their own boats, and pulled sullenly away to their prison; the ship was set fire to in various places, and then the wretch Bellamy brought up bound to suffer the death he so well merited.

Terror had now sobered him, and it was plain that he was to die with all the tortures which the inevitable certainty of his fate, combined with fearful remorse for his past crimes, could inflict. As the unhappy man was dragged along the deck, his abject and haggard visage worked in hideous convulsions, and he struggled to stretch out his pinioned arms to clutch any thing which might for a moment arrest his approaching fate. Frank, without knowing it, was standing beneath the very spot where the noose dangled to receive the miserable victim. At first the terror-stricken wretch seemed to think that the spectre of the man to whom he had bequeathed a grave in the waters had arisen to revenge his death by executing the sentence of his murderer. His cries while under the influence of this delusion were terrific. But becoming at length satisfied that it was a living man who stood before him, he grasped his knees, and, while the men were pulling down the cord and fitting it round his neck, continued to retain his hold, and to plead in the wildest and most dastardly manner for his life. Sickened by the loathsome and yet awful spectacle, Arundel had not energy to fling away from the miserable man, but answered his maniac entreaties for mercy by recommending him to pray to God, whose mercy could only avail him any thing.

The ship was now abandoned to the flames, which began to spread rapidly. The night however fell pitchy dark before the fire seized on the immense quantity of inflammable matter which she contained. At length the flames burst out in vast volumes, showing for a time the spars, shrouds, and ropes of the Labrador, and with fearful distinctness displaying the corpse of the wretched Bellamy waving above the fiery gulf. Presently the flames enveloped the rigging, the rope by which the body was suspended gave way, and it disappeared among the burning ruins. It was an awful and sublime spectacle to see the rolling waves dyed with that red light, as if an ocean of blood were heaving around the flaming ship,—and to see the huge icebergs lit up throughout all their fantastic forms with the lurid illumination. The hissing and crackling of the fire, and the seething of the boiling oil as it mingled with the water, could be distinctly heard, interrupted now and then by the crash of the various spars as they yielded to the influence of the flames. Before the morning she had burnt down to the water's edge, and lay a blackened and mutilated hulk upon the sea.

The captain of the Blanche now determined on leaving the country, and seeking the rendezvous appointed for the French ships on this service. His weak and sickly crew gladly obeyed the command to "bear up the helm for *la belle France;*" and Flora and Arundel, satisfied of meeting with kind treatment, even in an enemy's country, also joyfully heard the order given. Our tale is near a conclusion; but we have one more instance of the vicissitude of fortune to give, before we can lay down our pen, and leave our hero and heroine to the happiness which they merited.

The French squadron had been, as we have before said, despatched direct from the West Indies to Davis' Straits, no one but the principal officers being aware of their destination till they were in the latitude of 60° north. Notwithstanding, however, the profound secrecy with which the affair was executed, the British government became acquainted with it—in time, if not to preserve the property of its subjects from destruction, at least to punish its destroyers. A fleet was despatched to intercept the French vessels on their return; and so well were their plans laid, and so correct their information, that not one of the enemy's ships escaped. The English force was overpowering: with the disabled ships and sickly crews of the French, resistance would have been madness; so, instead of carrying their laurels and their prisoners into France, they pulled down their colours, shrugged up their shoulders, made some philosophic reflections on the fortune of war, and, with the inimitable grace which not even defeat and chagrin can drive from a Frenchman, they yielded themselves up to the foe. The Blanche struck to a frigate and a gun-brig, which had for some days previously been lying in wait for her. From the quarter-deck of the smaller vessel Arundel observed an officer fling a spy-glass, through which he had been examining the prize, into the water, and wondered whether accident or astonishment had occasioned so strange an action. A few minutes however had scarcely elapsed, when he was accosted by a midshipman from the gun-brig, who gave his captain's respects, coupled with a request that the English on board the Blanche would favour him with their society. Though surprised at this early mark of courtesy, Arundel took leave of his French friends, and accompanied by Flora was rowed to the English vessel. He was ushered into the cabin, and the next moment was clasped in the arms of Harry Hollyoak! The doubt, the fear, and the rapture of certainty which followed in Arundel's breast, must be left to the imagination. He put back the form of his friend, and scanned for a few moments his features at arm's-length;—yes! it was the same frank, laughing, kind-hearted Harry, whom he had loved so well in the sunny days of boyhood, and whose blood had so long hung heavy on his soul. And Frank, as he again clasped his recovered friend to his heart, felt the gloom fade away from his spirit like the vapours of the morning; and lo! there again lay the past, pleasant as of yore, and there extended the joyful future, bright and beautiful as in his early dreams.

Few words sufficed to explain the causes of the happy meeting. Notwithstanding his great loss of blood, Hollyoak's wound had proved to be unattended with danger, requiring beefsteaks and port wine as the chief medicines. He had learnt Arundel's route from Rhimeson, and had succeeded in being appointed to one of the vessels despatched to intercept the French squadron,—though of course without the most remote hope of such a fortuitous combination of circumstances as had occurred.

The rapidity of Hollyoak's explanation was interrupted by his eyes for the first time falling on the figure of Flora, who, unwilling to disturb the emotions of the friends, had sunk down on a seat in a corner of the apartment. Harry's wide-opened eye asked a question as plain as a note of interrogation. Arundel, promising him the story at a future time, introduced her as his wife. "Ah!" said Harry, as he cast a glance of admiration at Flora's flushing cheek, "to this complexion must we come at last;" and then whispered something about Harriet in Frank's ear, which he returned by a glance of perfect affection, and a warm grasp of the young sailor's hand.

A month after this time, Burncliff House (Arundel's family seat) displayed a gay and happy scene. It was on that day that Arundel was united to Flora. It was no tocherless bride whom he brought into the bosom of his family. Her right to her uncle's property had been recognised by law, and on her wedding-day she presented her husband with a title to £100,000. The thoughts of both, during the ceremony, involuntarily wandered to the scene of their first vows, and the celestial symbol before which they were uttered. So sudden, so complete was the change which a few short months had produced in their destiny, that they felt as walking in a dream. But it was a dream from which there was a pleasant waking; namely, that occasioned by Hollyoak (who was at the same time united to Harriet) showering, with the reckless profusion of a sailor, a hatful of silver among the villagers at the church porch. The whole crew of the Labrador were there, every one of whom had been indemnified for the loss of his voyage, and an extra gratuity given to those who rescued Flora from the wreck. The hardy tars mingled jovially among the villagers; and so pleasant had some of them found their rustic partners, that two or three weddings were knocked up on the spot. There were tables spread on the lawn, for the day, though cold, was clear and bright; and roast beef and October ale were liberally distributed on all comers: and the officers of the Blanche frigate, being released on their parole, mingled in the dance at night with as much ease and gaiety as if in their native land.

EVE'S ADDRESS TO ADAM.*

(*Paraphrase from Milton.*)

Thus answer'd Eve in that soft dreamy light—
"My author and disposer, I obey
Whate'er thou bidst—this is my chief delight;
God is thy law, my faith to thee I pay:
This is my happiest knowledge—to display
Unbounded trust in thee, Lord of my heart!
With thee conversing, time flies fast away;
Seasons may change, night come, and day depart;
From all created things—I worship thee apart.

"Glorious is all the world,—sweet is the morn,
Sweet is her odorous breath and rosy light;
Pleasant the sun, when his first beams adorn
Herb, tree, and flower,—sparkling with dew-drops bright:
Fragrant the earth, that smiles with glad delight
After soft showers;—and sweet is evening mild
With this the silver moon,—and sweet is night
With these her gems,—and the lone bird, sweet child
Of music, warbling to its mate its love-notes wild.

"But neither is the morn, nor rising sun,
Nor this bright land, nor herbs, nor fruits, nor flowers,
Nor charm of earliest birds, whose songs forerun
The herald of the day,—nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening, mild, with silent hours,—
Nor walk by moon or trembling star-light sweet,—
Nor yet the solemn bird, who lonely pours
Her thrilling lays,—nor night with downy feet;—
Without thee these were death,—but with thee bliss complete."

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* It is our intention to give occasional paraphrases of some of the unnumbered beauties of Milton, in order to attract attention to their "divine" originals. It is indeed a gratifying sign of the times to observe that the public taste seems to be veering towards the healthy and vigorous productions of our earlier poets. Many thanks are due to "Blackwood" on this score.—Ed. M.

THE TWIN SISTERS;

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY OF 1832.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

CHAPTER I.

" Virtue is like precious odours—most fragrant when they are crush'd or incensed ; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue."—BACON.

THE trials and triumphs of virtue in the humbler spheres of life have had but few chroniclers. The moralist and the historian have erred almost as widely in their delineation of character when viewed in the lowest ranks of society, as the novelist and the writer of romance. Reality has little to do in either case. A picture is sketched, and coloured, not after Nature, but according to the fancy of the limner. Little is to be seen but masses of light and shadow : the traits of character must not, however, be sought in either extreme, but rather in the neutral tints between them.

James Asper had fallen a victim to one of those sudden convulsions or earthquakes in the commercial world, to which it is liable. The disastrous year of 1825 had broken up all establishments founded upon ruinous speculation and paper currency ; and amongst these Asper had fallen. He was a proud and a selfish man ; and in place of vigorously exercising his energies, to retrieve his dilapidated condition, he meanly absconded, leaving his family to the tender mercies of a host of incensed creditors. The result needs hardly be told. His wife with her two children received the shelter of a wintry hospitality beneath the roof of a relation of her own. She had loved her husband, and doated upon her children : beyond the affections of a wife and mother, however, her capabilities did not extend. She was fitted to make no efforts for their support or her own ; and yielding to the vexation and irksomeness to which she was now doomed, she fretted and plagued herself and friends to such a degree, that at length she was harshly dismissed, and thrown upon the wide world helpless as an infant. A wretched asylum was offered to her by a woman who had formerly lived with her as servant, and was thankfully accepted. It was not long needed ; she pined and drooped, and, though labouring under no describable disease, in a few months died.

Her orphan children, for orphans in every sense of the word they were, were received into the workhouse ; and here they were shortly joined by their aged grandmother. Thus, from a high pinnacle of comfort and supposed wealth, the innocent children, and their equally innocent grandmother, were plunged almost at once into the most humiliating state to which man can be reduced,—entire dependence upon others for his daily support.

Anne and Jane Asper were twins ; and two more lovely and delightful children, or creatures more worthy of a better fate, were never seen. Exquisitely and delicately beautiful, they were, when seen gliding amidst the coarser forms around them, in comparison

". . . . . Bright,
With something of an angel light—"

They were very models of graceful girlhood. Their early life had been spent in the acquirement of all those little embellishments that the age is susceptible of. They had been most carefully nurtured; and the heart must have been a hard one which had seen them in a situation so totally foreign to all their habits, without grieving for such fair and apparently fragile flowers, rudely transplanted into a soil so little likely even for their existence. The plastic spirit of youth will, however, accommodate itself to almost any change; and the two little girls lived, and after a short time seemed even to enjoy themselves in their new abode.

They were strangely alike; so perfect was their outward resemblance, that it is questionable if any one who saw them was certain of their individual identity. Their similitude was not merely physical. The same moral character developed itself: the same general tone of thinking, and consequently of acting, still farther served to strengthen the uncertainty. Neither did the children themselves seem conscious of a separate existence, but were in turn both Annes, and both Janes; and this having been the case from the earliest period to which memory could reach, had probably produced this singularity in their minds.

At the time of their mother's death they were within a few weeks of being nine years of age. As they grew older, they became, if possible, still more beautiful. Though meanly clad, their early habits of neatness and cleanliness had remained with them, assisted powerfully by the exertions and constant attention of their grandmother. The remembrance of what station they had once held clung to her; and as their personal appearance was the sole remaining fragment of their ruined fortunes, she sedulously strove to prevent them in these respects from sinking down to the level of the other inmates of the house. These efforts had the very best effects upon them: cleanliness, as it ever does, produced personal regard from others, and kept alive within themselves a self-respect, which was shown by a decorous behaviour, a propriety of demeanour, an unfailing attendance to their various duties, and most especially by a desire of acquiring such information as was afforded by the school.

A singular change about this period occurred in the character of the grandmother. At the time of her son's failure, the shock seemed almost to have overpowered her faculties. She sunk into a state of apathy, which rendered her careless or unconscious; and, after being tossed from one friend to another, had joined the children in the workhouse, without any expression of sympathy or regret. As the two beautiful flowers sprung up before her, though the decrepitude of premature old age had already bowed down her form, a development of all her original cultivated and affectionate qualities took place, and became of the most signal benefit to their best interests.

She now watched over them with the zealous fondness of a parent from whom fate has wrenched much that was dearest, and exercised all her ingenuity with unwearied energy to fit them for emerging from their present dependent position to a more honourable and reputable rank in society. The gentle creatures, now thirteen years old, had learnt to appreciate her intentions, and seconded them with all the earnestness of spirits deeply sensible of their degradation, and filled with the most anxious wish to escape from it.

They were after a time eminently successful. Their needle, and a rare tact possessed by Jane for colouring outline-drawings and maps, enabled them to earn a sufficiency for all their humble wants and expectations. When little more than fifteen, the twin sisters removed to a small cottage, carrying with them their grandmother, for whom both girls felt the warmest and most devoted attachment.

CHAPTER II.

> "Like as the gentle heart itself betrays
> By doing gentle deeds with frank delight—
> Even so the baser mind itself displays
> By cancred malice and revengeful spite."
>
> SPENSER'S FAERY QUEEN.

A sister's love, when exercised upon a sister, is the purest passion of the human heart. The intercourse between them is the nearest approach to sanctity which humanity can attain. How lamentable then is it, that the petty jealousies of the domestic circle so rarely permit its display!—how deplorable that an erroneous system of education too generally breaks up and disorganizes the best sympathies of the female heart!

Anne and Jane Asper presented one of the most exquisite pictures of sister's love. The chords of their feelings were in such strict and perpetual unison, that no jar was ever felt. No cloud for a moment dimmed the purity, the radiance of their holy affection. Their sympathies, their passions, their wishes, were so intermingled, so intimately mixed up, that separately neither of them thought or acted. The same extraordinary likeness still remained, though now in their early womanhood, for they were seventeen years old. Two years had been passed in the cottage, and their life had been during that time one of unmingled happiness. An incident now occurred, destined to blight, and for a time totally destroy, the calm felicity which had so long overshadowed them—of a nature so unexpected, that for a while it appeared but as a dream, till its painful reality was impressed in undying characters on their memories.

A glorious day in the middle of June had been succeeded by an equally glorious evening. The large ash-trees crowning the summit of the gorge in which the cottage stood were brought out in strong relief against a sky of surpassing beauty. The sun was just disappearing below the horizon, and the light clouds hovering in the heavens were richly tinged with every hue, from golden yellow to the deepest crimson, gradually changing their tints, as tier above tier they formed a magnificent architecture glowing with the most brilliant colours, like a vast temple built of the most costly jewels. The twilight was already deepening in the valley, but the tree tops on the surrounding summits were still waving in the horizontal beams of the departing luminary. The twin sisters were sitting in the open air before the door of their cottage, in company with their grandmother, now very infirm, enjoying the splendid prospect, and inhaling the odorous breathings of several large sycamores and beech-trees, and gladdened by the hum of the crowds of insects that were sporting in the evening breeze. They had sat for some time silent, and had occasionally heard the sound of footsteps, as if pacing to and fro, along the narrow beaten track which led to their cottage. This had excited no surprise, as the valley was the favourite haunt of more than one visitor, who sought it for its complete quietude and its entire seclusion. Suddenly, however, the steps advanced, and a man was seen approaching, whose exterior was exceedingly unprepossessing. He walked up the path, opened the little gate hastily which separated them from the road, and stood before the astonished and alarmed group. He was clothed in tattered habiliments, and supposing him to be a beggar, though he made no gesture indicative of such a calling, Jane offered to him a few pence, which she had hurriedly taken from her pocket: the sinister expression of the man's face deepened into a scowl, and, thrusting away her proffered donation, he exclaimed, "Wretched girl! is it thus you receive your father?" A cry of fear and surprise broke from her as she gazed upon him, and the grandmother came forward as fast as her feebleness would permit, saying—

"It is his voice! my son, my son! but," pausing as she came near him, "strangely, fearfully altered."

"I am indeed their father!" said the man; but made no effort to support his tottering mother, who, overcome by her emotions and alarms, was nearly falling. Both girls hastened to her assistance; both were weeping; yet the stern and unkind tone and bearing of the man who stood before them, calling himself their father, prevented their throwing themselves at his feet. Sneering bitterly, he walked forward and entered the house, closing the door forcibly behind him.

James Asper was indeed returned, but he was returned a gloomy and desperate man. What his pursuits had been, and how he had lived during the last seven years, is not known; but they had hardened his heart, and dried up all the springs of his affections. Had he come as a father, his two angel daughters would have loved,—nay, worshipped him. Strange that he could look upon their surprising loveliness, and his heart remain unmoved—strange that he could see his aged and weeping mother, and his stubborn coldness not relent! The terrified and confounded group remained for a considerable time in the fast-glooming night, not daring to enter their home, so terrible had been the shock his appearance had given them. To their repeated questions their grandmother only answered by mournfully shaking her head, and weeping: at length she spoke in a low troubled voice:

"Alas! my dear children, that it should be so; but I grieve to say, it is your father. Often have I prayed to Him who has so bountifully blessed us, that I might once more see my son before I died. Sinful creature that I was, to wish for any thing beyond what I possessed. And now he has come, and I feel it to be the greatest misfortune which could have happened to us. I know that he is my son, but he is a fearful man."

Rising slowly from her chair, she entered the cottage, followed by the timid and weeping girls. She spoke to him again, and spoke to him in a kind voice; but his answers were brief and harsh. Asking for food, he ate voraciously. When the light of the candle fell upon his face, its expressions told of bad passions, and its furrows of care and mental struggles. It was gaunt, and grizzled with hair; and as he looked upon his daughters, they shrunk beneath his gaze, and quailed before him. To their infinite relief, he shortly demanded a bed, to which he retired, and left them to ruminate on his abrupt and unnatural manners.

The twin sisters could scarcely be said ever to have felt the love of a father. In their infancy he had rarely shown them marks of kindness: ever proud and selfish, he had not mingled in their sports, or spent his time in those endearments, the memory of which binds itself round the heart of childhood. He had disappeared at an age too early for an attachment to be formed upon other grounds, and their subsequent trials and sufferings had effaced all traces of him from their minds. Still the very name of father would have acted as a talisman to unlock all the hidden fountains of their filial love and reverence, had he approached in any shape but in that of a stern and fierce man, who gave no sign that they were to him more dear than if they had been utter strangers, but rather treated them with harshness, bordering upon an appearance of disgust and hatred.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, cast thou not
Affection from thee! in this bitter world
Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast—
Watch—guard it—suffer not a breath to dim
The bright gem's purity."

On the morning of the following day the twin sisters arose, with a settled determination to make every effort to soften the rugged temper of their father, which they had reasoned themselves into the belief must have arisen from his misfortunes: this determination had restored their confidence, and they prepared breakfast, and waited almost impatiently for his appearance, in order that they might enter on their new duties. If the night had produced this consoling change in their minds, it had entirely failed in changing to a correspondent extent the bearing of James Asper. That he awoke somewhat soothed after a sound sleep, cannot be denied; but the gloom speedily thickened around his depraved heart, and, spite of the smiles and even the name of father, which greeted him, he retained the same stern and abstracted manner. The chill of disappointment, when they saw how vain were all their endeavours, fell witheringly on the agitated spirits of the twin sisters. Day wore on—but all their efforts were unavailing to bring forth a single demonstration that he felt and appreciated their efforts. Towards evening he suddenly called Jane. The frightened girl hastened to him, as it was the first time he had addressed them by name; and, though she came tremblingly, she trusted that surely *now* a change was coming over him. She was doomed to be bitterly disappointed. In a tone, if possible, more harsh than he had as yet spoken, he asked for money. Her stock was small, but it was immediately surrendered. Abruptly leaving the house without any intimation as to whether he should return or not, it can excite no surprise that they devoutly prayed that he might not come back, or that he might return an altered man. The experience of one day had been sufficient to show how completely his presence would blast all their hopes and ruin all their comfort. The grandmother had done little but sit weeping all day. Several times she had spoken to him, and his answers had been uniformly brief and unkind. To all his departure was a relief, and they immediately set about their usual employments. Hour after hour passed away, and their buoyant spirits were recovering from the depression which they had undergone. Night came, and as the twin sisters retired to their common bed, they wept on each other's bosom, from the knowledge that such a father should have discovered them in their happy retirement.

The balmy sleep of innocence had long sealed their eyelids, when they were disturbed by the impatient knocking of the fiend-father. Terrified by an occurrence so unusual, they clasped each other still closer, not daring to rise; and it was not till they heard the window of their grandmother's room opened which overlooked the door, and listened to her voice chiding the intruder, that a sense of their situation broke upon them. Jane then hastily arose. Her grandmother was entreating and beseeching her father to depart in peace. Oaths, execrations, and threatenings were her only answer, and the horrified girl descended to admit him. If not intoxicated, he was in a state bordering upon it,—at least in charity let it be so supposed. With coarse and brutal epithets he loaded his unoffending and shrinking child; and leaving him at length, she rushed into her sister's arms, and eased her bursting heart by a flood of tears.

Day after day the same scenes were repeated. Urgent and incessant demands for money were made upon them. With unceasing industry they devoted themselves to its acquisition; and giving up their customary walks and relaxations, they laboured incessantly to satisfy his cravings. All was in vain: "give, give," was the cry that ever met the anxious girls. Day was soon insufficient, and the night, or a considerable part of it, was often spent in their efforts.

These exertions, joined with their constant unhappiness, soon produced their effects: Anne drooped, became pale, melancholy, and desponding—

"Like a fair flower o'ercharged with dew, she wept,"

as their cruel taskmaster urged on their labours relentlessly, untouched even by these evidences of over-wrought strength. The struggles they had made to reconcile themselves to his presence might have proved eventually successful, spite even of his unkindness; but when they were toiling by day and by night, and found no thanks, no spark of human kindness, bitter feelings were now largely mixed up with their fears of him. He entered into no conversation with them, no detail of his or their past life, none of his or their present or future prospects, but moved in and about the house like some evil spirit, coming and going they knew not whence nor whither.

Jane, who had hitherto borne up, now felt doubly miserable as she looked upon her sister: her woman's soul was roused, and, addressing her father, she implored him to have pity upon them: she knelt in her young beauty before him, clasped his knees, and from lips on which

"Persuasion dwelt,
And the fresh sweetness of the vernal hours,"

prayed that he would cease his constant demands—demands too great for their utmost efforts to supply, and implored him to look at his withering child and have compassion. He listened coldly. Rising from her suppliant posture, with kindling eyes she declared, that if the same conduct were continued, they would again have recourse to that asylum to which his barbarity had once before driven them. After breaking the heart of their mother, she told him, he had come upon them as a blight, and had ruined and destroyed a happiness which, without him, they might have long continued to enjoy. He rose and left the house without answering her appeal. Retribution was, however, at hand; the punishment for his wanton destruction of so much pure enjoyment was hovering over him.

CHAPTER IV.

"Condole thee here . . . .
With silence only, and a dying bed."
DANIEL'S ROSAMOND.

The tyrant father remained away two days, and the sisters were indulging the fond expectation that they were at last freed from an oppression so unmerited and so strangely unnatural. Poor girls! their grief and shame, great as they were, would have been redoubled, could their innocent hearts have even conceived how he was wasting their hard-won earnings. On the evening of the second day he again came, to their great sorrow,—again came, fiend-like, to disturb their peace: but he appeared ill, and immediately retired. Imputing it to the exhaustion of continued inebriation, no pity was felt or expressed, and the twin sisters remained grieving silently and plying their tasks. After a time they were disturbed by loud groans, as of one in great agony, proceeding from the room occupied by their father: starting up, under the influence of charitable feeling, they both went to him: he lay writhing on the bed, with convulsed limbs, distorted features, and eyes that glared in the dim light with a demoniac expression. Terrified past speaking, they hurried away, and Jane immediately left the cottage to seek assistance. The medical man living in the village accompanied her back. During her absence, which had been very short, his groans had continued, and had frightened her sister away, who was standing at the gate anxiously expecting her. The gentleman immediately went forward, and after an interval of a few minutes returned, saying that he was labouring under *the cholera.* They had heard enough of this disease to make its very name dreadful. He declared to them that, as they valued their own existence, they must instantly leave the cottage, and that he would send a person to take care of their father. Under ordinary circumstances this was a recommendation they would have spurned, but the fearful man and the fearful disease made them at once accede to it. Without returning to the cottage, they sought a temporary home beneath the roof of one of the villagers. Some difficulty was experienced in finding a person who would attend upon Asper: the terror of the disease hindered all the more respectable matrons or nurses from offering their services, and a woman was engaged who occasionally watched by the bedside of death amongst the lowest and most destitute portion of the community.

James Asper was thus left alone for two hours: night had plunged his solitary room in darkness, while the disease in its most frightful and fatal form was rapidly making destructive ravages upon his iron frame. Wretched, miserable man! what thoughts must have crowded through thy seared brain when the hand of the avenging angel was pressing heavily upon thee! Did repentance for thy untold crimes come over thy spirit in that dreadful hour? Did scalding tears of penitence evince thy remorse for the half-broken hearts of thy children, who had drooped before thy unpitying eye like lilies whose stems had been bruised by the thunder-storm? or did thy heart, clad in its armour of vice and selfishness, remain untouched by thy miserable and deserted condition? Unheard by human ears were thy groans, unheeded thy cries of agony; and thy prayers, if any were uttered by thee, were wasted upon the night air, unanswered save by their own echoes.

His nurse at last came,—fit nurse for such a disease,—fit nurse for such a depraved man! Stumbling up stairs, she groped around the room for the bed, having neglected to furnish herself with light or any means of procuring it—she was intoxicated. Yielding to a customary vice, under the excuse that it was necessary to keep away the plague, she had spent the gratuity which had been given to her, and the time she should have passed with the sick man, in swallowing deep potations of brandy, which were fast bringing on total drunkenness. The struggling and groaning of Asper had been suspended by a momentary interval of ease. She came muttering up to him, and, rudely seizing him, offered, in place of the medicine, a portion of her own stimulant, which she had brought with her. The dying man eagerly swallowed it, and his failing faculties were partially roused. Pushing her hand away, which still rested on his chest, he raised the idiotic anger of the inebriated woman, who poured upon him a shower of maledictions, which sounded in the dark room, mingled as they were with his renewed groans, like the ravings of a fiend. He vainly strove to rise for the purpose of ejecting her, if with no worse intention. He was chained to his bed, however, by the icy hand of rapidly approaching death. Having exhausted her strength or her eloquence, she sat down upon the bedside, and speedily sunk into drunken sleep, throwing herself directly across his body. Writhing with all the desperation of a fierce heart yet untamed, he strove to remove her. He was become feeble as an infant: his hands vainly essayed to drag her away, or to wake her: throwing himself back, it seemed to him as if the whole world might be pressing upon his convulsed chest. She lay torpid, almost dead, stretched over the agonized man, and accelerating his certain destruction. Curses and invocations of pity reached her not. In accents weak from the disease, and half-choked by her pressure, he whispered in a thick and panting voice, "In pity, in mercy, awake! arise! I am choking! dying! have compassion, horrible woman! Hell and furies! I lie like a crushed snake; yet I cannot clutch her! my arms are pinioned by some invisible fiend:—hence! leave me! let me but grasp her for a moment! She is killing me! Save me! my children! my wife! Oh God! I am suffocating!"

He was answered only by the apoplectic snoring of the intoxicated and insensible woman. His whispering became inaudible, but his torture seemed to increase. As her chest rose and fell, some vast engine appeared to be at work, which threatened at every stroke to crush him to atoms. Stirred by some internal uneasiness, she slightly changed her position, and one of her arms fell upon his face, partially obstructing his already imperfect respiration. His feeble struggles would have served as easily to have removed a mountain: he was fast dying, but his intellect remained clear, and his sensations unimpaired. Gasping—tortured—choking—his struggles became weaker and weaker: at last he lay still;—one violent and convulsive effort, and he was dead!

In this state they were found early in the morning by the medical man, the still sleeping and stupified nurse resting upon the livid and blackened corpse of James Asper.

The twin sisters, though shocked by such a sudden and awful mortality, felt no sorrow; but their pure hearts grieved that he should have been removed, unrepentant and unfitted as he was, for appearing before Him whose hand had again, they piously believed, manifested itself in their behalf. They never returned to the cottage, but at once removed to a small house in the immediate outskirts of a neighbouring town, where they are now living, equally loved and beloving. They have fully recovered their beauty; and though a shadow caused by the memory of the sad event, which had so cruelly blighted their happiness for a time, occasionally passes over their fair faces, they are the most joyous of the joyous, the most happy of the happy.

A. de T———.

THE LAIRD O' M'NAB.

The Laird o' M'Nab,—he is stalwart and stout,
He 's the wonder and wale o' the land round about;
For a hero a Greek,—for an heiress a grab;
Have you never heard tell o' the Laird o' M'Nab?

The big Irish giant was slender and slim,
Goliah of Gath but a pigmy to him:
The brawny M'Gregor, the red-headed Rab
An infant, in fact—to the Laird o' M'Nab.

Just look to his legs,—round each sinewy calf
He measures, good measure, a foot and a half;
Round the calf of the *whole*,—I have heard in confab,
A greater ne'er grazed than the Laird o' M'Nab.

His eye would set fire to the Thames or the sea,
His oily voice wile the wild bird from the tree;
For the eloquent eye and the gift o' the gab,
There ne'er was the like o' the Laird o' M'Nab.

No chief of Clan Alpine hath ever display'd
A figure so fit for the plume and the plaid;
E'en in water-proof beaver,—and doublet of drab—
Irresistible still is the Laird o' M'Nab!

So powerful a frame, and so perfect a form,
Ne'er bore 'gainst the blast,—ne'er stood to the storm;
So knitted by nature in waft and in wab,
Yet so polished by art—as the Laird o' M'Nab.

Wherever he treads there 's a groan from the ground;
When he dances,—the very stone-walls shake around;
He 's a lift for a crane,—he 's a load for a cab,
The broad, brawny fallow,—the Laird o' M'Nab.

He 's a man,—if the women but look on, they love,
And sore hearts are sighing in glen and in grove.
There is one I could name, if a body might blab,
Is dying of love for the Laird o' M'Nab!

For accomplishments, ladies! what more could you wish?
He can dance like a bear, he can drink like a fish;
He can smoke, he can snuff, and of pigtail a dab
Ever soaks in the delicate cheek of M'Nab!

M'Nab before Noah tracks six score of sires,
Counts kin with dukes, marquises, barons, and squires.
Let the Border Buccleugh vaunt his doughty dad Hab,
There were hundreds like him—in the line of M'Nab!

Where lie his possessions, so fertile and fair?
In the island of *Skye* and the county of *Ayr*.
Their heritage held since the reign of Queen Mab,
Who granted the same—to the Lairds of M'Nab.

Then we 'll drink to the first—to the last of his line;
We 'll drink it in whisky, we 'll drink it in wine;
And we 'll drink it in swipes, were they sour as a crab,
Long life and a wife—to the Laird o' M'Nab!

MATT. MICAIAH.

PUBLIC OPINION.

"Cavendo tutus."

Of late years, the expression of public opinion has obtained great real, and still greater supposed power, and the *vox populi* seems to be in a fair way for utterly extinguishing the *jure divino* of kingly government. We say that public opinion has obtained great real, and still greater supposed political power: this supposititious power has been bestowed upon it since the French Revolution—an event which inspired legitimate cabinets with a most holy horror of its effects; and they have ever since been sensitively alive to the breathings of the many-headed monster.

It was a somewhat Tory-like expression of Livy, when he said, "*hæc natura multitudinis est—aut servit humiliter, aut superbè dominatur: libertatem, quæ media est, nec spernere modicè nec habere sciunt.*" This saying might be modified by adding to it, that the multitude rarely have clear and well-defined views as to what they want, and hence always run into extremes, and seldom have firmness of purpose sufficient to enable them to guide, or to withstand, the current of events: on this account they either lose heart when ruled over despotically, or plunge into the wildest excesses when they have the reins of authority in their own hands.

It is not an easy task to ascertain what is the precise feeling of the many—as public opinion must not be supposed to be expressed in what are called public meetings: an analysis of many of these would show, that they express only the opinions of one particular party, and this party is generally the losing or disappointed one. The great mass of the middle and lower classes do not find representatives on these occasions. It must not be thought, however, that because the middle and lower classes have neither voice nor interest in these meetings, that they are not influenced by them: on the contrary, if they are temperately and rationally managed, they become the conductors and exciters of the popular mind; and in this light the proceedings of these meetings demand the most careful attention.

Every man of reflection will agree with us, when we say—that the parties with whom many political assemblages originate, are the very last in whose judgment and fitness for the occasion we should confide. A little knot of parish or club busy-bodies, gifted with more tongue than their neighbours, are in many instances the getters-up of popular meetings in large towns, where gatherings of any sort are sure to be attended; and on which occasions a set of cut-and-dried resolutions are passed, *nemine contradicente*,—for the plain reason, that they always appeal to the pockets and the pride of the listeners; two arguments, *ad captandum,* of never-failing efficacy.

One grand misfortune which has followed from ignorant men, of more zeal than discretion, having had the lead on public occasions, has been—the misdirection of the popular mind: this has been very strikingly exemplified by the progress and fate of the Reform Bill and the Reform Ministry: no one can have forgotten the almost universal shout which carried that measure, and bore it through an opposition that nothing but the fear of actual rebellion could have sufficed to overcome: neither must it be forgotten, in justice to the people, that the evils under which they groaned were notorious, and that the press and political orators had convinced them that Reform was to act as an immediate panacea for all their multifarious grievances. This over-painting led to the passing of the Reform Bill, and to the ascendancy of the Reform Ministry; but with the Bill vanished the hopes of the great mass of the public, which could not comprehend why, when they had the Bill and their own idolized Ministry, they should still have the same burdens to bear.

Another way in which popular opinion has been widely misled by violent and presumptous men is shown, in the utter contempt which is thrown on the Tory party: from one end of the kingdom to the other, the language held at many meetings has been, that the Tories are a party—poor in spirit, few in number, and wanting in intelligence: a more absurd language could not be employed; it led to the abandonment of the late administration—an administration which was utterly powerless when unsupported by the popular voice: the same language is still most unwisely held, and we hear little but the most violent vituperation, levelled equally against the king on the one hand, and his Tory advisers on the other. Let us assure the public that—the king, although he never exercises the full extent of the royal prerogative, and though the time is gone by in which his speeches were echoed, in the words of Bacon, "as the king's voice is the voice of God in man;" that the kingly office is still a most powerful one, and that, as the high-priest of the constitution, the monarch exercises vast influence; and farther, that the Tories are numerous, wealthy, intelligent, and closely banded together. Listen to what Lord Melbourne says,—and no one will deny that his position must of necessity have made him familiarly acquainted with the subject:—"You will not," says his Lordship (in his answer to the Reformers of Derby), "consider me as employing the language of complaint and discontent, but rather that of friendly admonition and advice, if I enumerate among the causes of the dismissal of ministers the want of confidence expressed in quarters from which we expected support—the strong condemnation which has been pronounced upon some of our measures, which I consider to have been absolutely necessary—the violent and subversive opinions which have been declared—and particularly the bitter hostility and ulterior designs against the established Church, which have been openly avowed by several classes and bodies of Dissenters:—when I mention the last opinion, I beg leave to say that I do not condemn those who conscientiously entertain it:—it is not my opinion—but I mention it politically, and with reference only to its actual effect upon the course of public affairs—*These sentiments and this conduct occasioned great alarm in high and powerful quarters:*—they terrified the timid—they repelled from us the wavering—they rallied men around the institutions which they conceived to be attacked—and they gave life, spirit, and courage to our political adversaries, who you must recollect, after all, form a very large and powerful party in the country—a party powerful in numbers—powerful in property—powerful in rank and station,—and, allow me to add, a party of a very decided, tenacious, unyielding, and uncompromising character. You, gentlemen, I know, are stronger than they are—you are strong in sense and spirit—you are strong in reason and justice—in instruction and inquiry, and in the general sympathy and fellow-feeling of the community—but you are not strong enough to be able to afford to be disunited—let me assure you of that. A party of very inferior strength will ultimately be victorious, if it be conducted with singleness of purpose and unity of action;—you are strong enough to concede these advantages to your opponents—whilst you subject yourselves to the weakness which arises from division, dissension, and discord." This declaration of his Lordship displays much sound sense, and is about the best political speech he ever made. It contains the opinions of a man who has himself held the highest office in a ministry which he acknowledges to have been based on popular opinion — and which he acknowledges also to have been ruined by the unstable nature of its support. This ruin too followed upon the modification of the Cabinet,—after the secession of its most intelligent and influential political members—and after an infusion into it of men of ultra-liberal principles, avowedly for the purpose of making it more palatable to popular feeling.

So far as it is possible to collect public opinion at this moment, it appears to branch itself into three divisions :—first, a determination not to submit to oligarchical rule : second, a condemnation of the late Whig Ministry: and third, a dissenting and radical party, that looks forward to a political millennium under the auspices of my Lord Durham—*Reform* being the general basis of the whole.

The present is a time of political excitement, in which men merge principle in faction—one of those social crises in which party-spirit usurps the place of judgment and reasoning. The cause of Reform is perfectly safe—the moral power of an enlightened people is the guarantee for this ;—but its prospects are clouded by its own most strenuous partisans. It is not so easy to guide the storm as to raise it—and we would earnestly urge caution to the leaders of a majority of the House of Commons. We should urge caution on many accounts—one of which is, that the majority is made up of such heterogeneous and conflicting elements, that it is sure to fall into different and adverse sections—and thus they may find themselves powerless, when their very existence depends on a display of power. Another reason for caution is, that by driving the Tories to desperation, they may hold office, reckless of occasional majorities against them—determined, come what will, to retain the reins of government. But by far the most important ground for caution is, the influence of their conduct upon popular opinion. If the watchword of "Reform" is to occupy the place of the "*Marsellois*" in our streets—if it be meant as a stimulant to make men forget that they are subjects of civil order—we say let the word perish ! Reform and anarchy have no such connexion in our mind. Let the extreme party however consider to what their proceedings must tend. There must be a line of demarcation laid down—a point where concession must end, or where popular interference must assume the place of deliberative wisdom; and it requires no slight amount of political sagacity to indicate where prerogative shall step in, and say to popular expectation, "Here shalt thou go, and no farther." Are we far from the time when authority and public opinion will come into collision, if the language of party is to represent its actual state of feeling?—and has this party considered well the means *then* to be adopted?—We fear not—and therefore we urge them to be cautious.

It is here we are at issue with several members of the Melbourne Cabinet:—these gentlemen would have shown their wisdom by repeating simply the statement made by their political chief. In place of doing so, they have gone about making the most extravagant professions—and boasting, not so much of what they have done, as of what they intended doing—and winding up their rhodomontade by hinting at obstacles and impediments in high quarters. Are men fit to be the ministers of an hereditary king, who in one breath disclaim all idea of disputing the monarch's prerogative, and in the next declare that such prerogative was given by the people, and ought to be exercised in the way that any particular section of the people may think proper? We say not—and were they in power, they would again, as they have before done, lose public confidence.

It is vexatious to hear men who ought to know better talk as they do—they are echoing each other, with people—prerogative—men and measures—measures, not men;—and what are these but mere cuckoo cries? How is it that at this particular juncture neither party takes its stand on the high ground of political expediency—and, in place of making themselves hoarse by bellowing to their followers—Church and King—the people and Reform—inquire into the probable course of events, and from this form a judgment? Tory, Whig, and Radical, fill the mouths of all the political wranglers of the day, and act as complete extinguishers upon common sense.

Public attention is thus withdrawn from the vital measures at issue; and it is amused with high-sounding phrases of real Reform—and sham Reform—of Reform from the hands of true or old Reformers—and Reform from the hands of new or false Reformers. In point of fact, and in so far as the interests of society are concerned, it does not signify which of these parties gives Reforms, provided they are Reforms—but neither extreme party can give them. They are now placed in such a position with regard to each other, that whatever measures are proposed will be merely opportunities for the display of factious rancour; and thus, in place of the interests of the nation being attended to, a wordy warfare will occupy the session. But this ought not to be. We have had plenty of talking during the last two sessions, to serve us for an age at least. We want business — we wish to see the energies of the house of representatives devoted to nobler purposes than vituperation and empty declamation. We want the great principles of Reform worked out in a salutary fashion, and the defects existing in our social system amended by the hands of temperate and rational men.

It is to this we would direct public opinion; we would withdraw it from extremes. The Tory party, whether sincere or not in its professions, cannot claim our confidence. Suspicion must ever haunt its steps. We cannot believe that man's prejudices, views, and ideas of polity can undergo a change so decided, and at once, as the leaders of the Tory party would fain have us think that theirs have done. The

"veteris vestigia flammæ"

must be stamped deep in their hearts, and they must ever have a tendency to retrograde. Office may be to them the perfection of human happiness, but if held under the surveillance of a suspicious House, they must be sighing for other and by-gone times—

"Te tenet absentes—alios suspirat amores."

If a Tory government be thus unfit to cope with existing difficulties, a Whig-Radical administration is equally objectionable. We have seen the fate of the Melbourne Cabinet; we shall see a similar catastrophe if it be re-modelled. The whole weight of the Church and the Aristocracy must, for years to come, hamper the energies of such a Cabinet: it is in vain to mouth about the matter; it is so. If popular opinion could be bound down to the chariot-wheels of such a government, the *vox populi* might and would keep it in motion. This cannot be.

"An habitation giddy and unsure"

have they who place reliance upon the multitude.

The great objection to a Whig-Radical government however is, that it cannot command the support of the intelligence of the kingdom. This is the power which, when called into active operation, becomes the guide and governor of public opinion. There is in fact no man of sufficient weight connected with this political section, to claim the confidence of the knowledge of the country. Hence a government so constituted would be forced, in order to keep office, to be continually offering stimulants to the popular mind, in the shape of extreme measures,—measures which in course of time may be safely carried into effect, if they are of a desirable nature; but which cannot, and which ought not to be thrust forward merely as baits to entice popularity. There can be no safety with a government of this character, inasmuch as it cannot be safe itself. Every day would weaken its hands, till, like the late liberal Cabinet, it would crumble into dust, or vanish into "thin air:"—

> "Res hodie minor est heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
> Deteret exiguis aliquid."

Such would be the fate of a Whig-Radical administration; and a Tory administration cannot, and will not keep pace with the progress of sound political knowledge. It is in the intermediate party that we must look for measures fitted for the present condition of the kingdom. Rash and ill-advised legislative interference with the institutions of an old country must be ever dangerous to the existence of that country; and there is a spirit of movement abroad which requires to be guided with a careful and a steady hand. The stake at issue is no less than the continuance and prosperity of Great Britain as a nation; and the crisis demands that public opinion should be properly directed.

EDITORIAL COLLOQUIES,

POLITICAL, LITERARY, AND MORAL.

Political extremes—Novel writers—Prospects of Literature—Literary property—Geologists and their creations—Poor-Law Commissioners.

"I AM surprised, knowing your opinions as to the subjects best suited for Magazine-reading, that you have not altogether expunged politics from the 'Monthly.'"

"Under any other circumstances than the present, I would have done so, but party is just now so rife, and the press is either so furious or so wavering, that we have felt it needful to put our oar into the troubled stream of politics. Simonides, you know, called Sparta *Δαμασίμβροτος*, 'the tamer of men;' we may apply the term very appropriately to party-spirit at the present moment, which seems to swallow up alike consistency and principle."

"True enough, the Tories and the Radical-Whigs present an extraordinary simularity of aspect. Both are swearing—

'Till their very roofs are dry,
With oaths of great Reforms.'

Impartial men are therefore placed between the horns of a somewhat awkward dilemma. The suspicion is however very rife in my mind with regard to both parties, that

'ubi panis—ibi deus.'—"

"You have heard perhaps of Erskine's *jeu-d'esprit* on Dr. Lettsom's signature—

'If any patients send in haste,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
If, after this, they choose to die—
Why—what cares I?—'*I Letts 'em.*''

"That applies capitally—public opinion is the patient in the case; I wish we could inoculate it with our caution. The political doctors at present in repute will, we are sure, make but tinkering work of it. If John Bull was not sand-blind, and his sensibility like that of a mill-stone, he would say, to himself,

> 'Le medecin qui l'on m'indique,
> Sait le Latin—le Grec—l'Hebreu—
> Les belles lettres—la physique,
> La chimie, et la botanique.
> Chacun lui donne son aveu :—
> Mais je veux vivre encore un peu.'"

"Exactly; but the cunning people of the late Cabinet had a plan for freeing themselves of all care of their patients,—a plan which will, I presume, be studiously followed by the present; and this was, to make all the measures adopted for the relief of the body politic, to emanate from that body itself. If the measure was bad, 'Oh!' said they, 'we can't help it, the people will have it.' Thus, instead of directing the public mind, instead of guiding the current, they trimmed their egg-shell of a bark, and sailed merrily along. One may therefore easily conceive their utter consternation when they found themselves suddenly swamped. In their whining on this subject indeed they are peculiarly pathetic on this point; and we saw one of their supporters nearly melted to tears the other night in repeating the catastrophe. He wound up his oration by saying

> 'It was not in the battle—
> No tempest gave the shock.'

Now we are not amongst that class of people

> 'Who evermore peep through their eyes,
> And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper :'

but we confess this touch made us cachinnate fiercely."

"Yes; and I fancy the Tories will be obliged to pursue the same course, if they keep power, with but little consideration as to the ultimate consequences. They may say to themselves, as Frederick of Prussia once said to some people who requested him to silence a particular sect in Neufchatel, that preached against everlasting punishment,—'Mes sujets de Neufchâtel ont le droit d'être damnés aussi long temps qu'il leur plait.'"

"Frederick's answer showed the shrewd politician. No ministry can be powerful in Great Britain, which is composed of extremes. The public voice is too potent for oligarchy—but oligarchy is as yet too strong to be rudely pushed to the wall."

"I agree with you—though the consummate address of Sir Robert Peel has enabled him to glide away from direct opposition. I never see him in the House with a majority ranged against him, all furious to oust him, but he reminds me forcibly of a serpent gliding amidst stones. He turns, and wheels, and doubles, with such perfect ease and grace, that, in watching him, one forgets the difficulties of his path."

"It is the perfection of Machiavelism. The candour and absolute simplicity with which he meets the most direct questions are no less amusing than matchless. He has for the moment saved his party. It would have been laughed out of the House, or thrust out by the shoulders, but for his tactics. His worst enemies must acknowledge the admirable temper and skill he has displayed."

"Is it possible for them to keep office?"

"The question is more pertinent than multitudes of people suppose: I think not. A powerful government may however be constructed, and the present vacillations and nothingnesses will no doubt lead to it. It will be well for the country, and therefore we rejoice at the prospect. The 'perpetual-motion' men are unfit to guide the destinies of a great nation. The cause of freedom is safe, but it requires skill and caution to adapt its progress to our constitutional government. *Vigil et sanctus* should be the watchword, and not the brawling of party, whose motto is,

'Rem facias; rem,
Rectè, si possis; si non, quocunque modo rem.'

But enough! we have politics plenty thrust upon us, without thrusting ourselves upon politics."

"Agreed! what say you to the philosophy of the literature of the day?"

"'The philosophy of the literature of the day!' poh! you are quizzical; much of it, you may turn over again and again, and make neither head nor tail of it—much less of philosophy. Like the countryman that, having found a hedgehog rolled up, took it to a wise man in order to know what it was; who sagely determined that 'it was a thing which neither gods nor men could understand:' so it is with a large portion of modern literature. It may have meaning,—it may have excellences,—it may have truth, morality, and justice within it; but, like the hedgehog, it is so oddly rolled up, that they are not to be seen."

"Well, well; you mean to play Pococuranto, I see, and indulge your splenetic temper by riding the horse of exalted genius."

"No—by no means; but it potters me exceedingly to see writers dashing off their works in the haste they do; volume after volume—work after work—and then to come bouncing and snorting before the public, exclaiming—

'Ye dogs—I 'm Jupiter Imperial!
King, emperor, and pope etherial!
Master of the ordnance of the sky!'

and actually storming the public applause, much in the same way as a tight rope-dancer, who is stared and gazed at because he capers better than his fellows."

"What! you mean the three-volume men,—'the men of multiplication,' as S—— calls them. The fact is, they have been ruined by Scott. They forget however that Scott was, comparatively speaking, an old man when he began to write, and that he had stored a mind naturally capacious with a vast fund of acquired information, in which his brilliancy of imagination found food for inexhaustible writings."

"Yes; but these worthies are disciples of Jacob Behmen. He taught his followers to smell angels; and these men, we must suppose, smell the odour of their own creations, and find it delightful. The vexation of the matter is, that they have well-nigh driven novel-writing from the field of respectable literature. This annoys me; many well-meaning people are in the habit of sneering at novels. I grant that a multitude of those which have recently appeared are unworthy even a sneer. But this is a kind of literature which must to some extent ever be popular, and, when rightly directed, may be made the means of doing an immensity of moral and social good. Silver forks, silk shoe-ties, vulgar bravoes, inane lovers, political lies, sea and land slang, and absolute no-meaning, which Pope said truly 'puzzles more than wit,' have had their run, and have nearly run themselves off their legs."

"Why, they run fast enough, to be sure. But then they fancy immortality is the goal of their race,—forgetting, poor devils, that 'the pit of Acheron' is right under their noses. I see one of the Fraserian sucklings is already in the field,—the man, I mean, who made up a Romance out of the labours of the Editor of the Newgate Calendar."

"What, the 'Lives and Doings of Mrs. Brownrigg,' I suppose. Well, I pity him. This 'raw-head and bloody-bone' writing I cannot digest. It is satisfactory however to see that the evil is curing itself. Public taste is again reverting to the healthy standard of our noblest writers. Pope, Milton, Cowper, are already in the field, while cheap and popular reprints of our best divines and moral writers are diffusing their healthy influence through society."

"I am glad to hear you speak thus of reprints; there has been a huge outcry raised against them."

"Yes, there has. In the present instance, however, there are evidences of a transition in literature; and you will see a new and higher order of original writing spring from them. The cheap publications have paved the way; and, though we have repudiated the mode in which many of these have been got up, they have stimulated the public mind, and they must either keep pace with it or perish."

"Apropos, speaking of reprints; what constitutes right in such cases: Cowper, you see, is at issue between two houses, and Sir John the Ross has been forestalled."

"Cowper is national property, and therefore every man who treats him honourably has an undoubted right to turn him to account. The question is, whether a prior announcement should be considered binding upon publishers. Now I happen to know that when Cunningham's edition of Burns was announced, Mr. Murray and Mr. Lockhart were engaged in getting up an edition, and that they were taken quite aback when the field was occupied. Their illustrations were in hand, and the Life written, and every thing was in preparation. In this instance, however, Mr. Murray, on finding that the arrangements were *bonâ fide*, and that there was no chance of a coalition of the works, kept his in abeyance."

"Honourable on Mr. Murray's part, though it is possible he might have been much longer engaged in getting up his book than the present publisher."

"Very possible; and his conduct is, I suppose, a tacitly acknowledged rule in the trade; still it is a rule which may admit of question. Thus, a speculative house might issue prospectuses of half a dozen works, none of which would ever arrive at perfection; or a good house, preparing an elaborate and expensive work, might have their secret betrayed, and a fungus start up and choke the growth of their production. The question is one of great importance, not to publishers only, but specially to authors and artists; and I am surprised that the press, as the conservator of literary property, is silent on the subject. Cowper's life, however, must be essentially an autobiography—he must, in fact, tell his own story, or his story must be told out of his Letters. His existence was absolutely devoid of incidents—and it is the moral character of the man that requires delineation. We believe that, in the present case, the most fair offers were made by the house holding Cowper's Letters."

"You say rightly—that the question is of importance, and I should hope the trade would come to some general understanding on the subject. It is pity that literary men are so disunited and scattered that they cannot understand each other."

"It is; there wants an organ, open and perfectly independent, as a medium for all parties. Literary property is so much at the mercy of every body, that publishers are oftentimes extremely timid in embarking in it, especially if the property is that of a new man, whose reputation has to be formed, and who wants the ballast of notoriety to keep him steady."

"What a pity it is that genius has no royal road to fame! How many noble spirits must be crushed—how many aspiring and gifted minds must fall victims to the cold and calculating policy of the trade! It seems as if literary men would never learn the truth, that their labours are mere mercantile commodities when brought into the Row, and, that unless backed by something more tangible than intrinsic merit, they are sure to be passed by."

"The trade are perfectly right in their caution as mercantile men; publishing is a hazardous calling. But there is a worse evil than this, which is the exclusive spirit which reigns in the press. The number of books published by men of fortune and of education is much larger than is supposed. But what then,—they are mere agency-transactions; nobody has an interest in them who could benefit them; the authors are ignorant of the ways of the world, and their books are consigned to as certain oblivion as if they had never been in existence. Unknown talent, thus applied, (and it is almost the only way open to it,) sinks back in despair; and hence an immense fund of intellect is kept out of sight."

"Well, the fate of genius has been balladed time out of mind; but in what an odd way it sometimes shows its workings! I see you have friend Williams's 'Antediluvian Romance' here; what think you of it?"

"Yes, and here you see is my old friend Dr. Nares wielding the sledge-hammer of truth against modern geological writings, whilst friend Howitt is taking up the tinsel of fiction to embroider them. It would be nonsense to give an opinion upon such a work as Howitt's; a man might as well write a history of the world before the Creation. It can serve no purpose either good, bad, or indifferent; and it is a pity to see a good deal of very fair writing so utterly thrown away."

"Does the Doctor contrive to break the heads of the antediluvian 'stonemasons' against their wonderful works? It has always struck me, as a most extraordinary mark of mechanical genius—the way in which these people build up their monsters from bits of bone."

"He gives them some hard knocks, and administers some bitter food, which will be found hard to swallow. I say with him, let geology perish, if its researches are to weaken one tittle of our faith in Revelation. The disclaimers so vehemently made by its professors amount to nothing, as their very aim seems to be to overthrow the Mosaic account of Creation—the corner-stone on which rests the structure of the Christian religion. The way in which they talk of millions of years, and the strange forms with which they people *their* succession of worlds, is the absurdity of romance, and will range well with friend Howitt's book."

"Mantell, not long ago, gave me a *viva voce* description of some particular era he has chosen for his hobby; and when he had finished, looked at me with huge satisfaction, saying, 'Isn't strange?' My answer was, 'Very strange, if true;' and his reply was, 'True! who can deny it?'"

"I like that; this fixing upon periods, of which there is neither traditional nor recorded accounts, is very good, and puts me in mind of my aunt Jane's beauty. You know she is as ugly and curious a model of humanity as can be conceived; and yet she insists upon it, that she was once 'beautiful, exceedingly.' She is an excellent-tempered creature; and when I ask her for some proof of this 'brightness fled,' she answers archly, 'Oh, it was before any body you know can remember.'"

"Speaking of Mrs. F. puts me in mind of her old admirer, one of the assistant Poor-Law Commissioners. How absurd it is to place men in such important situations, who are utterly destitute of all knowledge of the statistics of the country! They showed you, I suppose, a copy of their circular to the Yorkshire manufacturers?"

"They did, and, had it not been that I was too much shocked at the utter ignorance displayed, I should have been in a towering passion with Edwin Chadwick. In the first place, the manufacturing districts are weighed down by surplus hands; and, in the second, I detest the crowding of peasantry into towns, when it only requires a proper estimate of their resources to keep them in their natural position as tillers of the soil. Cicero said well, 'Miserum atque iniquum ex agro homines traducere in forum; ab aratro, ad subsellia; ab usu rerum rusticarum, ad insolitam litem atque judicium.'"

"But what are the starving people to do? Six o'clock; will you go with me to the House? No. Well.—By the bye, did you notice Mr. Hume's face the other night, when he announced the abandonment of stopping the supplies? The memory of it has been the subject of a laughing soliloquy in my mind ever since."

"No, I did not. I should fancy the Radical party must be just now somewhat at a discount amongst their 'unwashed' admirers. What a piece of work is the anonymous letter by one of their oracles to the discontented Canadians! The advices received latterly form a commentary upon the expression: 'Spring Rice is in office: stop his supplies, as the Radicals are coming into power;' which it is impossible to misunderstand. It will come upon their ears like a thunderclap, and it exhibits the genius of ultraism in its most odious colours. The miserable casuistry which represents it as a stimulus to healthy agitation, and appeals to the excitement of the Reform Bill, is unworthy even a laugh of scorn."

"You speak as every man of sense and discretion must do on a most unadvised and ill-judged step. Stimulants are not wanted in Canada; calm and temperate discussion is lost in party; and for any one to urge on its inflamed spirit, from the mother country, is to throw a firebrand into a powder-room. It promises poorly for a Radical government, though there are many talented and well-meaning men in the clique. The character given by Justin of Hiero would, I fear, apply badly to a prime-minister of their calibre—'in alloquio blandus, in negotio justus, in imperio moderatus."

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

History of England. Vol. XIV. Being the First Vol. of the Continuation from the death of George the Second in 1760. By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B. D.—A. J. Valpy, M. A. London. Small octavo.

Mr. Hughes' undertaking was one of no mean difficulty. However excellent his work might have been in itself as a separate and distinct History, it has had to undergo a different kind of ordeal,—namely, an unavoidable comparison with the works of which it forms a continuation. We are not about to run a parallel between the relative merits of Hume and Smollett; indeed there is little ground for comparison, as the minds and acquirements of the two historians were essentially different, and in many respects diametrically opposed to each other. Mr. Hughes has, however, executed his task in a way equally honorable to his understanding and his industry, and the result is an impartial and critical history of one of the most important epochs of ancient or modern times.

We have been much pleased with the Preliminary Essay. It is able and discriminative, and is a very clear and elaborate, though concise account of the rise and progress of the present European States' system; and also of the home, colonial, commercial, and military policy of its different kingdoms. It forms an excellent and well-conceived introduction to the body of the work, which thus becomes, in itself, the medium for conveying a general view of Anglo-European history to the commencement of the reign of George III.

The characters of the distinguished individuals who have "played their parts" during the last half century, are, as far as we can judge from the volume before us, impartially and vigorously drawn; freed, in many instances, from that party spirit which has hitherto hidden their true lineaments. The remarks on the science of government, and on the state of parties, are judicious and lucid; and, on the whole, we may congratulate ourselves on having a history of the times to which it relates, and worthy also of the works of which it is a continuation.

When it is completed, we shall give an extended critical analysis of it, as it embraces a period during which moral and political changes have been in progress, that have already altered the face of society, and which will as completely alter the entire political relations of modern governments.

The following summary of the character of Mr. Fox will not be very palatable to his admirers. It is in the main just, and serves well to illustrate an important truth, generally overlooked in politics; namely, that the want of private virtues must ever sully public reputation:—

"Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, was paymaster of the forces in 1790; he had ever been a staunch friend and supporter of Sir Robert Walpole, and was strongly attached to the Duke of Cumberland: he once contended with Mr. Pitt himself for superiority, and, by a series of political manœuvres, obtained a short-lived triumph; for he was appointed secretary of state under the Duke of Newcastle in 1755; but after holding the office for one year, he was obliged to retire, having failed in a coalition, which he proposed to his haughty rival, by whom it was disdainfully rejected. He seems to have solicited his present employment with a submission bordering on servility, professing that he would not offend in thought, word, or deed; but his reckless profusion rendered the acquisition of office so desirable to him, on account of its perquisites, that he could never lay claim to the honorable title of a patriot. 'Both Newcastle and Pitt,' says Horace Walpole, 'acted wisely in permitting him to enjoy his place, for he was tied up from giving them any trouble; and whilst serving for interest under Pitt, how much did he exalt the latter!' He was, nevertheless, a man of penetrating genius and of great activity in business: his speeches, though deficient in that charm of eloquence which distinguished those of Pitt, were full of information, method, and good sense; whilst his efforts were generally directed to carry the question, not to exalt his own reputation."—p. 7.

Poems; with Illustrations. By LOUISA ANN TWAMLEY. Charles Tilt, London. 1835. 8vo.

Miss Twamley comes before us in the double character of a poetess and an artiste; and, aided by the twin-sisters of music and painting, she has produced a very delightful volume. She has nothing to fear from our critical examination: gracefulness, beauty, and purity we ever welcome; and we welcome them still more cordially when they come before us united with feminine genius. This they do in the present book.—"The Cross of Gold," and "Dames of Olden Times," are gems.

We copy a portion of the Sonnet to Kenilworth:—

"Calm was that evening—beautiful and bright—
  As though the Spring had lulled the storms to rest,
  Lest their rude breath should chill the violet's breast,
When first I gazed upon thy princely height,
Proud Kenilworth! and roamed 'mid ruined tower,
  And mouldering arch, and lonely banquet-hall,
  That oft had echoed—the melodious fall
Of music's festive strains. The wild wall-flower
  Is blooming o'er thee now—and ivy grows
Where tapestry once waved, in queenly bower:
And daws scream harshly, where, 'mid courtly throng,
  And chivalry, and love, gay converse rose:
But yet the wizard hand of ruthless time,
Though it hath changed, hath made thee more sublime."

The fair authoress is, we understand, young;—let her persevere. The cultivation of poetic power is often neglected when a single wreath of fame has been obtained; and many writers of glorious promise never rise beyond their spring-time beauty. We hope Miss Twamley will take the "better part," and we assure her that she will never have cause for regret.

New England, and her Institutions; by one of her Sons. Seeley and Burnside, London. 1835. 8vo.

Books containing accounts of the manners, the habits, and the institutions of the people of America are worthy of careful attention. We regret to see works, such as occasionally gain notoriety, come before the public; and, were it in our power, we would not only consign them to oblivion, but we would also pillory their writers.

New England is plain and unpretending, with a tinge of religious enthusiasm about it; but, taken altogether, it abounds in information of the most valuable kind. There are also a good many well-written scenes in it. The "district school" is invaluable; it is worthy Irving, and should be read by every father in the empire. The book deserves careful perusal, and will well repay both the money spent in its purchase, and the time devoted to its examination.

Memoirs of Mirabeau; Biographical, Literary, and Political. By Himself and Family. 2 vols. 8vo. Edward Churton, London. 1835.

Mirabeau! how many emotions rise within one on the mention of this name! Mirabeau, the despot of revolutionary France, and the directing power, which would, had his life been spared, have modified the great struggle which deluged his country with blood, and broke up society like a moral earthquake!

The personal history of a man like this is a part of a nation's history. The moral and intellectual character of Mirabeau forms one of the most curious and interesting chapters of the human mind; and it is here laid bare before us in its minutest shades. Extracts would fail to convey to our readers any correct idea of this work. It is a psychological curiosity, full of interest as it is full of feeling and romance. The family history which it developes is one of the most striking *historiettes* which has ever come before us.

History of the Cotton Manufacture in Great Britain. By EDWARD BAINES, Junior. With Portraits, &c. Fishers and Jackson, London.

A history of the Cotton Manufacture of Great Britain requires talents and acquirements of no common order. It is not enough for a man to have access to official documents—it is not enough to be in communication with the manufacturers themselves—it is not enough to be able to quote Pliny—it is not enough to have the praise of the Edinburgh Review—for if these were sufficient qualifications for constituting a man, the historian of Cotton Manufacture, Mr. Baines, junior, would be a very fit and proper person for the task. We do not deny to him the praise of industry, nor do we deny that the work is pretty fairly arranged and well got up—but we do deny to him the praise of being either a moral philosopher or a sound political economist.

There is an air of assumption about the book too, which is not a little offensive; and we quarrel with the author on the very threshold of his undertaking: for he asserts, "that in the greater part of the field which he has aspired to occupy, I have had no predecessor." Now as the book happens to be little else than a compendium of the labours of others, sometimes acknowledged, but more frequently unacknowledged, Mr. Baines' assertion is at least unfounded, and in exceedingly bad taste.

We have not space this month for more than the following character of

Sir Richard Arkwright, one of the most extraordinary men who ever figured on the theatre of human life, and one who seems to have been born expressly for giving impetus to this vast branch of national industry. Injustice is done to Sir Richard's creative genius—a sop we suppose to the living lions, and a gentle kick to the dead one.

"It has been shown (?)—that the splendid inventions, which even to the present day are ascribed to Arkwright by some of the ablest and best-informed persons in the kingdom, belong in great part to other and much less fortunate men. In appropriating those inventions as his own, and claiming them as the fruits of his unaided genius, he acted dishonourably, and left a stain upon his character, which the acknowledged brilliance of his talents cannot efface. Had he been content to claim the merit which really belonged to him, his reputation would still have been high, and his wealth would not have been diminished. That he possessed inventive talent of a very superior order, has been satisfactorily established; and in improving and perfecting mechanical inventions, in exactly adapting them to the purposes for which they were intended, in arranging a comprehensive system of manufacture, and in conducting vast and complicated concerns, he displayed a bold and fertile mind, and consummate judgment; which, when his want of education, and the influence of an employment so extremely unfavourable to mental expansion, as that of his previous life, are considered, have excited the astonishment of mankind. But marvellous and unbounded invention, which he claimed for himself, and which has been too readily accorded to him,—the creative faculty, which devised all that admirable mechanism, so intirely new in its principle, and characteristic of the first order of mechanical genius, which has given a new spring to the industry of the world, and within the last half century has reared up the most extensive manufacture ever known,—this did not belong to Arkwright. It is clear, that some of the improvements which made the carding-engine what it was when he took out his second patent, were devised by others; and there are two prior claimants to the invention of spinning by rollers, one of whom had undoubtedly made it the subject of a patent thirty-one years before the patent of Arkwright. I will not venture to assert that the latter derived the principle of his machine either from Wyatt or from Highs; but I must declare my strong conviction that this was the case, whilst at the same time it is certain that Arkwright displayed great inventive talent in perfecting the details."

This blowing hot and cold, this "damning with faint praise" a man like Arkwright, is as ridiculous as it is unjust. He deserves to be placed on a pedestal of adamant; for he called into active operation the slumbering industrial energies of his country; and we are sure that any efforts Mr. Baines can make will fail most signally in lessening one iota his well and hardly-earned reputation.

The work sets out with great pretensions; the author saying in his very first page, "that the subject of this volume may claim attention from the man of science and the political philosopher, as well as from the manufacturer and merchant. To trace the origin and progress of so great a manufacture, with the causes of that progress, *is more worthy the pains of the student, than to* make himself acquainted with the annals of wars and dynasties, or with nineteen-twentieths of the matters which fill the pages of history." Certainly this is playing the trumpeter with a vengeance; and it equals Mr. Baines with the Mahometan barbarian who destroyed the Alexandrian library, merely remarking, that "so the Koran was left, it signified nothing if every other book in the world was lost." Mr. Baines in like manner would say, that "so the History of the Cotton Manufacture by Edward Baines, Junior, Esq., is left, Hume, Gibbon, Comines, *et id genus omne,* may perish, without a tear being wasted upon them."

We shall in our future numbers analyse this work in sections, as it aims at becoming the standard authority on this important portion of our social history. We wish well to Mr. Baines.

"Est mihi amicus Socrates, sed major amica veritas!"

Encyclopædia Britannica. Part LIX. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh.

This magnificent work progresses with the most surprising success. If the rage for cheap literature has been attended by some evils—if an immensity of trash has deluged the public, this one work is enough to reconcile us. Its extraordinary cheapness is but a secondary consideration, the excellence of the articles being its grand staple; every one of these is most carefully prepared, and thus it becomes a library of universal reference, upon the authority of which the utmost confidence may be placed. The article "Grammar," which is concluded in this number, contains a close and philosophical digest of a subject much too often badly and superficially treated.

We think it most desirable that the public should be kept constantly alive to works like this. It absolutely shames the cheap things that are coming out, and from its intrinsic value deserves a place wherever readers assemble. It is indispensable in the library of *every* man of research and reading. The supplement to the former editions is incorporated with the body of the work,—a desideratum, as supplements are always troublesome things to consult.

The Instructor. Vol. III. The Universe, Nature, Man. J. W. Parker, London.

One of the very best features of the literature of the day is—that men of talent have begun to turn their attention to writing books for children. It is too often thought—and, what is worse, the thought is too often acted upon—that works for children require neither genius nor learning; and hence a multiplicity of silly and childish books have hitherto crowded the shelves of traders in juvenile literature. A more mistaken notion, or a more pernicious practice, cannot be conceived. Miss Edgeworth's "Early Lessons" have done more service to the moral and intellectual attributes of the present generation, than any other books extant. The child is the germ of the man, and the impressions made upon its mind are never erased. Thus the writer who devotes himself to getting up works for children writes for the man and for future generations—the moral and intellectual impress being continued from sire to child.

The talented writer of this volume of the "Instructor" has found willing coadjutors in the spirited and intelligent publisher, and in the Society whose labours are devoted to the wisest of purposes. The beautiful spirit pervading the whole has carried back our recollections to the best portions of Mrs. Barbauld's writings. But he possesses qualifications for the task, denied to Mrs. Barbauld; he is a man of science and of pure philosophy, and we wish his production to be stamped upon the minds of our own children. The vast extent of information contained in this volume is not less remarkable than the simple and attractive manner in which it is conveyed. Knowledge generally esteemed heavy, and even repulsive, comes before us in a graceful and attractive dress, calculated to captivate the attention, and to fix itself on the memory. What can be more proper or delightful than the following summing up of his account of the insect world?

"The more we examine the insect world, the more sensible do we become of the mighty power and goodness of God. No other portion of the animal kingdom is filled with such curious and beautiful instances of his care and continual protection; in place therefore of looking upon the numberless "creeping things," which beset us on all sides, as objects of disgust, or as noxious and useless creatures, let us watch and admire them. The humblest beetle that is seen traversing our garden walks, and the smallest fly that sports in the summer breeze, fulfils some important part in the animal creation; and with this impression upon our minds, we shall always find amongst them abundant sources of amusement and instruction."

We might quote largely, and at random, as we could not quote wrong. The account given of the three kingdoms of nature is peculiarly rich and graphic, and places the author in a most enviable rank as a writer on natural history.

We most cordially recommend this volume to parents, and to readers in general. If the succeeding volumes of the series are equal to this, it will prove a most important addition to modern literature.

History of the Germanic Empire. Vol. II. By S. A. DUNHAM, Esq. Lardner's Cyclopædia. Longman and Co., London.

We noticed the first volume of this interesting work in terms of commendation. The present fully sustains Mr Dunham's reputation, and does not suffer by comparison with the "Histories of Spain and Portugal," and of "Europe during the middle ages," from the same pen.

We shall have occasion, however, to give a lengthened review of the work when all its parts are before us.

Arboretum Britannicum; or, the Hardy Trees of Great Britain, Native and Foreign, &c. No. III. Longman and Co., London.

NONE of Mr. Loudon's very popular works seem to us so likely to extend his well-earned reputation as the present. The information it contains is, in many cases, exceedingly curious and entertaining, and always highly useful. The present number embraces the Foreign Trees and Shrubs introduced into Great Britain during the 17th and 18th centuries; and has twelve well-executed illustrations, consisting of "Portraits of Trees,"—a most excellent idea; and these are full of character.

Encyclopædia of Gardening. Part XVI.—Architectural Magazine. No. XIII. Longman and Co., London.

Both these able periodicals proceed with unabated interest—forming a complete repertorium of every thing really valuable connected with these subjects.

A Complete Chart of the World. Pollok, London.

This most useful chart is an epitome of universal history, and will serve as a ready reference upon a multitude of points always requiring trouble to arrive at.

The Cruise; or, a Prospect of the West Indian Archipelago. By ROBERT NUGENT DUNBAR. Cochrane and Co., London.

Mr. Dunbar has sought inspiration in the magnificent glories and scenery of the Antilles. Had his heart and his head been made of "triple brass," they would nevertheless have been touched by the most beautiful and most striking spots on the face of the earth. The poetry of Nature comes home,—even the rude mariner, as he glides from island to island; and we cannot wonder that it has inspired Mr. Dunbar, who gives us abundant evidence that he possesses a mind attuned to the sights and sounds with which he has made himself familiar.

There is much of true poetry in this little volume—poetry freed from the milk-and-water of the sentimentalists great and small, and from the "Satanic glories" of another class of poetasters.

"To the deep-listening ear, the midday calm
Is not a dead inanimate repose.
Though no rude sounds the musing mood alarm,
Each bush and brake instinct with being glows,
And a low hum through all the woodland goes.
Unnumber'd creatures their mix'd vigils keep
With faint dull buzzings, that their haunts disclose;
A thousand still small notes pervade the steep—
The murmuring sound of Nature breathing in her sleep."

The two last lines, in the above verse, are full of poetic feeling. The song of which we give the following verse, is beautiful:—

"My fairy bark, bound, bound along!
Venus shines sweetly on the sea;
Gift of the land of Ariel's song,
O might he lend his speed to thee!
For beauteous eyes are strain'd to hail
Thy graceful prow and swelling sail."

The book is a very acceptable addition to our stock of descriptive poetry.

Man as known to us Theologically and Geologically. By the Rev. EDWARD NARES, D.D. Rivingtons, London.

It is delightful to see a veteran like Dr. Nares again enter the field of literature; and we rejoice to say that he comes with a freshness and a vigour likely to prove awkward to the geologists of the day—much as his friend De Luc did to the German geological heretics many years ago.

It has become fashionable of late to study geology, and popular works are got up in abundance on the subject. We are always glad to see science come down from the clouds, and mingle itself with the common mass of society; but we regret that truth compels us to declare that geology, pushed as it is by its supporters, seems likely to sap the foundations of religious belief. The Jews and Christians of Prussia were induced expressly by what geology taught them, to give up the book of Genesis as a mere mythological invention; and thus they overthrew the groundwork of Revelation. Let us be wise in time: conjectures and extravagant fancies may amuse; but as it is amusement without instruction, and as it is, besides, an amusement threatening the best interests of mankind,—the more it is sifted, the better.

Dr. Nares' book comes in season: we wish the subject had been either more lightly treated, or more closely analysed. The work will do good in quarters where it is much wanted. We shall have occasion to return to it at an early period.

Wanderings through Wales. By THOMAS ROSCOE, Esq. Embellished with highly-finished Engravings. Part I. Simpkin, and C. Tilt, London.

Mr. Roscoe has done that which we were ourselves preparing to do; and we thank him, and willingly give him the *pàs*. We have been wanderers through the land of the *Cymri*—not travellers, but wanderers; and have visited once and again most of its more lovely scenes, and the spots rendered memorable by historical events.

Well says Mr. Roscoe, that "in its monumental grandeur, with the foot of heroic nations every where upon its soil, no country presents objects of more peculiar and varied interest, than Wales;" and when to this is joined its bold and romantic scenery, ennobled by brave and gallant deeds,—for it was long the stronghold of independence,—the step of the passer-by is often arrested; and he pauses to people the now lonely and sequestered place with images of wise or heroic men—for nature is still there, with its wild sublimity, scarcely changed in appearance from what it was in by-gone ages.

Mr. Roscoe is just the man to describe such a country. He has a mind properly attuned to feel the beauties and harmonies of nature; and the slight touch of romance that mingles with his descriptions gives an additional charm to the work.

The plates are admirable, and worthy the text—no slight merit. "The dying Llewellyn" is finely drawn, and the accessories remarkably good. What a history does his drooping figure and sinking eye recall! The lovely Eleonora—his gallant and unfortunate career—a perishing country—all rise before one, and the eye lingers upon the dying monarch till the paper seems instinct with life.

The next plate, the "Vale of Llangollen," is a gem of quiet loveliness, and contrasts well with the ruder yet equally characteristic "Caunant Mawr," forming the first plate.

The number altogether richly deserves the patronage it is certain to procure, and we most warmly wish it every success.

Letter from an Ex-M.P. to his late Constituents, &c. &c. James Ridgway and Sons, London.

This is a political manifesto from Mr. Peter, late member for Bodmin. It is, on the whole, calmly and temperately written; but its chief value will be found in its forming a condensed estimate of the sayings and doings of the Whig Administration; being, in short, a kind of summary of the Reform Bill and the Reform Ministry.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord John Russell. By a Beneficed Clergyman of the Protestant Church of Ireland. James Ridgway and Sons, London.

One of the worst stains upon our ecclesiastical policy is the present condition of the Irish church, and the man who can suggest a practical remedy for its manifold evils will deserve little short of an apotheosis.

The pamphlet before us is of value—of value because it comes from a man who knows what he is writing about, and because he looks on both sides the picture. The following simple announcement speaks a volume:—

"Having passed a considerable part of my life in Ireland, and having resided at a benefice, where I built a glebe-house, and superintended the building of a church, in a parish where there was not *a single protestant* residing, though the Roman Catholic population of the parish was very numerous, I have had full opportunity of witnessing the impolicy," &c. &c.

Colonial Policy. Cochrane and Co., London.

We are glad to see this pamphlet. Its contents were in some degree a portion of the last "Monthly." It is full of sound views, and deserves careful attention.

Poems of the Hon. W. R. Spencer; with a Biographical Memoir. Cochrane and Co., London.

Mr. Spencer was one of those talented and happy-minded men, who seem to be born to show how bright and beautiful human life may be. From earliest boyhood to his death-bed he lived in society, scattering the wealth of his rich and cultivated mind upon all that came within his reach. His poems have been before published; but they now come before us enriched by an accompanying Memoir, from one who knew him well, and who appears to be imbued with some of the fine poetical feeling and pure philosophy of the gifted individual whose life she has written. Did not the late period of the month, when the sheets were put into our hands, prevent us, we should extract freely from this portion of the work. It is beautifully and purely written, and abounds in sound and occasionally in novel views of society; and it breathes, withal, a spirit of true Christianity.

The following lines on a Lady's Birth-day, who requested it not to be kept because it cost her mother her life, are finely conceived. Many of the poems are full of sweetness and delicacy; and the volume is one that cannot fail to be highly appreciated, not only in the circle in which the distinguished author moved, but by readers in general.

"Fear not, sweet girl, that with irreverent mirth
I hail the solemn day which gave thee birth:
Much as I loved thy playful smiles before,
This day I love thy sacred sorrows more!
No beam of joy unhallow'd shall invade
The dim religion of that cypress shade,
Where on this day thy filial soul retires,
Not unattended—Saints and Angel-choirs
Their harpings jubilant to dirges turn,
Whilst orphan beauty clasps a parent's urn!
Orphan I call thee—when I see thy youth
Plumed high with hope, with innocence, and truth,
Tower into life, and in its flight rejoice—
Oh! Where 's thy guiding lure—a mother's voice!
And if, while soaring with unpractised force,
Disaster reach thee in thy venturous course,
Worn by the storm, or wounded by the dart,
Oh! where 's thy resting-place—a Mother's heart!
Closed were *her* eyes in Death's untimely night
Ere yet thy infant graces bless'd her sight;
Mute was *her* voice, and cold *her* heart for thee,
Ere yet thy guide or shelter they could be!
Spared were ye both from one severer woe,
Nor Child, nor Parent, all they lost, could know;
How hadst thou mourn'd, if Fate had call'd her hence,
When all her love had charm'd thy ripen'd sense!
How had she mourn'd in dying to resign
A mother's ecstacy at charms like thine!"

The Works of Pope. A New and Illustrated Edition; with Life, Notes, and Critical Notices on each Poem. By the Rev. G. CROLY, LL.D. Vol. I. A. J. Valpy, London.

We rejoice to see the "Bard of Twickenham" in his present attractive and popular form, as it will be sure to place his works in the hands of a multitude of readers. Had Pope no other merit than that of being the model of versification, we should be glad to see him extensively read. Poetry is too generally considered as the mere impulses of an overflowing intellect; and hence the art of *writing* poetry is neglected. No mere mechanical arrangement of words will ever suffice to make a good poem; and, on the other hand, no man, however highly gifted, will write good poetry who does not clothe his thoughts in fitting language. It is here that the works of Pope are invaluable to the poetic mind, and to the reading public at large, as they serve to diffuse a taste for correct writing.

So much for the mechanical portion of Pope's works: but he is also the great moral poet of mankind; and for this noble title he possessed the most distinguished attributes. The strength of his phrases, the richness of his style, his keenness of thought, and a profusion of fitting imagery, shed a charm over his pages, which renders them irresistibly fascinating; and though inferior in force and originality to his great predecessor, "Glorious John," the "High Priest of the Nine," he was greatly his superior in many respects; and they shine "twin stars" of an era rich in intellect.

We do not know that the editing of Pope could have been placed in better hands than in those of Dr. Croly. To a perspicuous and manly style, he adds an intimate acquaintance with the genius and literature of poetry; and the present volume is therefore greatly enriched by his labours. The annotations and criticisms upon the poems are judicious, and aid the reading of the text materially. The accompanying Memoir is discriminative and impartial, and does justice both to the poet and the man. The following is Dr. Croly's estimate of his personal character; and our second extract contains a judicious remark on Johnson's observation as to the flatness of Pope's conversation.

"Almost his last words were, 'There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue.' It is gratifying to know that his departure was without bodily suffering: the calmness of his mind is evident from these reflections. His life had been of an order which provides for tranquillity at its close: if his infirmities, his necessities, and his studies, precluded him from taking a distinguished part among the practical benefactors of society, he possessed at least the merit of such virtues as lay within his sphere: we hear of no ungenerous rejections of distress, of no personal malignity, of no betrayal of confidence, of neither degrading avarice nor heartless profusion. Temperate in mind and body, social, sincere, and fond, he exhibited great ability without the varnish of the vices, and possessed eminent fame, with perhaps as little of vanity as is consistent with the weakness of human nature. Pope's chief error was in the severity of his satire; but this, he had persuaded himself, was only a just indignation against notorious crime; and conceiving that he was appointed for its punishment, he was deluded by a sense of duty to mankind."

"He was said by Johnson to have been unexciting and unexcitable in conversation. But while to Johnson conversation was the business of existence, to Pope it was but the relaxation of study: the one brought to it the whole tension of a mind gathering its powers for the purpose; the other repaired to it for relief from exhaustion: to the former it was the chosen theatre of intellectual struggle; to the latter the chosen place of intellectual repose. We are to look for Pope's conversation in his books, in the felicity of his poetic language, the force of his poetic maxims, and the pungency of his poetic wit. Yet the fragments given by Spence fully bear out the character of his most familiar intercourse, as exhibiting frequent keenness of remark and knowlege of human nature: but Spence was not a Boswell; and if he had hung on the lips of Johnson instead of those of Pope, his indolence, dulness, and verbiage might have defrauded the great conversationist of half his fame."

The illustrations are of a superior order to the general run of frontispieces. There is a sweet vignette view of Twickenham; and the Rape of the Lock has been finely and chastely managed by Mr. Witherington and Mr. Warren. The Sylphs look indeed like aerial creatures—an effect difficult to produce on steel.

The getting up of the work is perfect, both as regards printing, paper, and binding; and it will form a worthy companion to the illustrated series which have preceded it.

The Pilgrims of Walsingham. By MISS STRICKLAND. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley, London.

"The Pilgrims of Walsingham!" and who are they? Let them describe themselves, for they can have no better interpreters.

"It was with feelings of absolute envy that the Emperor regarded the happy Brandon, on whose shoulder the royal Mary leaned in the fond familiarity of wedded love, while she employed herself in inscribing on her tablets, from King Henry's dictation, the following names:—

"King Henry, queen Catherine, the emperor Charles, Mary queen-dowager of France, and duchess of Suffolk, Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, cardinal Wolsey, archbishop of York, Sir Thomas Wyatt, page to his grace the king, and Mistress Anne Boleyn, maid of honour to the queen. 'Eight persons in all,' pursued she, looking up, 'to travel without pomp or state to the shrine of our blessed Lady at Walsingham, in pilgrims' weeds, mounted on sober steeds, and demeaning themselves discreetly and meekly to other pilgrims, whom they may encounter at hostels, ferry-houses, or convents, by the way-side; not boastfully asserting their own rights of royalty or nobility, to obtain precedency and worship from those who may not otherwise be disposed to yield it to them; but preserving an inviolate secresy as to their real names and quality, until they reach the chapel of our blessed Ladye of Walsingham, whose grace may we all obtain. Amen.'

"'Thou hast indited it like a cunning clerk, Marie,' said the king, smiling graciously on his best loved sister, 'and now will I set my sign manual to thy brief, in token that it pleaseth me well; and one scripture text will I add, for the edification and observance of our fellow-pilgrims, all of whom I request to lay the same to heart.' Then taking the tablets from the hand of the fair writer, he headed the left, which contained the names of the pilgrims elect, with the following admonition from Joseph to his brethren:—

'See ye fall not out by the way!'"

A very "goodly company," and in the words of Chaucer,—

"Methinket it accordant to reson,
To tellen you alle the condition,
Of eche of hem, as it served me,
And which they weren, and of what degre,
And eke in what araie that they were inne."

Accordingly Miss Strickland gives us a very slight but a very masterly sketch of these distinguished historical characters, and relates naturally the why and the how of their pilgrimage. The passion of Wyatt for

Anne Boleyn, her coquetry, and the coarse yet vehement love of the monarch, spurred on by the gratified vanity of woman, are finely touched. Had Wyatt had a less distinguished competitor, his fair mistress could not have failed to have succumbed to his estimable and rare qualifications —as his writings and his conversation were alike beautiful; witness the following few lines from his "Praise of his mistress:"—

"Give place, you ladies, and begone!
Boast not yourselves at all,
For here at hand approacheth one
Whose face will stayne you all.
In eche of her two christal eyes
Sitteth a naked boy:
It would you all in heart suffise
To see that lamp of joy.
O Lord! it is a world to see
How virtue can repayre;
And deck her in such modestie,
Whom nature made so fair."

The noble pilgrims accordingly wend their way, and, on the very first night of their journey, the monarch is very unceremoniously dubbed the cardinal's fool by a thick-headed prior. On the second they are nearly benighted, and bebogged on Newport Moor; and in the hostelry in which they at length repose themselves, amidst a crowd of inferior personages, the stories commence, for the purpose of wiling away a long night, inasmuch as the inn afforded no sleeping accommodations for the disguised party. Various unseemly disputes—chiefly arising from the irascible and fierce nature of the Eighth Henry, who is now considered a far inferior personage to a huge Cambridgeshire farmer—occur, which are well supported and described by the talented authoress.

Wolsey begins with the "Saxon Widow's Vow," and is followed by the king, who tells the story of "William Rufus and the Salmon pasty." The style and subjects are characteristic of the man—bold, impetuous, fierce, and headlong. Rufus had, it appears, a horror of physic, and, from the following account, we cannot wonder at it.

"William Rufus entertained a furious antipathy against all learned mediciners, ever since the hour when, through the instigation of one of the tribe, the deceased queen, his royal mother, had, in his childhood, so far exerted her maternal authority, as to compel him to swallow a draught, composed of a decoction of rue, tansy, horehound, coltsfoot, hyssop, and camomile-flowers, further enriched with a handful of earthworms, half-a-dozen wood-lice, and four centipedes; which delectable beverage, under the superintendence of the queen and her physician extraordinary, had been, by the assistance of four yeomen of the guard, actually forced down prince William's throat, with a silver drenching-horn, despite of his most active exertions in the way of kicking, cuffing, biting, and screaming; and such was his remembrance of the flavour of this detestable compound, that he was wont ever after to say publicly, that the sight of Beelzebub himself would be more agreeable to him than that of a physician."

Sickness, however, conquered his prejudice, and also overcame his hardened and impious heart; the effects of which are thus described:—

"'My soul! my precious soul! For the love of the saints, send for a dozen monks! Hand me a crucifix! Have none of ye a rosary, ye profane and godless crew? Oh! Bloet, if thou lovest me, help me out with an ave, lest, peradventure, I should depart before a priest cometh.'

"Robert Bloet was perfectly competent to the service required, for he had been bred a churchman, but had forsaken cowl and cloister, and abjured his vows, for the sake of becoming one of the corrupt ministers of William Rufus, and an associate in his dissolute way of life. Nevertheless, the sight of his miserable master's sufferings and despair alarmed his troubled conscience with the memory of his own guilt and broken vows so fearfully, that he became incapable, through agitation and remorse, of calling to mind any prayer, excepting the appropriate ejaculation to his own state, of—

'Lord be merciful to me a sinner!'

" 'Diable!' cried the king, transported into a sudden fit of fury.—'Art thou wasting my precious time in praying for thyself, false traitor? O blessed St. Luke!—Holy Evangelist! whose name I have so often profaned by using it as a ribald oath,—send some comfort, and if thou canst, raise up for me a leech, wise and honest as thyself! Will no one give me a rosary? Here, ye profane men of Belial, Grantmenil, Basset, Fitz-Haymon, and Eustace de Boulogne, come hither, and bend your stubborn knees, and say what prayers ye can muster among ye, for the benefit of my soul.'

"The warlike Normans looked at each other in dismay at this unwonted command from their sovereign, whose paroxysm of pain returned on him with redoubled violence, in consequence of his alarm and distraction of spirit.

" 'Kneel down, I say, ye perverse heretics! and repeat what prayers ye can.'

"There was an immediate genuflexion round the royal bed, while Basset, Mortimer, Grantmenil, and the count de Boulonge began to stammer forth disjointed fragments of Aves, Paternosters, Glorias, and Credos in a clamorous confusion of tongues, which greatly afflicted the king's head, though it afforded no relief to his spiritual distress.

" 'Silence,' he exclaimed, 'ye noisy, untaught varlets! Silence, I tell ye! Of what service is Latin gibberish to me, when I wot not one word that it meaneth. Is there any one in my presence who can repeat a whole prayer in English or Norman French?'

"The nobles shook their heads, protesting that Latin was the language of holy mother church, and therefore Latin prayers must, doubtless, be more efficacious than any others; and though they all admitted they did not understand the meaning of a single word that they offered up, yet they said, 'God assuredly did, and that was all-sufficient.'"

From the late period at which these volumes have reached us, we are prevented running over the stories *seriatim.* They abound in truth of character, and in fine and well-drawn pictures of by-gone manners. The experiment of making *raconteurs*, of individuals whose lives, actions, and sayings, are so decidedly historical, was a hazardous one; but Miss Strickland came well qualified to the task, and she displays a store of reading and observation highly creditable to her. Neither do we need to say, that there are many sound moral aphorisms and deductions scattered in the work, as it would be impossible for this lady to write without aiming at doing good.

We consider the "Pilgrims of Walsingham" to be an honour to the female intellect of the day. Few writers would have dared to take the ground it occupies, and to have used the *dramatis personæ* who figure in it; and still fewer would have succeeded. It is a work which must win its way to applause by its own intrinsic merits. It has beauty, purity, humour, truth, and a diversity of scenery and description, that cannot fail to please all readers. We thank the intelligent publisher for having given us a work of standard value. In the dearth of excellence, books like these come like spring sun-light.

THE FINE ARTS.

BYRON BEAUTIES. A Series of ideal Portraits of the principal Female Characters in Lord Byron's Poems. W. and E. FINDEN. Charles Tilt, London. Part IV.

No class of productions so strongly marks the bearing of public taste, as the one before us; and it is a bearing we are pleased to witness. Beauty has always a tendency to refine—to spiritualize, if you will—the human passions; and therefore it is that we rejoice to look over the Byron Beauties. But, as lovers of art for its own sake, this work delights us, and it adds another wreath to the well-earned reputation of the Findens. The three plates which make up the present number are varied in their character; and they present woman in three very opposite aspects—romance, maternal love, and passion. They are finely imagined—"beautiful exceedingly," and we need not say splendidly executed.

WINKLES'S CATHEDRALS. Salisbury and Canterbury. Nos. II. and III. Effingham Wilson, and C. Tilt, London.

This work proceeds well. Here are six engravings of the highest excellence, both graphic and architectural, for two shillings! It will bring within reach of almost every body a branch of the Fine Arts which has hitherto been a luxury for the wealthy.

History of the British Fishes. By WILLIAM YARRELL, F.L.S. No. I. John Van Voorst, London.

We class this work under the head "Fine Arts," on account of the admirable skill displayed in the plates. They are by far the finest specimens of wood-cutting, as applied to the illustration of natural history, with which we are acquainted. The work is worthy in every way to be placed side by side with Bewick. The descriptive part is good, but a little too scientific. It is a work which was much wanted, and we are glad to see the subject so ably taken up.

Illustrations of the Bible. Part XI. By WESTALL and MARTIN. Edward Churton, London.

The idea of uniting Westall and Martin in this work was excellent. In this number we have, "Daniel in the Lions' Den," "Ruth gleaning in the Field of Boaz," &c. from Westall; and "Esther's Feast," the "Fall of Babylon," and "The Destruction of Nineveh," from Martin. The number is fully equal to its predecessors. The work deserves to be as it is—popular.

Landscape Illustrations of Allan Cunningham's Edition of Burns. Cochrane and Co., London.

A set of gems, of the most touching beauty. No man should be without these plates who has an edition of Burns—nor should any one who values the exquisite in art fail to procure it. It is in fact complete in itself, the descriptions being original. We know not that we ever gazed longer, and with deeper emotion, on any picture, than on that of the birth-place of Burns in this work. It is perfectly simple, yet full of poetry. The views of Ayr, of the Birks of Aberfeldy, and of Dumfries, are extremely beautiful, though it is invidious even to select these from the rest.

Literary Souvenir, and Cabinet of Modern Art. Edited by A. A. Watts, Esq. Whittaker, London.

It has been with some regret that we have witnessed the slight waning of the annuals during the last season. We have been sorry for this on many accounts. They offer a delightful field for the display of light writing; and they foster the fine arts in a most especial manner. By diffusing themselves as they do throughout the entire kingdom, they aid materially the march of social refinement—and for this reason, we rejoiced at their success. Mr. Watts, always a leader in the field, has now made a great step forward—and in place of an annual merely, has produced a perennial—and if followed up in a similar way, he will give us a set of works, the merits of which must place them on the shelves of every lover of the arts.

It has been objected to him in many quarters, that in devoting the "Souvenir" so exclusively to this purpose, he is likely to make his circulation exclusive. We differ widely from this opinion—and we are sure, that pictures, illustrated by notices and anecdotes of the painters, is by far the most suitable and attractive mode of bringing them before the reading public.

The Sunset, of Barret, and the Fisher Girl of Calais, are specimens of two different styles of painting—both are beautiful, though directly opposite in design. The remarks appended to them are exceedingly judicious—one is the chastity of nature—and the other, nature clothed in poetic attributes.

LITERARY NOTICES.

In the Press, and speedily will be published, Observations on the Natural History and Productions of British Guiana; with suggestions on Colonization and Emigration to that Country: founded on a long residence. By John Hancock, M. D.

The Life of Bishop Jewel, by Mr. Le Bas, is now ready. Rivingtons.

My Neighbourhood, in 3 volumes, is nearly ready. Saunders and Otley.

The New Foreign Quarterly Review. No. I. Whittaker and Co.

Hudibras. A new Edition, by P. Nash, with Notes; in 2 vols., with Portrait and Wood-Cuts. Murray.

Crichton: an Historical Romance; founded on the Adventures of "The Admirable" Scottish Poet and Scholar of the Sixteenth Century. By W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., Author of 'Rookwood.' 3 vols. post 8vo.

Travels in Ethiopia, above the second Cataract of the Nile; containing an account of the present state of that country. By G. A. Haskins, Esq.; with Map and Illustrations, is preparing by Messrs. Longmans.

Also, Yarrow Revisited; and other Poems. By W. WORDSWORTH, Esq.

The Dancing Mania, in the Fourteenth Century: translated by Dr. BABINGTON, from the German of Hecker. One vol. Sherwood and Co.

A Poet's Portfolio, or Minor Poems; by JAMES MONTGOMERY, is in the press. Longman and Co.

History of the Boroughs and Municipal Corporations of the United Kingdom, in 3 vols. royal 8vo, is just published. Stevens and Son.

Asthma—its Species and Complications, or Researches into the Pathology of Respiration: with remarks on the remedial treatment applicable to each variety; being a Practical and Theoretical Review of the malady, considered in its simple form, and in connexion with Disease of the Heart, Catarrhs, Indigestion, &c. Illustrated by Plates coloured from Nature. By Dr. RAMADGE.

The Student. By the Author of "Pelham," "England and the English," &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. Nearly ready.

Journal of a Visit to Constantinople. By Mr. AULDJO; with Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Longman and Co.

The Mechanics of Law-Making, by ARTHUR SYMMONDS, Esq.

Provincial Sketches, by the Author of the "Usurer's Daughter."

Engravings from the Works of H. LIVERSEEGE. Part XI. Hodgson, Boys, and Graves.

The Wife. A Novel. By the Hon. MRS. NORTON. 3 vols. post 8vo. Nearly ready.

Memorials of Oxford, by the Rev. JAMES INGRAM, D. D. Parts XXVII. XXVIII. Tilt.

A Winter in the Far West, by W. C. HOFFMAN of New York. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Channel Islands, 2nd Edition, by H. D. INGLIS. 1 vol. 12mo.

Transfusion: a Novel. By the late W. GODWIN, Jun. With Introduction and Notes by WILLIAM GODWIN, Esq. and MRS. SHELLEY. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

The English and Bengalee Dictionary. 2 vols. 4to. 5*l*. 6*s*.

The Poetical Works of S. ROGERS, Esq. Part I.

The Classic and Connoisseur in Italy, by the Rev. G. W. D. EVANS. 3 vols.

Excursions in the Mediterranean. By MAJOR SIR T. GRENVILLE TEMPLE, Bart. 2 vols. 8vo. Nearly ready.

The Parliamentary Indicator.

Vacher's Parliamentary Companion.

On the Death of Eminent Men, by Sir H. HALFORD. Post 8vo.

Boswell's Johnson. Vol. I. A Complete and Uniform Edition, in Monthly Volumes. Murray.

Egypt and Thebes, from Observations made during a Residence of 12 Years, by I. G. WILKINSON, Esq. Murray.

The Natural Son, from the German. 3 vols. J. Mitchell.

Rome and its Vicinity. By SIR W. GELL. 2 vols. 8vo. Saunders and Otley.

Pierce Falcon, the Outcast. 3 vols. Bentley.

Chances and Changes. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

The Mardens and the Daventrys. 3 vols. By MISS PARDOE. Saunders and Otley.

Visit to Iceland, by JOHN BARROW, Jun. Post 8vo.

India, its State and Prospects. By EDWARD THORNTON, Esq. 8vo.

The Two Friends. By the COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON. 3 vols. post 8vo. Saunders and Otley.

Epidemics of the Middle Ages, from the German of Dr. HECKER. Part I.

Sidney Beresford. A Tale of the Day. 3 vols.

Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. By Dr. A. T. THOMSON. 3rd Edition.

Hector Fieramosca, or, The Challenge of Barletta. An Historical Novel. By the MARQUIS D'AZEGLIO. Translated from the Italian. Longman.

Natural History and Views of London, from Original Designs. Edited by C. F. PARTINGTON. 2 vols. 8vo.

Chart of Universal History.

Whigs and Tories, both wrong. Hatchard and Son.

The Reproving Angel. By ANNE GRACE GODWIN.

Suggestions on Practical Education, by E. SMITH.

Journal of the Heart. By LADY CHARLOTTE BURY. Vol. 2. Cochrane.

Cowper's Works. New and Uniform Edition, with Illustrations. Vol. I. Saunders and Otley.

Pilgrims of Walsingham. 3 vols. By MISS STRICKLAND. Saunders and Otley.

The Life and Poems of John Milton, edited by SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, with Illustrations by J. M. W. TURNER, Esq., R.A. In Monthly Volumes. Macrone.

History of Ireland, by THOMAS MOORE, Esq. Vol. I. Lardner's Cyclopædia. Longman and Co.

Shortly will appear, The Doom of Giallo, by JAMES BOADEN, Esq. A Neapolitan Romance. 2 vols. Macrone.

Specimens of the Table-Talk of the late SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, Esq. will appear in April. Murray.

Just published, Virgil's Bucolics, interlinearly translated by P. A. NUTTALL. 12mo. 3*s*. cloth.

Sketches in Prose and Verse. By G. F. RICHARDSON. Cochrane.

Corn Law Rhymes; the Third Volume of the Works of EBENEZER ELLIOTT will appear in the ensuing month. Amongst its contents will be found some of the earliest productions of this talented Writer, without any political allusions, which were almost unheeded at the time of their publication. In the Press.

Travels in Northern Greece; with Maps, Plans, &c. By W. M. LEAKE, F.R.S. In the Press.

Memoirs of Lord Clive; collected from family papers at Wolcot, and other authentic sources. By Major-General Sir JOHN MALCOLM, G.C.B. To appear on the first of May. Murray.

In the Press, and shortly will be published, Rainbow Sketches; consisting of Comic and Serious Tales, Poems, &c. By JOHN FRANCIS, Author of "Sunshine; or, Lays for Ladies;" &c. Embellished with Lithographic Illustrations by M. B. S.

PROSPECTS OF INDUSTRY—

HAND-LOOM WEAVERS—FACTORY SYSTEM.

IN our last Number we made some observations for the purpose of showing the influence of Machinery upon the production of wrought commodities, and also upon the prospect of the hands engaged in Manufactures and Agriculture. In pursuing the subject, we shall begin by calling attention to the industrial prospects of an immense body of operatives, classed under the denomination of Hand-Loom Weavers, and then give a brief exposition of the Factory System—a subject but little understood; the best proof of which is, the mass of absurdity which has been laid before the House of Commons at different times, in the shape of evidence and inquiries.

It is rather remarkable that the Cotton Manufacture should have received so little legislative attention, considering its immense magnitude, and the revolution it has operated in the labour market. The annual produce of this Manufacture cannot be much short of £40,000,000, and it probably supports not less than 2,000,000 of people.

It was a fine saying of somebody's in reference to the admiration felt by many persons during the progress of the French Revolution, "that they forgot the agonies of the dying bird in the beauty of its plumage." This remark applies to the mechanico-political economists of the day. These men, viewing the mighty progress of mechanical agency, with its influence upon production and upon national wealth, forget the sufferings over which it tramples. "Yet," says Mr. Baines, "so profoundly ignorant, or so blindly prejudiced, are some men, even authors and members of parliament, that they still publish solemn lamentations over the growth of Machinery. It might have been supposed that the history of the Cotton Manufacture would have for ever put an end to the complaints against Machinery, except on the part of the workmen who were immediately suffering. The 150,000 workmen in the spinning-mills produce as much yarn as could have been produced by 40,000,000 with the one-thread wheel." We are not amongst those who deplore the progress of Machinery; but surely the past, present, and future conditions of the labouring community deserve consideration; and if this consideration be not paid to them, a social crisis will result, that will "leave not a wreck behind" of the idolised productive powers.

The Hand-Loom Weavers are the relics and perpetuators of the more primitive method of making cloth. This class of operatives has been the victim of Machinery. It is customary to enumerate a variety of causes which have tended to depress it, independently of the growth of the power-loom; and farther, the advocates of factory labour very unscrupulously assert, that its miserable condition is in a great measure the result of its own depraved habits. Thus Baines, in his recent work, says, "the second cause of the low rate of wages amongst the hand-loom weavers is, that their employment is in some respects more agreeable, as laying them under less restraint than factory labour: being carried on in their own cottages, their time is at their own command: they may begin and leave off work at their pleasure: they are not bound punctually to obey the summons of the factory-bell: if they are so disposed, they can quit their loom for the public-house, or to lounge in the street, or to accept some other job, and when urged by necessity they may make up for lost time by a great exertion: *in short, they are more independent than factory operatives; they are their own masters;* and they have the power, in case of urgent necessity or strong temptation, to embezzle a few cops of their employers' weft in order to buy bread or ale, which is a very common occurrence. All this makes the weaver's occupation more seductive to men of idle, irregular, and dissipated habits, than other occupations. *It is a dear-bought miserable liberty, but, like poaching or smuggling, it is more congenial to some tastes* than working under precise restrictions for twice the remuneration."

Our readers will, as a matter of course, consider the Hand-Loom Weavers, against whom is thus unceremoniously charged a disregard for morals and for social comforts, as some miserable outcasts, some little section of manufacturers, who ought to be shipped off, *sine mora*, to New South Wales, in company with the next cargo of convicts. They will be surprised no doubt to learn, that their numbers are considerably greater than the entire mass of weavers engaged in the Cotton Mills; the latter employing about 40,000 hands in actual labour, and the former 250,000.

It is upon these 250,000 Hand-Loom Weavers that the influence of Machinery on human labour may be exemplified. In 1795, a Hand-Loom Weaver engaged on fine work earned £1. 13*s*. 6*d*. per week. Mr. Gaskell thus describes his condition at this period, and we would beg to refer Mr. Baines to his work, as it contains a very important digest of the subject:—

"These were undoubtedly the golden times of manufactures, considered in reference to the character of the labourers. By all the processes being carried on under a man's own roof, he retained his individual respectability: he was kept apart from associations, which might injure his moral worth, whilst he generally earned wages that were sufficient, not only to live comfortably upon, but that also enabled him to rent a few acres of land; thus joining in his own person two classes that are now daily becoming more and more distinct. It gave him employment of a healthy nature, and raised him in society a step above the mere labourer: a garden was likewise invariably an adjunct to the cottage of the Hand-Loom Weaver; and in no part of the kingdom were the floral tribes, fruits, and edible roots, more zealously or more successfully cultivated; and to crown all, he was a respectable member of society,—a good father, a good son, and a good husband."

Such was the Hand-Loom Weaver in 1795. Let us compare his condition in 1834, now that the whole force of the era of mechanism has been brought to bear upon him. *His wages have fallen progressively from* £1. 13*s*. 6*d*. *per week to* 4*s*. 1½*d*. What is his moral and social condition? It has been thus described by a Dr. Kay, who we believe was employed by the Manchester overseers to inquire into the subject, and who lives amongst the lower orders. "The Hand-Loom Weavers labour fourteen hours and upwards daily, and earn only from 5*s*. to 7*s*. per week; they are ill fed, ill clothed, half sheltered and ignorant, weaving in close, damp cellars, or crowded in ill-ventilated workshops; and it only remains that they should become, as is too frequently the case, demoralised and reckless, to render perfect the portraiture of savage life."

This picture is doubtless overdrawn, but we have reason to believe, that in so far as town Hand-Loom Weavers are concerned, it is founded in truth. The bulk of this class of labourers is however scattered in the neighbourhoods of the manufacturing towns; and notwithstanding the extreme depression in their wages, and their consequent abject poverty, a more orderly, sober, and patient set of men does not exist. It is a gross calumny to brand them as idlers and thieves, who cling to their occupation solely because it enables them to be idlers and thieves, and who refuse to become factory-workers, because that *then* they must be industrious and punctual. A more unfounded or a more cruel judgment was never pronounced in the darkest ages of religious bigotry and intolerance; a judgment passed because they are excluded from the pale of the steam-engine; excluded not voluntarily, but because there is no chance of their changing their industrial condition.

What, it may be urged, can thus have led a man to stigmatise a quarter of a million of his countrymen as thieves and idlers? It is impossible to answer the question, and we therefore leave Mr. Baines to make his own *amende.*

The condition of the Hand-Loom Weavers is the index to point out to us the influence of Machinery. It has already reduced a vast body of men from a state of comparative independence to the lowest abyss of social misery,—an abyss from which there does not exist the most remote probability that they will ever be able to extricate themselves; on the contrary, the constant application of mechanical contrivances is daily adding to their numbers, by forcing away hands from the mills,—and (*proh pudor!*) by the Poor-Law Commissioners endeavouring to translate a pauperised agricultural population amongst them, without the slightest chance of its procuring regular employment. It can only swell the amount of misery, and accelerate that social crisis which the steam-engine is generating—provided wise measures are not taken to avert it, of which we grieve to say, that we see little hope, judging from the Factory Bill of last session. As a curious illustration of the imperfect legislation resulting from want of information, and from commissions of inquiry, we may mention, that the Factory question, which excited so much attention, and which involved the interests of the manufacturers no less than those of the operatives, gave birth to the above-mentioned enactment, supposed of course to be founded on the Report of the Commissioners; yet, extraordinary as it may sound, the bill was passed seven months before the Reports were returned.

The Factory question is one intimately woven up with the prospects of labour, and with the social welfare of the entire mass of the labouring community; public attention cannot therefore be too strongly directed towards it, as the most extraordinary misrepresentations are afloat on the subject: parliament will no doubt be called upon to repeal or modify its last measure—a measure passed in the most profound ignorance, and upon the reports of men either guided by interest or the blindest prejudice.

The question resolves itself briefly into the following points—Wage, Morals, and Health.

With respect to the first of these points, it is not necessary that we should dilate upon it. From an examination of very extensive returns, it appears, that the average earning of each factory operative is somewhere about 10*s.* per week: this is corroborated by Mr. Baines and by Mr. Gaskell, who says, "the persons engaged in Cotton Mills earn much higher wages than most other classes of labourers; the average may be fixed at 10*s.* per week: this includes the children, who in all instances form a considerable proportion of the hands. This is a rate of wage, generally speaking, amply sufficient to furnish the labourer with the comforts and decencies of life."

With this fact before us, the matter becomes very simple as to the second point—Does factory labour conduce to the morals of those engaged in it? or does factory labour conduce to immorality? These are two very important queries; and the answer to them must be based upon the circumstance, that multitudes of young people of both sexes are crowded together, without any sufficient control over their conduct. The moralist will say, what has this to do with the question? We answer—every thing; inasmuch as this bringing young people into immediate contact inevitably leads to immorality. Mr. Baines very justly remarks, "that the morality or immorality of the operatives must be affected by the character of the masters and overlookers, and by their negligence or care in watching the conduct of those placed under them. It is to be feared that licentiousness prevails in some mills." We may correct him by saying that it prevails generally, and that it is one of the greatest evils attendant upon the system. We roundly assert that the breaking up of families incident to the system, the introduction of children at an early age into the mills—joined to other causes, go far to annihilate the social and domestic virtues. As to the evidence adduced by the Factory inspectors from the mouths of the operatives, it may serve to raise a smile, but it is of no farther value.

This is a subject to some extent beyond the reach of the legislature, as men and women cannot be made virtuous by Acts of Parliament. But although they cannot be made virtuous, the law may place judicious and powerful barriers as checks upon vice. Separation of the sexes, and a system of classification, would go far towards eradicating much that is pernicious. Of late years indeed, a great improvement has been visible in the interior economy of the mills, but there are still too many scenes of profligacy enacted in them. An immense responsibility rests upon the masters, as they have it in their power to have their hands orderly and correct; and we are glad that many amongst them are becoming aware that it is to their interest to have their workmen moral and sober.

The next point for consideration is, the health of factory operatives. The basis upon which Lord Ashley brought in his Bill, was, we believe, statements made by certain medical men in London, who drew their inferences not from observation, but from *ex parte* statements, which represented the factories as absolute hells. No wonder can be felt therefore at the horrible tales which were prevalent as to consequences of this kind of labour upon health. So far as the duration of life and bodily configuration are concerned, there does not appear to be, at the present day, in the best constructed mills any reason to apprehend that either are injured; formerly indeed, and in some cases now, there is a want of due ventilation, and health of course did and does suffer; but although life does not appear to be shortened, there cannot exist a doubt but that factory labour weakens the tone of the system, and superinduces various slight ailments, which produce the unhealthy appearance so obvious amongst mill labourers.

Public sympathy has, however, been principally excited by the infant portions of these labourers; and it is here that government has been summoned to stretch out its shield of legislative protection. It cannot be questioned but that these children are legitimate objects for the public care; neither can it be denied but that great abuse, and great cruelties, have been suffered by the junior hands. It is nevertheless a very nice question for legislation. Children are essential in the mills. The law, as it at present stands, has done a great deal of mischief: it has vexatiously interfered with pre-existent modes of business, without affording any alternative; it has deprived numbers of children of employment; and, if allowed to continue in operation, it will be the means of enticing many families into the already overcrowded manufacturing districts, for the sake of having their older children employed; and these districts will become still more extensively mischievous recipients for an unemployed adult population. The strange notions prevalent on the condition and prospects of the labouring community, even amongst those who have the direction of its industrial affairs, were never more conspicuously shown, than by the expectation expressed by the Factory inspectors that relays of children might be provided for the mills,—the Act prohibiting any child under thirteen years of age, working more than forty-eight hours in any one week. These relays, even could they be procured, would interfere so materially with the business economy of the manufacturers, that rather than submit to them, they have discharged their junior hands, and thus inflicted great sufferings upon multitudes of families.

In the light labour performed by children from ten to twelve years of age, in the mills, no injury is done to health beyond what arises from the confinement in a particular room. Mr. Gaskell sums up an elaborate statement of the causes influencing the health of factory labourers, in the following words: "Nothing appears in the condition of the labour to which children are subjected, of an active or positively injurious character, as far as physical health is concerned;" and farther, "that the employment of children in manufactories ought not to be looked on as an evil, till the present moral and domestic habits of the population are completely re-organised. So long as home education is not found for them, they are to some extent best situated when engaged in light labour, and the labour generally is light which falls to their share." This view has been amply corroborated by all subsequent inquiries.

It does not appear to us that government can interfere beneficially between the operatives and the masters, in so far as the hours of labour and the business arrangements of the mill are concerned, beyond limiting the hours of work to one general rule,—say twelve hours a day, including meal times. Even a measure so simple as this would be much less facile of adoption than is supposed. If any more complicated and involved enactments be thrust upon the manufacturers, they are sure to be evaded, and that too with impunity. The rapid extension of the trade itself is the best guarantee for improvement in the condition of those hands which Machinery may require. A law therefore should go no farther; than, 1st, Classification of age and sex; 2nd, Scientific inspection as to the ventilation; and 3rd, A standard for the continuance of labour.

The great curse of the Factory System is to be found, not in its protracted hours of labour, nor in the slight unhealthy influences to which those engaged in it are exposed. It is in the breaking up of all home and social affections: the father, the mother, and the child, are alike occupied, and never meet under their common roof-tree except during the evenings. All the better and more healthy portions of our feelings and affections remain uncultivated; the boy knows no parental control, the girl no domestic virtues nor domestic economy; the father is but an independent member of his family, and has no command over the time and earnings of his child; the mother abandons her offspring to hireling hands; and hence we see that the factory operatives present an immense mass of social disorganisation, unfettered by those bonds of domestic virtue which are the most powerful agents in making men good citizens. It is a mass rife with danger, and, conceal the truth as we may, the progress of mechanism must ere long bring into active operation the elements of mischief, which are generating throughout it.

⁂ Objections have been made to our last month's remark, that the manufacturers sought mechanical contrivances to enable them to do without human labourers. An extract from Mr. Baines's work will decide the objection to the parties making it:—"*One recommendation of Mr. Roberts's self-acting mule is, that it renders the masters independent of the working spinners,*" p. 208.

SPRING AND THE POETS.

> The lusty Spring, now in his timely hour
> Is ready to come forth.
> Arise, I say, do May some observance.

We are lovers of Nature—that is, of Nature for her own sake,—as we have no pretensions to call ourself either botanist, geologist, ornithologist, nor any thing of the sort. Not that we quarrel, be it understood, with other people for indulging a whim of counting stamens and petals, or of breaking stones, or speculating upon bird's nests, bird's notes, or bird's food. We allow every body free latitude, reserving to ourself the privilege of always shunning a scientific companion, when we shake the dust from our feet, and look Nature in the face.

If we do not love Nature, seen through the glass of science, neither do we love her according to the rules of the Lake and the Cockney schools of poetry. Mr. Leigh Hunt is a very clever man, and a very pleasant writer; but before he penned the following brief and piquant summary of Wordsworth's poetic feelings, he should have looked for the mote in his own eye:

> "—— some lines he had made on a straw,—
> Showing where he found it, and what it was for;
> And how when 'twas balanced, it stood like a spell—
> And how when 'twas balanced, no longer it fell:
> A wild thing of scorn he described it to be,
> But said it was patient to heaven's decree;
> Then he gazed upon nothing, and, looking forlorn,
> Dropt a natural tear for that wild thing of scorn."

This, as a caricature, is excellent; but "lawny fields" and "greeny lanes" are hardly equal to its originals.

Our old poets are absolutely filled with little gems on Nature in general, and on Spring in particular. In the absence of the cant of sensibility, which renders so large a portion of modern descriptive poetry mere milk-and-water trash—they speak of the sights and the sounds which fill the world with harmony and beauty, as if they had felt their influence, and thus their descriptions come warm from the heart. It is one thing to sit in a suburban villa or in a lake cottage, and manufacture prettinesses; and it is another to walk forth amidst the works of the omnipotent and beneficent Author of nature with a mind properly attuned to receive their influences. The man whose mind has this quality, has within him one very important element of happiness; as it is impossible for him to move without meeting with a multitude of things that strike some responsive chord of enjoyment in his own feelings; for all nature is lovely, and all nature is full of delight and enjoyment. She can

"work no wrong—
The very weeds are lovely! The confusion
Doth speak of sunshine, breezes, and the dew."

Chaucer seems in an especial manner to have been endued with a true poetic enthusiasm respecting natural objects. The quaintness of his language frightens unhappily the dainty readers of our days.

"There sate I downe among the faire flowris,
And saw the birdes trippe out of their bowris,
There as they restid 'hem had al the night:
They were so joyful of the day'is light,
They began of Maye for to done honouris:

They proyin'd 'hem and madin 'hem right gay,
And daunsidin and leptin on the spray;
And evirmore were two and two in fere,
Right so as they had chosen 'hem to yere
In Feverere on Saint Valentine's day.

And the river whiche that I sat upon,
It maden soche a noisè as it ron,
Accordaunt with the birdis armony,
Methought that it was the best melody
That mighten ben yherde of any mon."

The beautiful simplicity of Chaucer's descriptions gives a charm to his writings, that stamp them as the productions of a genius of the noblest order. His "Floure and Leaf" is a perfect gem, set in an antique frame indeed, but that does not lessen the value of the diamond. His "Spring" was the first written in our language, and it is unequalled to the present day.

"When that Phœbus his chair of gold so hie
Had whirled up the starrie sky aloft,
When showris sote of rain descendid soft,
Causing the ground felè timis, and oft
Up for to give many an wholesome air,
And every plain was yclothid faire.
With newè grene, and makith smalè flowrs
To springin here and there in field and mede,
So very good and wholesome be the shours,
That they renewin what was old and dede
In winter time, and out of every sede
Springeth the herbè, so that every wight
Of this seson wexith richt glade and licht.
—to a pleasaunt grove I gan to pas,
Long or the bright sonnè uprisen was;
In which were okis grete, straight as a line,
Under the which the grass, so freshe of hew,
Was newly sprong, and an eight fote or nine

Every tre well fro his fellow grew,
With branchis brode ladin with levis new,
That sprongin out agen the sonnè shene,
Some very rede, and some a glad right grene."

Let us compare this with Dryden's arrangement of it, in his "Flower and Leaf:"—

"Now turning from the wintry sky—the sun
His course exalted through the Ram had run,
And whirling up the skies his chariot drove
Through Taurus and the lightsome realms of love,
Where Venus from her orb descends in showers,
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with flowers.
When first the tender blades of grass appear,
And buds that yet the blasts of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year,
Till gentle heat and oft-repeated rains
Make the green blood to dance within their veins:
Then at their call, embolden'd out they come,
And swell the germs, and burst the narrow room;
Broader and broader yet their blooms display,
Salute the welcome sun, and entertain the day.
Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair,
To scent the skies, and purge th' unwholesome air.
Joy spreads the heart—and with a general song,
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along.

* * * * * * * * *

I sought a goodly grove, as fancy led the way.
Straight as a line, in beauteous order stood
Of unshorn oaks a venerable wood:
Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree
At distance planted, in a due degree;
Their branching arms in air, with equal space
Stretch'd to their neighbours with a long embrace,
And the new leaves on every branch were seen,
Some ruddy colour'd, some of lighter green."

The beauties of this version of Chaucer are of no common order, the imagery added is very appropriate, and the description well sustained; yet it injures rather than adds force to the simple dignity of the original.

It is delightful to trace how closely similar are the feelings of all true poets on the

"Sook season that bud, bloome forth bringes,"

as Surrey describes it. Witness how strict is the resemblance between Chaucer, Dryden, and Virgil. The same thoughts are common to each, though living at different periods and under very different auspices. We give Sotheby's translation, as he has very faithfully and very poetically rendered the Mantuan bard.

"Spring comes—new bud the field, the flower, the grove,
Earth swells, and claims the genial seeds of love:

Then the etherial Father,—Lord of life,
Sinks on the bosom of his blissful wife;
With showers prolific feeds the vast embrace,
That fills all nature, and renews her race.
Then rings with tuneful birds the pathless grove,
The cattle then renew their yearly love.
Bathed in soft dew, and fann'd by western winds,
Each field its bosom to the gale unbinds;
The blade dares boldly rise new suns beneath;
The tender vine puts forth its flexile wreath;
And, freed from southern blast and northern shower,
Spreads without fear—each bud, and leaf and flower."

As we write these exquisite lines, a fragrant April breeze is whispering around us, and brings to our remembrance an Italian translation of them, so full of grace, delicacy, and gentleness, that we cannot refrain from repeating it to our reader.

"Al frondeggiar de' boschi, ed a le selve
Utile è l'amorosa Primavera.
Turgide al suo tepor fansi le terre,
E desiose co l'aperte fibre
Chieggon le marital virtu dei semi.
L'onnipotente allora Etereo Padre
Con li fecondi umori a l'alma Sposa.
Diceso in grembro ne l'immenso corpo
Si mesce immenso, e de le case tutte
Il lieto pullular sviluppa, e move.
Dipinti augelli risonare al canto
S'odon allora i solitari boschi;
Tornan lieti d'amore a l'opre usate
Ne 'fissi tempi i mansueti armenti:
Nov' erbe partorire, e novi fiori
Vedesi il campo, ed a le tepid' aure
De' Zefiri amorosi aprire il grembo
In ogni germe il nutritivo umore
Felice abbonda; a' rai del nuovo sole
Monstran sicure le crescenti erbette
L'aperta fronte, ed il furor non pave
D'Austro sorgente la pampinea vite
Nè il sibilare d'Aquilon nevoso
Di nembi apportator, ma fuor la gemme
Mette sicura, e le novelle frondi."

Spenser wrote and felt much in the same manner, for the mantle of Virgil and Chaucer had descended to him.

"Is not this the merry month of May—
* * * * when all is yclad
With pleasance—the ground with grass, the woods
With green leaves, the bushes with blossoming buds?

The merry cuckoo, messenger of Spring,
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded,
That warns all lovers wait upon their king,
Who now is coming forth with girland crowned:
With noise whereof the quire of birds resounded
Their anthems sweet devised of love's praise,
That all the woods their echoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their lays.

* * * * * *

Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,
In whose coat armour richly are displaid
All sorts of flowers the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously array'd."

A multitude of delightful fragments might be picked from the "Faery Queene," showing how sensitively the poet was alive to the charms of natural objects,—how finely he amplifies the scriptural allusion to the lily.

"The lilly—lady of the flowering field,
The flower-de-luce her lovely paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labours yield,
And soon leave off this toylsome weary stoure.
Loe, loe! how brave she decks her bounteous boure
With silken curtains, and gold coverletts,
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous belamoure:
Yet neither spinnes nor cards—ne cares nor fretts,
But to her mother Nature all her care she letts."

Milton drank deep from the fountain of the love of nature. Some of his very finest and most magnificent passages are descriptive of her beauties. In his "L'Allegro" he speaks the same language concerning Spring as his immortal predecessors.

"The frolic wind that breathes the Spring,—
Zephyr with Aurora playing
As he met her once a-maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew."

His blindness seems to have heightened the vividness of his sensations, and, as he pours out his song, a gush of eloquence betrays how deeply he felt the harmonies of creation. Eve's lament on quitting Paradise is perhaps the finest piece of pathos in existence.

"Must I then leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee native soil! these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt for gods? where I had hoped to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers!
My early visitation, and my last
At even—which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,

Who now shall rear ye to the sun—or rank
Your tribes?"

The apostrophe to her flowers is as tender as that of a mother bereaved of her children. Samson Agonistes has been with us at all times one of Milton's most frequently read writings, and this chiefly from the several touching allusions it contains to his deprivation of sight:

"A little onward lend thy guiding hand,"

always conjures up before our eyes the blind and tottering poet led by one of his daughters.

* "a little further on,
For yonder bank hath choice of sun and shade.
* * * here I feel amends,
The breath of Heaven—fresh blowing pure and sweet
With day-spring born."

Perhaps, however, it is to the connexion with the influence produced upon us by sound, that we owe two of the most beautiful passages in Comus—itself a peerless poem from beginning to end.

"At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a stream of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air."

It is impossible to imagine any thing more finely conceived and more musically expressed: its only rival is a passage a little before it:

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air,
To testify his hidden residence.
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence— * * * * *
At every fall, smoothing the raven-down
Of darkness, till it smiled!"

How finely attuned must the mind have been, to which the simile in the last four lines could present itself. Nature seems to have breathed into Milton's heart her most choice influences; for the above are the expressions of a man who lived in bustling times, and who took his share in them, and whose pen for years was employed in all the gall and bitterness of polemical and political writing. Yet, above all this, the pure and healthy love of natural objects flamed brilliantly to the last, even when his body was worn down by adversity and physical suffering.

Amongst the many seasonal observances which have disappeared before the spread of civilization, there is one which we greatly regret—and this is the May-games, the relics of the ancient Floralia; which, as being in accordance with the feelings excited by the whole vegetable world, rising from its winter sleep, kept its hold upon the popular mind through a long succession of centuries. The Romans celebrated the Feasts of Venus early in April. The idea of love seems to have been inseparably linked with the season,—not less amongst the multitude, than the most refined and exalted genius. The fourth Ode of Horace was as truly descriptive of the observances of May in our country two centuries ago, as of those of the Feasts of Flora or Venus.

> "Now icy winter melts in vernal gales,
> And grateful zephyrs fill the spreading sails.
> No more the rustic labourer loves his fire,
> No more the lowing herds their stalls desire.
> While Earth the richest of her verdure yields,
> Nor hoary frosts now crisp the smiling fields:
> And joyously through all the verdant meads,
> Beneath the rising moon, fair Venus leads
> Her graceful dance, and with her laughing train
> Of nymphs and modest graces fills the plain."

The same notion of Love and Spring is presented by Lucretius, in the beginning of the first Book of the Nature of Things.

> "Kind Venus! glory of the blest abodes;
> Parent of Rome—chief joy of men and Gods!
> At thy approach, great goddess, straight remove
> Whatever things are rough and foes to love.
> When first the gentle Spring begins t' inspire
> Soft wishes, melting thoughts, and gay desire,
> And warm Favonius fans the amorous fire."

And thus it must ever be—from the beginning of the world to the final consummation of its destiny, Spring has been and will be a period of rejoicing and of love. The affections will ever expand under the genial influence of reviving nature; and the poets, as her great high-priests, must in all climes, in all ages, and in all stages of civilization, celebrate its coming in one universal language—the language of love.

We ourselves, though no poet, never walk out in the gushing spring sunlight, but the "buds, the blossoms, and the flowers" which are bursting into life, and smiling in their young beauty, fill us with the most profound sensation of love—of love to our fellows, and of love to Him whose goodness thus shows itself in boundless profusion. The conviction upon our mind is, from all that we see, that God is love; and that one of the most grateful sacrifices which can be offered up to Him, is to have our hearts filled with the impulses naturally springing from his creations.

LONDON STREETS.

No. I.

WHITEHALL—Wolsey—Anne Boleyn—Wyatt—Henry the Eighth—Elizabeth—The Stuarts—NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE—Hotspur, &c.—GERRARD STREET—Savage—Johnson—Countess of Macclesfield—SOHO SQUARE—Monmouth—Harriet Wentworth—ST. GILES—St. Egidius—The plague of 1665—IMPROVEMENTS—Influence on Health and Morals, &c.

WE had lately staying with us, on a somewhat lengthy visit, an old college friend, who had come to us to shake off his library dust, and to renew an intimacy formed in the sunny hours of early manhood. Though nearly a stranger in London, and a man whose life had passed almost in cloistral solitude, he surprised us by his erratic propensities, seldom failing to make his congé immediately after our early breakfast, and rarely showing himself again till preparations were making for our six o'clock dinner. As he was on what is called a friendly visit, and as his absence was on the whole a convenience, our habits being sedentary, we did not for a time notice his diurnal disappearance.

He however, we suppose by way of apology, one day over his wine, mentioned it, observing,—

"I dare say you wonder what becomes of me day after day? You must know I am in love with the streets of London."

"There our tastes differ *toto cœlo*. I never traverse any of its crowded thoroughfares without being wearied and fatigued to death by their eternal bustle:—what, in Heaven's name, do you find so very enchanting, as to lead you to spend all your time in gazing at them?"

"Oh, they are full of architectural beauties and historical associations. I would rather traverse the streets of London than the streets of Rome, and the more especially as modern taste is defacing or destroying all the monumental glories of our gallant forefathers."

"Architectural beauties!—Oh, you Visigoth!—you worse than Vandal!—London full of architectural beauties!"

"Yes, London is full of architectural beauties: remember I do not speak as an architect, for I know nothing of the art."

"Well, that disclaimer certainly helps you out of your dilemma. Had you said that London was full of architectural meanness, I could have understood you. What Englishmen fantastically enough call comfort, with the crowding of an immense population into a limited space, where all must find habitations of some sort, has made London streets little else but long lines of brick walls, pierced with parallel rows of doors and windows; whilst the barbarous taste displayed in many buildings of great pretensions, which ought to serve as redeeming points, makes the whole place a monstrous deformity. As to the historical memories linked with many 'reliquiæ' of bygone ages, a man, with Stow under his arm, might doubtless amuse himself, were it not that the gaping multitude would molest him, unless, like Mr. Horner, he chooses to perch himself in an eyrie, and so take a distant bird's-eye view."

"Ah, well, it 's pretty clear that you, as well as the majority of London residents, don't know, or at least don't care, a great deal about London. I wish you would be my companion for a day or two—a little chat would help me on wonderfully."

"With all my heart: to-morrow we will commence our reconnaisance."

On the following morning we left the cab in Portland Place, and, to my infinite surprise, my college friend, as soon as his foot touched the pavement, began to trot along in the most extraordinary way, utterly regardless of the wondering looks and the laughs of every body he passed. As I had no idea that he, like Jeremy Bentham, could not walk without running; and as I am, like Sterne, a mortal hater of street exhibitions, I passed over to the opposite side, fully resolved not to appear to have any connexion with the trotting gentleman in advance.

In a few minutes I lost sight of him altogether, and walked leisurely along Regent Street, and down to Waterloo Place, where I found my active friend reposing after his trot.

"What, in Heaven's name, ails you," was my address, "thus to set off like a running footman?"

"Oh," said he, "I always run down that street, it is so very wide and airy; and besides, there is nothing on earth to see in it."

We sauntered leisurely through the Park, and emerged from the Horse Guards, nearly fronting Whitehall House.

"Come on," said he, "come on; here 's the place for a morning's walk!" and he hurried me across the road.

"What a magnificent fragment!" he exclaimed, looking at the building—"what a history may be read upon its walls! and yet, beautiful as it is, and abounding in reminiscences, I long for the old palace, splendidly finished, and made an abode fit for kings by Wolsey. One may fancy one hears his measured step, and his communing voice:—

'Anne Bullen! no, I 'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we 'll no Bullens:—
What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran. Again there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one,—Cranmer:'

and now we remember us of gentle Mistress Anne, who swears

'By my troth, and maiden-head,
I would not be a queen;'

whilst her brief, brilliant, and unfortunate career must have made her look back to the pure and passionate love of Wyat, with all his graces of young manhood, with severe regret."

"Ay, the coarse and fierce Henry was no fitting mate for the graceful and vivacious Anne. She was a jewel, that might have hung well upon Wyat's neck. How finely, and with what true pathos, he deplores his hapless attachment!

‘ I see there is no sort
  Of things that live in grief,
Which at some time may not resort
  Whereto they have reliefe.

The cony hath his cave,
  The little bird his nest,
From heat and colde themselves to save
  At all times as they list.

The owl, with feble sight,
  Lyes lurking in the leaves;
The sparrow in the frosty night
  May shroude her in the eaves.

But wo! to me, alas!
  In sunne nor yet in shade,
I cannot find a resting-place,
  My burden to unlade.

All things I see have place
  Wherein they bowe or bende,
Save thus, alas! my woful case,
  Which no where findeth ende.’ ”

“ Ay, Wyat was a man amongst a million; and I am glad you still preserve your old taste for his rich but quaint beauties. But pass we on to Elizabeth, the man-woman, as our old Tutor used to call her. Let us fancy a verdant lawn, and broad and sheltered walks stretching from where we stand down to the river; and here she comes stately and queenlike, with age, reverence, and wisdom on one hand, and beauty and young manhood on the other, offering one of the most singular compounds of a wise sovereign, and a vain and weak woman, that history has recorded.”

“True; but with her woman's follies there mingled so much of her father's arbitrary and despotic temper, that greatly as I admire her policy, I dislike the sovereign. As a woman, she claims none of our sympathies. Well might the English nobles look with wonder and contempt on the feeble, venal, foolish, and pedantic Stuart, who ascended the throne of her who swore by ‘God's death,’ and other such holiday terms!”

“ Well, if we owe nothing else to James, we at least owe to him the present beautiful fabric, for beautiful it is even to my non-architectural eye. I wish Jones had finished his design, and then we should have had a residence fit for a monarch. What a fine attitude, and what a force of moral feeling has been given to the statue of Charles!”

“ What a different scene does it recall, and how at once does imagination fill the now quiet and secluded spot with the fierce fanatics that hounded him to death! Here they stand, stern and grim, the heroes of a hundred battles, spiritual pride filling every eye with a smile of triumph, as the headman's axe falls upon the neck of the royal sufferer."

"Your picture is gloomy enough; but let us walk on, or we may lose our morning in pursuing its history farther down. The bones and the lances of the De Burghs are become dust. Wolsey, Henry, and Elizabeth, have left little material trace of their footsteps: and James and his unhappy son, with the profligate 'Merry Monarch;' and Buckingham; and Rochester, with his license and his jest, his 'quip and his crank;' and the bigoted and narrow-minded second James, are notorious only for their follies. Let us on;" and taking his arm, we sauntered till he paused before Northumberland House.

"Here was given the death-blow to the race," said he, "who purged us of prerogative; for it was here that Monck, on whose decision hung the destiny of the empire, and whose cautious movements have never yet been impartially and critically examined, allied himself with the royalists, and placed the second Charles on the throne."

"Nothing surprises me so much about London Street architecture as that our builders having before their eyes the model we are now looking at, and the one we have just left, should have tortured their brains to construct the 'hodge-podge' order of architecture which disgraces our newest streets:—would that Wren had been alive, or that he had left his mantle behind him!—what a magnificent West End we should have had! and what is more, he would now have had an opportunity of working out his designs for the city."

"A truce to the city, my friend; we have a day in store for that. Who can look on Northumberland House, without glancing back on the history of the 'Princely Percies,' whose deeds are so mingled up with some of the most remarkable of our social epochs? Had history said little, Shakspeare would have carried down their name to posterity by his masterly portraiture of him,

'Who was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.'

With the exception of Mercutio, Hotspur I consider as the most brilliant male character of the Bard of Human Nature."

"He is so; but Shakspeare has given him higher qualities than mere brilliancy. He

'Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms,'

and was no less eminent in counsel than valiant in action."

"Speaking of Hotspur, brings to my mind the address of Henry to Prince Hal. You know my aristocratic prejudices, and how much I hate the mingling of the antipodes of society. I always considered it as one of the finest kingly pieces of advice. I will repeat it to you as we walk past the spectre, the 'lean anatomy' at the head of Trafalgar Square. I wish the wings of the angels, if they are meant for angels, had been a few inches larger, and then, like Imlac's flying philosopher, they might have managed to have wafted the gallery at least as far as the river. I should not have wished it to go farther.

'By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
* * * * * * *
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new,
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at; and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast:
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, who ambles up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits—
* * * * discards his state,
And mingles royalty with capering fools,
Has his great name profaned with their scorns—
* * * * * * *
And being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeit with the honey, and begin
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much:
So when he has occasion to be seen,
He is but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded: seen, but not with eyes
* * * * * * *
Such as are bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom.'"

"Such ideas of kingly dignity may accord with the notions of a secluded scholar—one whose mind is a repertorium of distant traditions: for my own part, I dislike political mysteries; and I would love and revere my sovereign, not as an eastern satrap, but as a man who lends dignity to the kingly office, as well as receives importance from it—'*Οὐ μόνον ἀρχὴ ἄνδρα δείκνυσιν, ἀλλὰ καὶ ἀρχὴν ἀνὴρ.*'"

"Well, practical politics I abominate; yet I own I am fond of indulging in reverie on them. What a degradation is here! Gerard Street "fall'n, fall'n, fall'n—fall'n from its high estate," and portioned off into lodging-houses. Johnson and Savage, and the Countess of Macclesfield—vice and criminality—genius and poverty—intellect and immorality! And yet Savage was his own worst enemy! although Johnson, in this, one of his best biographies, has loaded the Countess with all the odium which their midnight and hungry rambles was sure to excite in his breast. Yet Savage had the means of living in independence within his reach. His curse was that which too often shrouds genius in misery—a feeling of his own powers, and a disregard for worldly prudence; as if talent and genius were to be independent of all moral and social obligations. He well describes himself:—

'Born to himself, by no possession led,
In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed;
Nor guides, nor rules, his sov'reign choice control;
His body—independent as his soul:

Loosed to the world's wide range—enjoin'd no aim,
Prescribed no duty, and assign'd no name.
Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own.'"

"Savage is but one of a long list of talented men, who accuse fortune for sufferings which are of their own creation. Sedgemoor and Soho! How few, on entering the precincts of this business Square, are aware of the origin of its name! In the Duke of Monmouth's time it was the centre of fashion; and he occupied the large house opposite the statue when it was first built. Monmouth is a splendid example of how powerful and enduring are the impressions produced by personal beauties and graceful manners; and Dryden has immortalized him in his unimitated and inimitable satire of Absalom and Achitophel—the finest politico-moral composition in our own or in any other language—

'There was none
So beautiful, so brave as Absalom:
For him, his conscious destiny made way
By manly beauty, to imperial sway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown.
In peace, the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease;
In him alone 'twas natural to please;
His motions all accompanied with grace;
And Paradise was open'd in his face.'"

"What a strange tale is that of his Ladye-love, Harriet Wentworth, sitting in an open window to greet him as he passed to the scaffold! I am an old bachelor, partly by choice, and partly by necessity; and my communications with the sex have been limited; therefore it appears to me to be impossible that such an occurrence could happen."

"It is true, notwithstanding, and to a woman of impassioned temperament, a transient view, at so awful a moment, must have been a volume of fadeless interest. Well has it been written, 'that no grave becomes the love of woman, but the heart of man;' and Harriet Wentworth had a splendid mausoleum in Monmouth.

"Monmouth Street and St. Giles'—'*decensus Averni.*' Two centuries have sufficed to convert a suburb into the heart of this overgrown nuisance, London. It seems almost singular that St. Giles' from its first occupation to the present time, should have retained one and the same character, the kingdom of beggars. There are no traces either in its buildings or its traditions which raise any curiosity.

"It is certainly singular, for whilst most of the other outskirts of the metropolis have been *seriatim* invaded and evacuated by the nobility retreating from the thickening population, the patron saint of beggars, St. Egidius, has preserved his shrine inviolate. Yet

St. Giles' is associated with one memorable event, second only to the great fire in the History of London. This is the destructive plague, which ravaged the town in 1665; than which, nothing more appalling ever fell upon humanity. How few of those who traverse Regent Street think that they are trampling over the pestilential dust of thousands who perished during this awful calamity! There is one point connected with the improvements which are daily taking place in London, which must reconcile even you to them. This is, the salvation of human life, and exemption from the scourges of former times, plagues and pestilences."

"I do not deny the force of the argument, but in improving I would not destroy. If the lives of multitudes are saved by these changes, there needs not, at the same time, that all monumental reliquiæ of such men as Archbishop Sheldon and Sir John Lawrence should be utterly overthrown — men worthy to stand in one niche with Cardinal Borromeo of Milan. In improving our thoroughfares, I would religiously preserve every fragment which had linked with it the memories of noble and pious men. You say these are already embalmed in our histories. Be it so; but I would people our streets with tangible objects. I would bring the footsteps of ancient nobleness as it were before the popular eye, and not with sacrilegious hand tear down the fragments memorised by great historical events. Besides, I am, with Pope and Cowper, a hater of alteration. Pope, you know, said, 'that he could not bear to have even an old post removed out of the way, with which his eyes had been familiar from his youth:' and Cowper, 'that the very stones in his garden wall were his intimate acquaintance.' I love these local associations; and though a multitude of things exist in London connected with its history, of which I know nothing, save from reading, I reckon them my acquaintances; and when I fall in with one of them, I welcome it as an old friend, and straightway it carries me some centuries back, reminding me strongly of old age in the midst of youth, the mind of which is untouched by passing events, but is filled to overflowing with by-gone stories and traditions. I would have the streets records of past scenes: I would preserve every trace of feudal and monastic grandeur, whilst the improvers of the day will, if allowed to proceed unheeded, make London a vast historical desert; and a man may travel from side to side, and from end to end, and say, 'it is all barren.'"

"To you, a scholar and antiquary, this might be well; but of the many hundreds who have passed us whilst we have stood before the Church, how many are there, think you, who know any thing on these subjects, or who have thought, or who ever will think upon them?—perhaps not one. The multitude are reckless of all but the present and the future; and it is upon the multitude that the public health and the moral safety of the state depend: and in clearing our streets, and thus removing sources of physical and moral infection, the reliques of our forefathers must yield before the wants of the present generation. But I would reserve, wherever reservation was compatible with the object in view."

"Well, I shall find but few supporters, I fear. One glance at

Herbert of Cherbury, and then home; and our next walk shall be, if you please, about the Temple and Temple Bar, which the City Goths are, I understand, determined to remove. '*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*' "

J. C. H.

FABLE.

THE BEES AND THE BLOSSOMS.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF DE ROSSI.

" Why are you always closed to me,
Sweet Blossoms?" sang the wandering Bee;
Who with his brethren all the day
Had hover'd round a flowery spray:
" Ah! would you but your veils unfold,
And let your faithful friends behold
Your matchless charms, with what delight
We 'd strive your goodness to requite!"

The spray who heard these flattering things,
Though oft he 'd seen their wanton wings
Amidst his fragrant neighbours flutter,
Believed whate'er they chose to utter,
And softly bade his buds expand,
When in rush'd all the hungry band;
A hundred bees, I 'm sure, or more—
And rifled all his honey'd store;
And then in search of farther plunder,
The petals rudely forced asunder;
And seized on whatsoe'er they found,
Till the torn blossoms strew'd the ground;
And then the faithless buzzing crew
Away to distant objects flew,
And left without remorse or care
The fallen flowers to wither there;
Whilst the poor spray, despoil'd for ever,
Beheld again the traitors never.

A monarch, when this tale was told,
Thus to his flattering court did say:
" The moral briefly I 'll unfold,—
You are the bees, and I the spray."

THE MATERIALIST.

(A CONFESSION.)

> " Masterless passion sways us to the mood
> Of what it likes or loathes."

" I WAS born to considerable wealth, and being left at an early age without parental control, the facilities it gave me for pursuing my own mad schemes have been my curse. With an imagination of the most vigorous character,—with an ardent temperament,—with an enthusiasm bordering, as I have often thought, on actual insanity, I ran through a course of vice, ever vainly striving to attain a something—a sort of ultimatum of desire, which led me, step after step, to the commission of deeds, which were—which must have been—acts of madness. If evil spirits are permitted to occupy human frames, then may my conduct be explicable, for I blighted every thing fair and holy that crossed me in my path. But my search was futile: one passion gratified, another sprung up in its stead,—till utterly worn down by unbridled indulgence, I buried myself and my crimes in the seclusion of an Italian monastery. With renovated health returned a part of my desires. The indulgence of my animal propensities formed no part of these. I had run the gauntlet of them, and my mind turned with almost sickening disgust from a contemplation of my past life.

A 'change had come o'er my spirit;' a wish for knowledge fully as irresistible, fully as insatiable as the former, now engrossed all my faculties. I was still young,—very young, being barely twenty-two. I left the Continent, returned to England, entered myself at one of our universities, and devoted my entire time to pursuits equally vain, hollow, and illusory. Fool that I was,—to suppose that after being unable to satisfy the grosser demands of my senses, I should succeed in quelling the devouring passion for intellectual acquirement which now possessed me! Better, a thousand times better had I pursued my sensualities till utter destruction had attended me! Month after month, day and night, I spent in the closet: book after book, science after science were mastered: but the farther I advanced, the more unbounded became the prospect. Truly did Sir Isaac Newton remark, that at the end of his long life of learning, it appeared to him that he was but picking up a few shells on the shore of the vast sea of knowledge: every attainment I made led me still deeper into a wilderness of pursuit. Could I have methodized, could I have arranged as I proceeded, it would have been well; but to a mind constituted like mine, this most important part of learning was despised, and I rushed blindly forward, leaving every thing behind in a state of chaotic confusion.

" After running through several of the branches of human knowledge, my attention was led to metaphysical inquiries: the inextricable maze into which this led me,—the absurd theories which were opened,—the strange and extravagant doctrines which sprung up on every side—for a time deeply absorbed me. Many of these were in unison with my own wayward and ungovernable fancies; and the sad truth was soon apparent, that in confused and often unintelligible accounts of the human soul, I convinced myself that there was nothing deserving the name—that man had passions, desires, instincts, as part of his material organization—but that as a separate, self-existent, and immortal spirit, the whole was a dream of priestcraft—an absurdity, a contradiction in terms. I believed that death was annihilation—that when dust was mingled with dust, and ashes with ashes, the whole fabric was dissolved;—that life was but the play of a series of chemical and mechanical contrivances, resulting from mere organization, having its origin in certain powers of generation and growth possessed by man in common with the beasts around; that his imagined excellency and superiority in the scale of creation—that his assumption of priority and dominion, were partly the result of ignorance, partly of his superior capabilities. These were my convictions; and the stern philosophy I founded upon them, made me laugh with scorn at the chimerical notions, the painful ordinances, the miserable hypocrisy, which I saw men exercising around me, for the fantastic hope of saving a nonentity. Bitter were my sarcasms when I occasionally mingled with my fellows; and these before long led to my expulsion. Caring as I did but little for the place from which I had been thus ignominiously expelled, it was a severe blow to a proud and sensitive mind—and increased a hundredfold a misanthropy which was gradually burying all the better and purer parts of my nature. Thrown again amongst mankind, I found none fit for my companionship; I mingled, it is true, with the great world, but what was it?—a scene of inane and most trifling folly, so utterly ridiculous that I scorned to be a sharer in it. I watched it indeed with the same emotions as the Fantoccini watches the motions of his puppets, and their effects upon the children that crowd about him; and I prided myself on the superior intelligence which raised me above such frivolous pursuits and enjoyments. And why did I this?—was I happier than those whom I thus despised?—did I fulfil my duties to society better?—was I a wiser man? No; I was miserable—for I was quite alone. I benefited nobody, save in the satisfying of my natural appetites. I was useless as a man and as a citizen. Vain philosophy! what art thou but a second Prometheus?—thy own misproud spirit being the eagle for ever preying on thy vitals! The consequences of my materialism had soon an opportunity for their developement. My indifference and carelessness as to money, joined to my long seclusion, had led me to intrust the management of my affairs to an agent—a man who had formerly shared my friendship,—whom I had raised from a state of destitution and extreme poverty to comparative wealth. Prompted no doubt by a hope that my inattention had unfitted me for dealing upon equal terms with him, the thrice-dyed villain, by a series of forgeries and spurious documents, and by the concealment and destruction of valuable papers,—for all were in his possession—succeeded for a time in depriving me of the very means of subsistence, reduced me to beggary, and added open mockery and insult to his villany. I have said that I was proud, sensitive, high-minded. I was ignominiously thrust from my own home—sent to starve in the streets. Often have I wondered that in my desperation, I did not waylay and murder him—that some deed of frantic violence did not make me amenable to the laws of my country. I even yet wonder at the stern calmness which enabled me to leave the house of my fathers, an outcast, a beggar, without a single complaint. The world had no hold on me, I thought of no hereafter; there were no links which bound me to existence. I laughed in derision at the base scoundrel, who, by his ingratitude, had made a hell within himself, and, retiring to an obscure lodging, I swallowed poison. You start—but the consummation was natural. What were my sensations you would ask, when the fatal draught was taken?—absolute indifference. I sat down, and waited for its effect with a triumphant idea that I had conquered misfortune and misery. The space was brief in which this was allowed me, for insensibility like a deep sleep stole over me. How long this continued, I know not—but I must have been believed to be dead. I awoke shrouded by the most impervious darkness, and surrounded by a noisome and sickening atmosphere. As consciousness dawned upon me, a recollection of past events rushed over my memory, and I thought with agony that the great secret was about to be revealed to me—that my perishing body was yielding up its spiritual essence. Awe-struck, I remained motionless, till the suffocating closeness of the place roused my slumbering senses, and the certainty that I was a living and breathing being became evident to my dizzied understanding; but whether as one that had been dead, and again lives—or still as a mortal, I could not comprehend. By a strong effort I succeeded in getting on my feet; and the horrors of my prison-house, as I groped about, had well nigh overwhelmed my yet faltering consciousness. Human bodies were ranged about me in all stages of decomposition; and as I grasped first here, then there, to support my staggering steps, the yielding flesh conveyed feelings of horror and disgust that words cannot convey. Joined too as this was with the expectation, that all, like myself, were about to be resuscitated,—big drops of mortal agony started from my brow, and for the first time for years I muttered or rather gasped out a prayer. You shudder at the recital, and question perhaps its accuracy; the remembrance of it even now almost overpowers me—and strange—strange does it seem, that my brain did not give way under such an accumulation of excited expectation—of overpowering and unnatural horrors. Struggling fiercely—maddened by my fears—I sprang upon a heap of bodies, and felt the roof of this Golgotha; it consisted merely of planks, and, after several furious efforts, I succeeded in escaping.

" As the fresh night wind swept past me—as the stars were seen shining brightly above me, I involuntarily knelt, and, with an adoration stirred by concatenation of strange circumstances, I poured out my whole soul in prayer. This calmed my senses, and I found myself in the midst of an extensive cemetery, surrounded on all sides by ranges of houses. I was naked, ghastly, tottering with weakness—

but after a time contrived to reach a small dwelling placed within the verge of the burial-ground, and awoke, by my cries and knocking, a man who had charge of it. His terror was extreme, and it required no little solicitation to prevail upon him to admit me: this at length he did, but so confused was he, that I could derive no information from him. He complied, trembling, with my request for articles of clothing—dressed me in a suit of his own; and then led the way to the gate, which he unlocked, and permitted me to depart, without speaking a single word.

"Faint, sick, and bewildered, I wandered on, without knowing where, till I sunk down utterly exhausted; and death, which had refused to come at my bidding, now seemed hovering over me."

X.

PORTRAIT-GALLERY OF OLD BACHELORS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'OLD MAIDS.'

No. II.—THE WOMAN-HATING OLD BACHELOR.

"Out of my sight, thou serpent!"—*Milton.*

"YOUR opinion of the sex is wrong, Mr. Context,—positively wrong; and I cannot imagine of what materials that man must be made, who has such an antipathy to the sweetest, the best, and the most attractive of created things woman."

"I tell you, Sir, that she is no such thing; I had as lief see a toad as a woman. Ah! name not women—

'They are
The bane of empire, and the rot of power!
The cause of all our mischiefs, murders, massacres!
What seas of blood they 've spilt in former ages!—
Woman, that dooms us all to one sure grave,
And faster damns than Providence can save.'

If you 've nothing to talk about but woman, I wish you good morning, and more wit."

"Hah! hah! Mr. Context, sour grapes, sour grapes—remember the fable; I have had some experience of the sex, and, in opposition to your misanthropical fustian, tell you, that Nature made woman to temper our coarser qualities, and that we should have been little better than brutes without her."

"Do you mean to insinuate, you precious ninny, that I am a beast, because I dislike the sex—Eh?"

"Heaven preserve us from broken bones! why, you old rheumatic reviler, there is positively no talking to you: lay down your crutch, and let us be friends I meant no such injurious comparison; you cannot deny to woman the praise of beauty, nor can you be ignorant how grateful it is to gaze upon any lovely object. Though your crabbed temper may refuse to associate with them, you are not so unjust to yourself as to shut your eyes to this part of their excellences."

"Humph! a likely story, I warrant; why, my sweet friend, I tell thee there is no such thing as beauty in the world, much less that woman, its foulest spot, should possess any such commodity. It is true they may patch and paint, and make a decent daylight or candle-light picture of themselves, but that is all; they are essentially a deformity, and

'Deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.'

Beauty, forsooth! why, you simpleton, they are mere patchwork, for

'Celia goes to bed entire,
All her complexion safe and sound;
But when she rose, white, black, and red,
Though still in sight, had changed their ground.

The black, which would not be confined,
A more inferior station seeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with ease reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
Each colour to its place and use,
And teach her cheeks again to blush.

She knows her early self no more,
But fill'd with admiration stands:
As other painters oft adore
The workmanship of their own hands.

Thus after four important hours,
Celia 's the wonder of her sex:
Say which among the heavenly powers
Could cause such marvellous effects.

Love with white-lead cements his wings:
White-lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things—
A lady's face, and china-ware.'

Faugh! beauty indeed—a proper tale, Faugh!

'A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round,
Or hairs that sink her forehead low,
Or on her chin like bristles grow.'

Beauty, ay! ay!

'A glass that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in Celia's nose,

And faithfully direct her nail
To squeeze it out from head to tail.'

Hah! hah! beautiful creature! just fancy the prettiest woman of your acquaintance sitting up in bed on a bright summer's morning, in a grimy night-cap, her hair in greasy curl-papers, and invoking Cupid to her sweet embraces—fancy that, I say, and then talk of beauty. I tell you, woman in her natural character is a filthy animal: I wouldn't touch one with a pair of tongs; she is enough to make a dog sick—it 's all dress, paint, and affectation: so much for your beauty."

"Painted, old crusty!—painted indeed, I grant, but painted

'By the same hand which throws
Its brilliant colours on the blushing rose.'

You do well, however, to quote your prototype Swift, and to indulge your dirty imagination, by committing to heart his nauseous writings: a splendid example you have set yourself truly—a man without one particle of just or generous feelings; witness his treatment of Miss Johnson and Miss Vanhomrigh."

"And I tell you that Swift was a patriot and a poet of the most lofty and most admirable order of genius;—noble in his sentiments, just in his perception of right and wrong, and an honour to his species and to his country; and more than that, that he had a heart attuned to the finest sensibilities; and that his treatment of Stella and Vanessa was just what they deserved, and originated in his delicacy and refinement; and, farther, that what you stupidly term his nauseous writings are the most indisputable proofs of refined taste."

"A likely story—how do you make that out?"

"Make it out?—why, it 's as clear as noon-day: did not both the hussies throw themselves in his way, and perpetually make the most scandalous advances, actually pestering him, unasked, to marry them? and thus, by throwing off the artful disguises which lure men to their destruction, they impudently exposed their natural colours. Well might he be disgusted; and this barefaced exhibition of themselves is the very reason why he was enabled so correctly and faithfully to delineate some of woman's amiable peculiarities: as to his complimentary verses, why, the unfortunate man was forced to be civil to escape from their talons; and his subsequent marriage to Miss Johnson was but a desperate effort to reconcile himself to his fate, and save himself from her importunities. But his resolution palled, Sir: he could not overcome his fastidiousness; he shrunk from closer familiarity, and she lived a maiden wife. Sir, I honour Swift for this, as it shews his sincerity, and his wish to do good at the expense of his feelings. Curtius leaping into the gulf was but child's play compared with Swift's marriage."

"Well, you have said your say, and I will not just now enter into a dispute with you on that subject: suffice it to say, I differ from you *toto cœlo;* and while doing justice to his poetry and his patriotism, I look upon his conduct to the two unhappy women as an eternal stain upon his moral character; and for woman's beauty—

'All the stars of Heaven,—
The deep blue noon of night, lit by an orb
Which looks a spirit, or a spirit's world,—
The hues of twilight, the sun's gorgeous coming,
His setting indescribable, which fills
The eyes with pleasant tears, as we behold
Him sink, and feel the heart float softly with him
Along the western paradise of clouds,—
The forest shade, the green bough, the bird's voice,
The vesper bird, which seems to sing of love,—
All these are nothing to the eye and heart
Like woman's face.'"

"Good Lord! good Lord! rant, sheer rant; why, you are an ass, and I pity you."

"I am much obliged, and here, as an illustration of my opinion, comes, with fairy steps and laughing eyes, your niece Jane Mayflower; kiss her, man, or at least let me kiss her for you."

"What the devil has brought you here, Jane?—how often have I told you to keep away?"

"My mamma, uncle, sent her respects, and to inquire how your rheumatism is."

"Oh! your mother. Well, make my compliments, and tell her my rheumatism is just so, so. There 's a guinea to buy a new doll, and tell your mother to send you to boarding-school again."

"Thank you, dear uncle: but I finished my education last quarter."

"Oh! you have, have you? Well, at all events go home."

"Good bye, Sir, and I wish your rheumatism better."

"That 's a sweet girl, Mr. Context,—with a most amiable and cultivated understanding and an excellent heart."

"She 's no such thing: a woman's mind is a nettle-bed, and the faster you mow its weeds down, the faster they grow. Amiable! said you? Humph! you know nothing about it."

"A woman's mind, Mr. Context, is a storehouse of every sweet and holy thing that can give life a charm; and I would rather entrust my happiness here and hereafter to the keeping of so 'pure a minister, than to all the dogmas of the wisest philosophers."

"You would, would you? why, you are a greater fool than I thought you. A storehouse! didn't you say? yes, yes, a storehouse; but what does it contain? I 'll tell you:—

'Opinion they have none:
To-day they 're nice—to-morrow not so free;
Now smile, now frown, now sorrowful, now glad,
Now pleased, now not, and all they know not why.'

Swift made a fine and just comparison between a woman's heart and her album—

> ' Here you may read " Dear charming saint"
> Beneath a new receipt for paint;
> Here in beau-spelling " tru tel deth,"
> There in her own " for an el breth;"
> Here " lovely nymph, pronounce my doom,"
> There " a safe way to use perfume;"
> Here a page fill'd with billet-doux,
> On t'other side " laid out for shoes;"
> " Madam, I die without your grace,"
> " Item for half a yard of lace."'

A most agreeable compound truly of nothingness and vanity: their minds are as artificial and changeable as their faces—

> ' For 'tis in vain to think to guess
> At women by appearances—
> That paint and patch their imperfection
> Of intellectual complexion;
> And daub their tempers o'er with washes
> As artificial as their faces.'

A woman's mind indeed! a mighty thing to praise—there's no idea in it that soars higher than

> ' A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
> Or some worse brute in human shape.'

Trust your happiness to a woman, you simple Simon! trust your footing to a quicksand, and flatter yourself that you stand on a rock of granite. Pope said well, ' Most women have no character at all '—and still better that

> ' Woman and fool are two hard things to hit,
> For true, no meaning puzzles more than wit.'

Why, Sir, I would rather live with a colony of monkies, than trust my happiness to a woman's mind: 'tis a nonentity, man—a thing of bubbles, ever rising, ever bursting, and glittering only from its very transparency. What is woman's life? and judge if you would make your happiness one of her frolics—

> ' A youth of frolics, an old age of cards,
> Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;
> Young without lovers, old without a friend;
> A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;
> Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot.'

I tell you that, both body and mind, women are only painted miseries—fair (as you say) to look at; but break the rind, and, like the apples of Sodom, your mouth and eyes are filled with dust and ashes. This has been so from the beginning of time: witness Adam and Eve; ay—ay—Adam trusted his happiness to a woman, and with what effect? why, Eve did not imitate him, but

> ' Some foolish new adventure needs must prove,
> And the first devil she saw she changed her love.'

Sir, what can you expect from such a fountain but the waters of Marah? and yet to talk of their hearts and their understanding! I pity you."

" You are welcome, Mr. Context: your oration has had one good effect—it has talked a smile on your face. Your opinions fall upon me like snow-flakes, chilling for a moment, but afterwards bringing out a warmer glow. You look at the sex on the dark side."

" Dark fiddle-stick! dark side? I tell you the sex is dark all over—a mere heap of corruption: and that which you take for flashes of sun-light and beauty, are nothing but phosphorescent gleams, such as issue from a putrefying mass of dead muscles. Pah! talk not to me of woman—woman who for an apple damned all mankind! —woman, the cause of human frailty!—woman, the exciter of one half the evils that prey upon society: talk not to me, Sir, of

> ' Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman.'

I won't endure it."

" Patience, most worthy Cenobite! your temper for want of a female corrective is most annoyingly restive: a single maid-servant in your menage, in addition to Jacob and Tom, would do you a vast deal of good; for as to Old Dorcas, there's no telling what sex she is of now, having outlived her womanhood so long."

" You, Sir, are an impertinent jackanapes. I have tried the plan with my sister Mary, and she had not been here more than a couple of days, when I turned her out, Sir: it cost me half the day to undo her putting things straight. Sir, I admit no woman here, and if my menage does not suit you, you can stay away,—that's all, that's all, Sir."

" Why, really one gets little from you but hard words: here have I been sitting listening to your rigmarole against the divinities for a couple of hours, and you have not even had the civility to offer me a glass of ale."

" Get about your business, Sir. You know at what hours I eat and drink; and if you expect to do either with me, you must come at the stated time: do you think Jacob has nothing to do but to wait on you?"

" There's hospitality of Arabia Petræa for you! but, for God's sake, hold your hand, there's no moving quickly in such an infernally littered room: there now, luckily the Old Tiger is fettered with his rheumatism, or I should have felt the weight of his crutch. I'll just give him a parting speech through the key-hole, though at the risk of his fracturing one of the panels—yes, Love it shall be, for if I am not mistaken, the old fellow has a spice of it somewhere in his heart—

> ' Yes, love indeed is light from Heaven,
> A spark of that immortal fire;

With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought:
A ray of Him who formed the whole,
A glory circling round the soul."

"Get along, you impudent scapegrace, or I'll rattle my crutch against your peeping impertinence! Begone, Sir! I shall be well rid of you:

'Not with more glee a hen-peck'd husband spies
Death shutting up his wife's two cat-like eyes.'"

"Good morning, Sir. I intend dining with you to-day at four o'clock."

Such is Jeremiah Context, Esq., an excellent man, and an admirable companion; with the slight drawback, that he is a professed woman-hater, and as testy as humanity can well be.

No. III.—THE IRASCIBLE OLD BACHELOR.

"Patience! preach it to the winds."—OTWAY.

Our friend Charles Placid we esteem one of the finest specimens living, of an outrageous bachelor. Charles is now about fifty, and a man well to do in the world: he is surrounded with every thing which can minister to his wants or whims—nay, it has for many years been his particular vocation to collect and concentrate about him whatever he could fancy would add to his enjoyment. His house is a repertorium of good things; his cellar well stocked with wine of the best vintages; his library filled with the choicest works in literature and art; his friends numerous, and men of sense and learning; his station in society highly respectable; his footmen steady; his butler sober and trustworthy; his housekeeper, "fat, fair, and forty," and having an especial regard for him; his grounds laid out in the most exquisite taste; and take his condition "all in all," Charles ought to be a happy fellow—and would be so, did not his cursed temper spoil him; for he has many excellent qualities—he is liberal even to profuseness, hospitable, well-informed, and anxious to serve everybody deserving assistance.

It is to this hasty and choleric disposition he owes his bachelorship, as he has been often in love, and often determined to marry. His first flame was a dashing belle, whom he saw accidentally, when on a visit to London at one of the theatres. Charles was a provincial; but where there's a will there's a way, and he procured an introduction to the lady's family. He was a handsome young fellow, with a moderate fortune, and was well received. The young lady viewed him favourably, for he was an impassioned and downright admirer—went straight to the point, without any nonsensical dilly dally, and was soon a "thriving wooer." He missed no opportunity of whispering his tale of love, stuck close to her side, and was at length admitted to the freedom of an accepted lover;—no slight favour, for she was a magnificent girl. An unlucky incident, however, marred his prospects. A trifling dispute arose between him and one of her brothers, a weakly, delicate lad, in her presence; and Charles was so provoked, and so forgetful, that he inflicted a most severe thrashing upon him. The lady, as high-spirited and impetuous as himself, interfered vigorously—her mother came to her aid, and her father was witness of his intended son-in-law's ungovernable passion. Charles was unceremoniously bundled out of the house, before his paroxysm had subsided, and never saw her again—as she resolutely refused to listen to his exculpation. He thought himself hardly used—we think differently. He returned to his friends in the country in a grievous bad temper; and they all sided with his opinion, as he was generally esteemed a good-humoured young man, though a little passionate.

His next matrimonial failure is the only one we ever heard him regret. Sarah Dalton was a meek, still-tempered girl, a near neighbour's daughter,—and with her he fell in love, and went regularly "a-courting;" when her soft blue eye, and gentle voice, never failed to welcome him. "I tell you," he has often said to us, "I regret I did not marry Sarah, for I believe my violence broke the quiet creature's heart, and hurried her to an untimely grave. Hah! those were bright days when I visited Sarah. The old folks knew how to conduct matters: they always retired when I went, and left us alone. It was a luxury to have her polished arm round my neck, and her downy cheek laid to mine, and a luxury to hear her silver voice tell me how dear I was to her. Well! I have been always sorry for my violence to the old man, and should have recollected he was her father—but they knew my temper, and should have passed it over." Now this very venial violence was turning the old man, his aged wife, and their beautiful daughter, out of the house they had inhabited for half a century—and for why?—simply because he was their landlord, and Mr. Dalton did something that offended him, although he well knew the offence was of his own seeking. The shock was too much for Sarah: her affections had become linked to Charles; and long before he was roused to a proper sense of his conduct, she was drooping like a bruised lily, and died soon afterwards broken-hearted. He made all the amends in his power: but the blow was struck, and the poisoned arrow had done its work; and though he was kind and even affectionate to the bereaved parents,

> "He could not bid their daughter live again,—
> That was impossible."

Charles, nothing daunted, tried a third venture. This was with a widow, whom we well knew, and in her anxiety for a second husband we anticipated no break-down of his hopes: indeed, we have often heard her say, as she was no stranger to his failures, that he might beat her black and blue before marriage, if such were his pleasure, and that she should reserve her revenge till afterwards. In this track, and with such a dame,—for like the carpenter's wife in Chaucer,

> "Wincing she was, as is a joly colt—"

we looked forward to his union. The lady was no ways backwards, for Charles was rich and young, and by no means deficient in skill; her baits were well laid, and she lured him on till every preparation was made, and marriage was considered certain by both —yet with all these conspiring circumstances he again lost his bride. Charles had but little refined sensibility, and the widow was often the subject of his jokes to his friends; while to her—he made no scruple at times of comparing her late husband with himself. This she bore with admirable good temper,—retorted gaily, and though at first surprised and pained at his want of delicacy towards her feelings, she soon got used to it, and ceased to regard it. Her late lord was an old man, whom prudence and the wish of her friends had induced her to marry; and though it was impossible she could love him, his extreme fondness and tenderness had won her esteem and sincere friendship. Charles's coarse jocularity, therefore, occasionally grated harshly with these very proper feelings. One day when walking with her beside the churchyard where his predecessor was now slumbering in the forgetfulness of death, he pushed his jests so far, that the widow, though she restrained her anger, wept plentifully. This for a moment stopped his pleasantry, till, urged on by his headstrong demon, he chaunted while he paused and cast a meaning look at his companion,—

> "Come, clear the weeds from off his grave,
> And we will sing a passing stave,
> In honour of that hero brave."

Now this was too bad, and the widow was cut to the quick; for in this burial-ground no stones are placed over the dead, a simple upright slab serving as a record: and it must be confessed that the earth covering the old man looked confoundedly fresh, neither weed nor blade of grass having sprung up to hide the naked mould. "You do well, Mr. Placid,—though to do it here is unmanly and cruel—to remind me of my duty to him whom I have lost:" and yielding to one of those strange impulses to which her sex are prone, she snatched herself from the astonished Charles, and entering the churchyard, knelt over her departed husband in an agony of tears.

The conclusion of this singular scene had many witnesses; and Charles, thinking he cut but a very poor figure, thus standing on one side the wall, and his betrothed kneeling on the other, in such an out-of-the-way place, gallantly marched home, leaving the widow to recover as she best might. A man of feeling and with any degree of proper regard would have waited till the first burst of her sorrow had subsided, and then soothed her, and behaved tenderly. But our hero did not possess this sensibility: on the contrary, when he got home, on reviewing the incident he chose to fly into a passion, magnanimously swearing that the widow had led him purposely there, to enact the ridiculous ceremony in his presence; because, as he argued, she knew my way, and consequently must have calculated on my saying something when we came in sight of old Trusty's grave. We disagree with him in this conclusion, thinking it far more probable that the lady thought better both of his head and his heart, than to imagine he could select such a spot for his pleasantries. This was her account; and so deeply was she incensed, that the match went entirely off, without any effort being made by either party to solder the matter up. Charles was for many months laughed at heartily; and various caricatures found their way to him of his remarkable situation, some marked "the living and the dead husband," and others with various mottoes very little flattering to his self-love.

Many "love passages" had Charles Placid subsequent to the above-mentioned untoward affairs, for he had abundance of passion, if his sensibility was but small. Still he contrived with great ingenuity always to break his head against a wall of his own building; and then, to mend it, flew into a towering passion, because his mistresses did not beckon him on again—they ought, as he says in his own vindication, to have known it was my way. His temper, thus yielded to, acquired year after year more mastery; and by the time he was honoured with the title of old bachelor, he was a pestilent fellow indeed: not that he was morose and sulky, but he was for ever breaking out into sallies of anger for the most trivial and accidental occurrences, and marring his own comfort and that of others. At this period, too, he took it into his head that he had been a great fool for having cared about the women, and raved and ranted against them with wonderful vehemence. The idea of marriage became all at once hateful to him,—"Marry!" he would exclaim,—

"'Marry!
When I am old and weary of the world
I may grow desperate,
And take a wife to mortify withal.'

A wife! pah!

'Who loves to hear of wife—
That dull insipid thing without desires,
And without power to give them?'"

He abandoned the company of married men—or rather drove them from him by his incessant declamations against their conditions; never failing, when like sober men they rose to depart from his table fit for home, to thunder in their ears,—

"'What! hunt a wife
On the dull soil? sure a staunch husband
Of all hounds is the dullest. Wilt thou never,
Never be wean'd from caudles and confections?
What feminine tale hast thou to listen to
Of unair'd shirts, catarrhs, and toothache got
By thin-soled shoes?'"

This antipathy however gradually abated, when his disappointments were smoothed by the hand of time, whilst his choler seemed to acquire new vigour; and this, as his bachelor habits settled upon him, and he grew finical and precise, rendered him almost unbearable. If his friends are invited to dinner, and they miss the precise minute, he is in a fever of vexation; if his newspaper is not laid upon his breakfast-table ready for perusal, well dried and neatly folded, he swears,—"ye gods, how he does swear!" If his jovial housekeeper exceeds her stated allowance, however well he can afford it, and however necessary the extra outlay may have been, he goes black in the face with anger, and threatens death and damnation to Mrs. Jones; if his cook fails in her duty, and sends his viands to table wanting in their proper piquancy, the very spirit of Heliogabalus seems to animate him; does his butcher deliver an inferior joint, he had better meet a mad dog than encounter Charles Placid; does his shoemaker perpetrate a piece of workmanship not having his precise cut, neither St. Crispinus nor St. Crispinianus would be sufficient to save the shoulders of the unfortunate professor of wax and leather from a hearty thwack, were he present during the first ebullition of rage; does he detect his housemaid doing the pretty at his drawing-room window, the Rasp-house or Penitentiary are too good for the hussy; is John dilatory in answering his bell, he is sure to meet his master at the door with a brow as black as midnight; does his groom neglect his favourite mare or bring her from the stable badly dressed, woe betide the unlucky man of horses; does his gardener suffer his dominions to be out of order, "idle scoundrel" is the kindest word that will salute his ears for many a day; are his friends sick, his cellar and larder are at their command,—but if he finds they are not used just to suit his humour, he makes no scruple to tell them angrily, and thus spoil his kindness; are they unfortunate, his purse is opened, but if his wishes are not strictly attended to, or his advice deemed impracticable, "go to the devil!" is the consolation; and thus it is throughout his entire actions. He is a perpetual April day, and never to be relied on, ever starting off at some unexpected tangent, or blowing up like an endless series of crackers. So far does he carry his carping and angry temper, that he quarrels with the elements and seasons; if we visit him in winter, we find him half-smothered in his library, with a huge fire, double windows, and pipes of hot air diffusing an uncomfortable warmth, yet he is swearing at the villanous climate, and asserts that to live under the North Pole must be pleasant compared to his own latitude; if in summer, he is lying in a garden-house of oriental architecture, every window covered with wetted tatties, and wishing himself at Sumatra or Delhi, or any where but where he is; if we walk with him in spring, he sets out dressed very lightly, and curses the fickle skies, because a cold breeze happens to make him shiver to the backbone; if in autumn, the rich yellow light and the rustle of the falling leaf no whit softens his angry temperament—the first puts him in mind of an attack of jaundice he once laboured under, and the other of the widow's satin dress, both of which he inveighs against till he works himself into a passion, and ends by wishing autumn, spring, summer, and winter at Jericho, the bottomless pit, or any other wishing place which happens to be uppermost in his pericranium.

Thus lives Charles Placid, growling and storming in the midst of a Paradise, rendering himself hated, or laughed at by all who approach him, and, with capabilities for being happy and diffusing happiness, incessantly torturing himself and inflicting uneasiness upon others. His friends who know his weakness pity him, and treat him like a spoiled child. We seldom leave him, without repeating to ourselves Akenside's lines to Cheerfulness,—

> "Thou, Cheerfulness, by Heaven design'd
> To sway the movements of the mind;
> Whatever fretful passion springs,
> Whatever wayward fortune brings,
> To disarrange the powers within,
> And strain the musical machine—
> Thou, Goddess, with attempering hand,
> Doth each discordant string command;
> Refines the soft, and swells the strong,
> And joining Nature's general song,
> Through many a varying tune unfolds
> The harmony of human souls—"

and earnestly praying the Goddess would pay him a visit, and try what can be done with him—though we fear his case is hopeless—as long and continued indulgence in bad temper is a corrosive that eats away the better and more amiable part of man's attributes.

EXPERIENCES OF A SURGEON.

No. III.—THE DEATH-BED.

I HAD never yet seen the agonies of a death-bed, though the sight of human suffering was become familiar, and had ceased to excite those painful sensations which it had at first created. I had sedulously avoided remaining to be a witness of the last struggles of mortality. My active imagination had often dwelt upon the idea of death; the accounts I had read of the soul, and its disunion from the body—the change from animation to stony insensibility, mixed up with other indefinite notions of the "great mystery"—the "fearful thing," which operated so mighty a change as to make

> "This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod—"

altogether had operated to render me exceedingly anxious not to witness the triumph of the "King of Terrors,"—

"The Death-Bed."

In the spring of the fourth year of my apprenticeship, Mr. —— received a note from a medical friend, residing in a village about five miles from town, requesting him to visit a patient, whose ailment he could not very clearly make out, and who was so ill that he feared she would die: from some cause or other Mr. —— declined going, but, as a placebo, desired me to go, as I was known to his friend, and as it seemed likely that but little good could be done.

It was a lovely day in the middle of May; and after clearing the dingy and dusty streets and the smoky and heavy atmosphere of the town, and getting fairly into the country, the change of scene was at once delightful and refreshing. Leaving the highway, and threading by lanes and field paths, I luxuriated in the change. The spring sun was high in heaven, and a warm southern breeze came joyously rushing over the smiling face of Nature. The ground was covered with the richest verdure, and the trees and hedge-rows gemmed with buds and bursting leaves, while here and there a bush of thorn-bloom, white as driven snow, served at once to diversify and add beauty to the awakening splendours of the most lovely of our seasons. From a child I had loved the country, and to ramble at will amidst copse and dingle, through "lane and alley green" and "bosky bourn," had been one of my greatest pleasures. Of this I had long been deprived: my visits to my native haunts had been "few and far between;" and yielding to the present impulse, I became again a child—plucked the daisy or violet with the rapture of past times—chased the "yellow butterfly,"

"That like a flying primrose hover'd
O'er the primrose restlessly—"

and forgot every thing in the momentary return of feelings and joys, which had but little unison with my ordinary pursuits; nor was I recalled to the sterner realities of life and the object of my present journey, till I came in sight of the turret of the primitive-looking church of H——.

On entering the village, I was shown the house to which I had been directed. It stood detached, and surrounded by a neat and well-kept garden. I knocked, and after explaining who I was, and the intention of my visit, was shown into a room, where I found the surgeon in attendance. After a few common-place inquiries, he requested I would see the patient alone, and call at his house to let him know what I thought about her. To this I acceded, and I went up stairs accompanied by the husband.

On approaching the bed-side, I was shocked to perceive that his wife was dying, and that all human aid was fruitless. She was a young and must have been a strikingly handsome woman; but her fine features now bore the impress of the destroyer. Her cheeks were sunk, her nostrils and lips quivered during respiration, a cold clammy sweat stood upon her forehead, and her countenance was pinched and wore that peculiar appearance termed by us "*facies hippocratica.*" I sat down: her pulse was feeble and intermittent. She was slightly delirious; but, when roused, answered faintly and rationally. I inquired how she was, and if she suffered pain? "No," she said,—"no, none whatever—it is quite gone. I am better—and when I have slept,—shall be well." This was said slowly, and at intervals, and with imperfect articulation. Her sister who was in the room, and in high spirits, as the pain had left her, little imagining it was a fatal symptom, told me that for several days she had been in great agony. I called the husband aside, and shortly, but distinctly, informed him, that a very brief period, and his wife would be no more. He was startled, but incredulous —"she was easier, she must be better"—the doctor had told him so. I shook my head, and desired him to go for her mother, who had just left the house, in the confident hope that her daughter was recovering. He obeyed me with some reluctance; and I again sat down at the bed-side, waiting for his return, in order to summon the surgeon.

The angel of death was, however, nearer than even I had imagined. A fitful and unmeaning smile played over her features; her hands wandered about as if in search of something; while the intervals between respiration became longer and longer; her chest heaved, and that peculiar gurgling sound in the throat, known as "the death rattle," apprised me that the moment of dissolution was at hand. Her sister, terrified at these portentous changes, looked at me for information. I could only say, that in a few minutes all would be over. She fled shrieking out of the room, and I was left alone with the dying woman. I sat gazing upon her, with a feeling of awe and dread I had never before experienced. I almost expected to see the dark form of Azrael stoop over his victim, and the disembodied spirit wing its way from its earthly tabernacle. Beyond the picturing of my disturbed imagination there was nothing frightful—no struggling as if immortality was freeing itself from its shackles of dust—no distortion of lip or limb, as if the separation was a painful one: on the contrary, she lay perfectly still, and the same bland though unearthly smile flitted over her face; and though her lips moved, the motions resembled those seen on the lips of childhood in its happy dreams. Not a sound broke the still silence of the apartment, save the rush of the fragrant breeze through the open window, the slight rustle of the bed-clothes made by the movements of her hands, and the low and occasional gurgling in her throat. My presence seemed, to my cowed and overawed mind, as something improper, so strongly was I impressed with the conviction that "a winged spirit was about to depart to its home." I gazed upon her with a species of fascination, without having power to withdraw my eyes a moment from her face, till at length, after a slight convulsive shudder, her eyelids were elevated, and a deeper respiration took place. I waited in vain for its return. Her lower jaw fell; her arms and body lost their life-like position—and she was dead.

Buried in contemplation, I remained motionless, till I was aroused by the hasty entrance of the husband, mother, and sister. Twenty minutes past, and they had fondly believed her convalescent; and they now found her a corpse. I withdrew to the window, whilst a burst of passionate sorrow overpowered the mourners: they knelt round the bed, the heavy sobs of the man mingling with the wilder grief of the females. I looked at the group—what a contrast between the living and the dead! She lay before them as if in profound and happy sleep, her features perceptibly changing and assuming their original beauty of expression, as the smile that had played over them was gradually waning, and as the muscles lost their irritability; whilst they were weeping and sorrowing in all the attitudes of a first affliction, wringing their hands, and addressing her with vehement words of endearment.

After these occurrences, it was my lot to see death in various shapes; from the calm preparation, the hope and confidence of unshrinking innocence, to the frantic terror and fierce impenitence of guilt and materialism. By a beautiful and beneficent dispensation of Providence, it, however, but rarely happened that parties were at all conscious of the immediate approach of dissolution; and I am not aware that in any instance, which came under my personal notice, any sign was exhibited that the moment of extinction was anticipated.

It is this merciful ordinance that robs the death-bed of its terrors; as I am disposed to believe, that no moral courage would enable a man to resign his existence without a struggle, not so much perhaps from fear as to his eternal doom, as from that awe and mysterious dread which clings to all of us when we contemplate the idea of throwing off our "mortal coil," and being launched into a new, an unknown, and an inconceivable mode of life. Had it been the will of our Creator to have explained in what manner the soul, when separated from its earthly temple, should exist—whether it should remain a tenant of our present sphere, or whether it should wing its way to other realms,—to have told us something as to its nature and its capabilities,—there would have been some data on which the aching mind could have reposed. In wisdom all this is entirely hidden from us: that we shall in His own good time be called before Him, and have to answer for the "talent" which has been entrusted to us during our mortal sojourn, He has declared; but beyond this all is mysterious, inscrutable, and uncertain. It has therefore pleased Him to divide us by a gulf of unconsciousness from that instant of time which is destined to launch us into eternity, and to abstract our minds from dwelling too closely upon the prospect of momentary death.

It may be urged that there are numerous instances on record, where men have ascended the scaffold, and laid their heads on the block, with cheerfulness or indifference. The secrets of a condemned cell would tell another story; nor is it intended to deny that superstition, enthusiasm, despair, may have given to some of these examples an unnatural courage, to face the grisly king with apparent boldness. But could the workings of a human heart have been laid bare, it would have been found throbbing in their bosoms with feelings which no outward bravado could have belied. Even were it granted that this so-styled heroism was real, how few amongst the thousands who have fallen victims to their follies, their ambition, or their crimes, have shown it! They are isolated and remarkable instances; whilst the majority of those who have been foretold their doom have writhed in agony, and been stretched on the rack of mental torture till perception has yielded to apathy, and they have moved to their fate like men in a dream.

If I might judge from what I have seen of death, its pangs are not painful, and, consequently, the sense of it is most in apprehension. If it were these pangs alone which we had to contend with, we might say—

"If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug her in mine arms:

and though Shakspeare put these words into the mouth of Claudio, he says before—

"I 've hope to live, and am
Prepared to die."

He knew human nature too well, however, thus to leave him; and Claudio, though aware of the price that must be paid for his life, when made sensible that to refuse this, the door of hope, the great cause of our fortitude, would be closed for ever upon him, says—

"Ay; but to die, and go we know not where!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ach, penury, imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of death:"—

and such are the feelings of mankind at large: life is clung to tenaciously, and no man will willingly believe that the time is come to lay it down. On the sick-bed, in the field of battle, or in the court of justice, hope is warm in the heart; and it is this which robs death of its apprehensions. In many of the diseases which deprive us of what we hold so dear, insensibility or delirium carry us over the "bourne from whence no traveller returns," in total unconsciousness: in other cases, where the intellectual faculties are unclouded, and in which the steps of the "monster Death" come on slowly and almost imperceptibly, though we are apprised of his approach, and though we express our resignation, and prepare to meet calmly the fatal stroke, I have never yet seen one instance where these sentiments were unmixed with hope, and where schemes for the future did not mingle largely with prayer and meditation; and when the final change was at hand, when pain yielded to the chill touch of death,—to remove the dread of its presence, the merciful ordinance I have spoken of shrouds the senses in stupor or forgetfulness, and departure has been as easy and as unthought of as if the individual had resigned himself to the arms of sleep.

The imaginary terrors with which my inexperience had invested a death-bed, soon gave way therefore before the more peaceful and quiet reality; and I was taught to view the approach of dissolution with less harassing feelings. The impression generally entertained is similar to my own original one; and men fear to die, and to see death, from a vague expectation that there is something terrible both in the one and the other. But the hour of trial dissipates the illusion: a few sobs, and forgetfulness steals over us, and we are for ever freed from mortal bondage.

AN INTERVIEW.

SCENE—THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY.

Mr. Editor! "Sir." Pray excuse me this freedom,
But on matters of moment one mustn't be nice,
I 've an art——"We're o'erstocked, Sir, we really don't need 'em."
Pardonnez, I 'll state my request in a trice.
I 'm a young man of talent——"Indeed! I don't doubt it,
But there 's no situation at present."—Pray hear,
There 's an article—"We 'll make enquiries about it,
If it suits our design, it shall shortly appear."

Oblige me by saying—"Time 's really so pressing,
And the printer's *diaboli* wait me below;
Could you call"——I shall call it extremely distressing
If before you have heard my request, Sir, you go.
"Then be brief, Sir." As brief as your notice—"Rejected!"—
(A metaphor this which you ne'er *met afore*,)
When some wretch, *cacoëthe scribendi* infected,
Has copied and sent you a page of Tom Moore.

"Now pray, Sir,"——One moment, I will not detain you,
But your known affability—courtesy—taste—
Discretion—I 'm sorry to think that I pain you—
And candour—you see I am making all haste—
Embolden me further (to use the expression)
To make a request——"In two moments I go."
I shall not keep you one—which—excuse the digression,
But——"Oblige me by handing me down my *chapeau*."

With pleasure. Allow me to ask who 's your hatter,
Its weight is a feather, its *tournure* divine,—
'Pon honour I 'm serious, I never do flatter;—
But you're eager to come to this matter of mine.
The fact is—I hate a narrator who garbles
His story——"Good day!—like to look at the Times?"
What! he 's gone, in good earnest—cartloads of *diables!*
I was going to ask him to print me these rhymes.

VIGINTI.

KATE FIFLE.

A SAILOR'S COURTSHIP.

"WELL, boys, in the summer of the year 1804, I sarved aboard the 'Seizer,' a fine seventy-four, with a captain named Gunnell, on a cruise in the East Ingy seas, to protect home'ard-bound traders.

"We was about a couple of years a dodging about from one place to t'other, and deuced sick of the work I was too, a looking after an old swab of a French admiral, what they called Linen, or Linois, or some such a name, who had two or three fine ships with him, and sadly cut up our trade. Let's see now:—first, there was the flag, a craft called the Merrygo, or Maren-go, or something sounding like that, a stout eighty-four:—then there was the Bill-pull, and Semi-lante, heavy frigates, 'sides a corvette mounting twenty-eight. That was the feller you know, who had the brush with Commodore Dance in the China seas, Feberery 15th, 1803. But all our tricks to nab him wouldn't do at all:—the Frenchman was as cunning as the old covey alow, and took confounded good care to keep out of our way. Now he was to be met with here—then he'd been seen off such and such a place—then he had steered so and so, but when we took them all in rotation, devil a ship was to be seen!

"Well, at last you must know we got orders from the admiral o' the station, to take in water and provisions, and sail with despatches to England. I'd been away now altogether a matter o' three year, and was deuced glad, as you may suppose, to see old England again. We had a prosperous voyage, and worked up Channel with a spanking breeze at S.S.W., but it soon went down, and fell calm, and just as we got abreast of Plymouth Sound, there wasn't enough wind to stir a feather: the bunting hung like a rag at the gaff-ead, and the water was as smooth as a pond. Well, as this was the case, we made for Plymouth harbour, and went in fine style, all the land swobs and shore-going toddlers cheering us lustily, and swarming about us like herrings. Well, this was a Saturday night, d'ye see, and I got permission from our first luff to go on shore for a week, for our skipper had started off for London directly we had dropped anchor, and laced the sails to the yards. I had an old messmate a living there, and so I stayed in his house whilst I remained ashore. The next morning up I got,—tumbled out of my hammock, and stowed it away, and looked out o' the port, that lighted the little state-room what I snoozed in. It was a fine breezy morning, and so I swobbed my head and bows, got all my yard-tackles up, and rigged myself out all taught from truck to keel, in a bran-new suit of flashy toggery, what I bought when I came on shore. After that I goes below; takes my turn at the mess-table, and upsets a kid,—I was so glad to be on shore again. Then I set my topsails,—hauled up jib, let fall my courses, and made sail.

"I was going large at a spanking rate down one of the widest soundings, when I came up to a large place where a cracked bell was a making a d—l of a row, and a swarm of folks was a going in. 'Oh ho!' thinks I to myself, 'there 's summat or t'other a going forred here:' so I backed my main-topsail, clapped my helm hard a-port, hove round—filled again, and steered smack in. It was a rummish-looking place inside, and I don't know how it was, but it struck me all of a sudden that it was a church. I'd not been in no rig'glar church since I was a kid this high, and couldn't tell what to make on it. There was a pair of little boxes at the after-part, and two queer old coveys in 'em; one with a white head and barnacles, with something like a white sheet on him, was a jabbering away some stuff or t'other at a precious rate.

"Well, my lads, on one side of the seat what I squatted on,—for I thought I might as well stop and make out what it was the old gentleman was a jawing about you know—there was such a precious beauty a saying her prayers, and when the people got up, singing beautiful—something like a gal indeed! Her head and bows were finer tarned than I'd ever seen any 'oman's afore: her nose was quite a genteel one, and as thin as a backstay; her bow-port as nice, and as little as could possibly be, and as red as the scarlet stripes in a Yankee jack. Her rig both fore and aft was as neat and as complete as ever you'd wish to see: not a spare cord was to be seen in her whole 'quipment; not a single rope was out of its place, nor a rag of flaunty bunting about her from stem to starn. Well, boys, directly I cast my eyes on her, I felt a rum sort of a sensation a flying about my hull, and gathering about my upper works. I looked here, and I looked there; I looked up aloft, and I looked alow; to port and to starboard; while my heart began to thump! thump! and to flutter! flutter! as fast as the gib in a head wind. Blow me! if I could tell at all what had become on me; thinks I to myself, thinks I, this ar'n't the first 'oman I've seen by many a one, and I 'll be ——— but I 'm yawing about some how or t'other, d—nably in my course. Howsomever, to clip the yarn a little shorter, I contrived, but how I'm sure I don't remember, to get into conversation with her. Hang me if she wasn't civil enough to lend me her tiny red log-book, to read the sarvice out on, and find out the psalms for me herself: but it wa'nt no use, I couldn't read without a good taste o' spelling, and every now and then she would nudge my arm, and give an eye up to me, as much as to say, 'Why don't you sing like the others?' Well, I thought to sing any thing would be better than not singing at all, 'specially as I saw 'twould please her; so I struck up 'The Bay of Biscay, O!' and had got as far as 'there she lay,' when all the people began to fidget about, and turn round, and whisper, and look at me in such a d——d queer fashion, that I was glad to give it over.

"By and bye, all the folks weighed, and made sail, and the young 'oman got up to go too. Though you may think it rather 'markable, by this time we'd got to be such good friends, that we cracked along in company down two or three roadsteads, and, at a signal which she hung out at her main-top, brought to at her father's door. The old gentleman kept a little tile-shop, and, considering his age and sittivation in life, looked well enough for a shore-going feller. He gave me a good deal of palaver, but I suppose that was bekase I cut such a splashy figure, and had all my standing and running rigging in such exact order. He told me his name was Fifle;—that his father's name was Fifle too, and that he was glad of having an opportunity of making friends amongst folks of my calling: so I said 'Thankee!' and walked in to blow a cloud with him, and ship a tumbler or two of grog. Well, boys, whilst I was in Plymouth, I used to see Fifle and his daughter every day, and at last I thought I couldn't do a better thing than ax the poor girl to cruise for the remainder of her life with me in company. I axed her next day, while her father was gone out with a castor to a customer, and had the pleasure to see her turn more colors nor a dolphin a dying. Howsomever, she consented, and a weak arter we all made sail for the parish church. Kate was rigged out as fine as a new frigate, with all her light duck spread to the wind, and dressed in all her holiday bunting. Old Fifle had bought a new close-covering for his main-top the day afore, and wore it on the occasion.

"Just as the parson began to open his bow-port, and the t'other feller what says Amen, had dropped anchor a little astern on him, in walks old Ben Bobstay, captain of fo'castle aboard my ship the 'Seizer.'"

"'Yo ho! brother Binnacle,' says he to me, as he come'd in, 'have you got to the splicing business already? You've given me a d——d deal of trouble to find out where you'd run to; but I've cut you off now, my boy: so I'll just do my business, and sheer off again.'

"'What d'ye mean, Master Backstay, by coming here just at this 'ticular time?' says I.

"'Mean!' says he,—'ha! ha! come, that's a jolly good un. Look here, Bob; here's a bit o' paper atween my finger and thumb, what will make you clap your helm hard a starboard, and make a broad sheer off to seaward, afore you can say 'haul in!' I know it's a deuced hard thing, but I can't help it: your craft's a neat un, and I'm confounded sorry to put distance atween ye;—but fretting's not no use at all. Come make the best of a bad bargain, give her a parting smack, and sheer off.'

"Up I takes the bit of paper, and, sure enough, it looks as if it was directed to me. I handed it over to old Fifle, and he readed it out loud. I was ordered to go on board directly, for the Seizer, and a lot more of the crack ships, were ordered off without a minute's delay, 'cause Boney, and a whole shoal of his cursed Frenchmen, was expected over every hour.

"In course, nothing in the way of business could be done that day. Kate went back again quite down in the mouth, with her father, without a husband, and after giving her two or three hearty smacks and a few kind words, I toddled off too. Poor devil! she took it sad to heart: she unplugged her scuppers every minute, and once or twice I thought she was a going to founder in downright arnest, 'cause the water gained on her so fast, and her lower stanchions began to shake and cross each other. She rowled, and yawed about a good deal; and it went to my heart, my lads, as you may suppose, to leave her like a poor wreck with her spars over her side, and ne'er a rag o' canvass to set, to settle down at leisure.

"But off we went. I seed a good deal o' sarvice, both asea and ashore, and weathered a number of stiffish gales. Fair weather to-day—foul to-morrow! I was in the battle of Traffilgar, aboard the Royal Sov'reign, which I had been drafted into while the Seizer lay up in Gibraltar Bay, and lost my larboard eye by an unlucky shot from a marksman on the poop of the Santa Anna, a Spanish 112. After being away for three year more, I comes back to Plymouth, full of nothing but poor Kate and her old father. With these cheerful ideas and 'spectations, I landed, and bore up for her house:—but, good Lord! it was painted up fine like a Chinese junk, and so strangely be-plastered and transmogrified, that I scarcely know'd it again. Howsomever, my hearties, I finds the forred hatch a little ajar, and in I toddles, expecting that when Kate should see me that she'd set up a precious sight of squalling and hugging. Well, I opens the cabin-door, and what d'ye think I saw? there sat Kate, dressed up like a lady, with a thingumbob on her head, fringed and fallal'd about with red and blue streamer-ends, sitting by the fire a drinking tea, while the kettle was a singing away on the hob: you can't think how pleasant it looked! On the starboard side of the mess-table there was an oldish-looking covey, as bluff in the bows, and as heavy in the sheer as a Dutch schuyt. A sudden misgiving comed slap athwart me. I stood stock still, a winking my eyes, and a twiddling my thumbs ahind my back. Then a something came jumping up to my heart,—and up higher,—and up higher, till it lodged in my throat, and prewented me from giving a hail. I claps my hand to my throat, and feels as if I was a-choking; but at last it all went a bubbling down again, and, with something of a spit, I cleared my pipes, and managed to sing out.

"'Hillo, Kate!' says I, 'here I am, my dear, come back again to see how you and your father are a getting on. Why, you look quite strange at me! don't you know me again? or is this a put on? What the devil are you staring at so? I know I've lost an eye, but I'm not the worse for that; and I don't think there's such a mighty difference in me. Who's that rum customer a sitting in that there chair?'

"'I don't know you, my good man, at all,' says she, in the most barefaced way that ever I seed; 'this is some mistake.'

"'Don't know me, Kate?' says I; 'ha! ha! ha! that's a very good joke! Blow me if I ar'n't desperate hungry: come, come, Kate, fill us up a dish of your tea-water, and overhaul your galley stores for something more substantial than the trumpery I see here. Old gentleman, you're welcome:—you're one of Kate's relations, I suppose?—ay!—ay! you needn't say so; I know'd it directly I comed in. Come, let's all be jolly: Kate, my lass, run out and see if you can't get us something to make a can o' flip on: I makes the best flip on board the Seizer, and you shall have a treat. Ha! ha! ha! I feels so comfortable! I've got to port at last,' says I: 'blow high, or blow low, I don't care. I've got plenty of shot in the locker, and a good appointment into the bargain:—loads of tin about me, and more where this comed from. All our breezes and battles are over now, Kate, and I've come home again to marry ye.'

"'Marry me!' says she—'marry *me!*—bless the man's impudence! My dear Mr. Whifflenhimper, I takes my affidavy, I never seed he feller afore.'

"'Go about your business directly, you tar-plastered, beefy-cheeked, rope-hauling, yo-ho-ing son of a swabbing-mop,' says the old fellow. 'I'll teach you to insult my wife in this here impertinent manner, that's what I will.'

"'Your *wife?*' says I.

"'My wife!' says he.

"'In arnest?' says I.

"'In arnest!' says he.

"'Gammon!' says I.

"''T'aint!' says he.

"'D—n ye both then,' says I, 'that's all;' but directly I said it, the old chap started up in a towering passion, and swore he'd make me brush. 'Be off with you, quietly,' says he, and he looked as white as a 'bacco-pipe all the while, 'or I'll send for a constable, and I'll charge you with a housebreaking.'

"'I shan't stir a peg,' says I.

"'Sha'n't ye!' says he; 'ay!—ay! we'll soon see that. Kate, clap on your bonnet, and run for a constable.'

"'Take that, you tarnation lubber,' says I, 'while he's a coming,' and I run'd slap at him, and boarded him, afore he had time to cry out, or get under the table. Well, we had a reg'lar set-to, yawing and pitching about like the very devil, to discharge our broadsides, and pouring in from the tops showers of small shot from the jaw-lockers, till he was glad to get to his close quarters, and sing out peccavi. But the action war'n't over yet, for Kate set up a scream, and shot up alongside on me, letting out in right down reg'lar man-of-war fashion, and boarding me on the quarter. Atween the two my rigging and upper works com'd in for a benefit; but luckily I got athwart the old fellow, and raked him beautiful, fetching out now and then a longer shot at his consort. In a heavy lurch, down went the glims, and the place was left as dark as the deuce: at last I contrived to get the free use o' my hands, and knocked somebody down; I don't know who it was, but directly I found I had dismasted them, and that they were unfit for future sarvice, I bolted out o' the door like a cannon-shot, and run'd along the streets as fast as if the devil was behind me; got down to the shore, jumped into a row-boat what I found there belayed to a timber head, and pulled off to the Seizer, then riding snug at anchor about a mile off the Breakwater. That was the last time that I've been at Plymouth, and blow *me* if I ever ask a pretty wench to marry me again while these old timbers stick together."

Bill Rogers,
Late H. M. S. Firefly.

MILTON.

BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

WRITTEN MAY 14, 1831.

GENEROUS and noble is the love of fame,
When we on Virtue's base would build our name,
And strive the applause to win that soothes alone
The conscience sitting on the bosom's throne.
There is a ceaseless monitor within,
That little lists the world's tumultuous din—
The clamour of the mob—by hollow sounds
Won to rebellion, till the noise astounds;
That rends the air, with senseless fury hot;
Then in a moment stops, and is forgot!
But in the fire, which round the cradle's cries,
The Muse to the elected child supplies,
There is a steadiness of flame, which burns,
Guarded from tempests, in the Muse's urns.
It smiles in calmness at the blights, which chill
The cherish'd purpose of the worldling's ill,
And hears with scorn the applauses coarse and loud,
To him who feeds the passions of the crowd.
Neglected knows he where his power is placed,
Disdains in vulgar toils his strength to waste;
And, though to age the approval be delay'd,
Lives calm and persevering in the shade.
Thus Milton, who, above all human force,
Drank inspiration's essence at its source,
Lived his long days amid the witty crews,
Who paid their seeming worship to the Muse;
Yet, while a hundred bards with wreaths they crown'd,
To him alone were mute and wanting found:
But he regardless and uncheck'd went on,
Working from dawn to night, and night to dawn;
And still the fabric grew beneath his tongue;
And still with joy upon the task he hung.
Nor tamed the fire; nor bated he a jot
Of holy hope, that fix'd him to his lot.
"The day will come," he whisper'd to his soul,
"When this dark stubborn curtain shall uproll,
And to a wondering world unborn display
The mighty blaze of my creative lay!
Then shall these pigmies with their tinkling songs,
And all that to the puny race belongs,—
Their feathers, and their bells, and painted cheeks,
And all that sensual luxury's follies seeks,—

Vice revelling amid the harlot's charms,
That with the lightning of destruction warms,—
And riot's orgies, and the poison'd gold,
Won by the perjury of their country sold,—
Live but by curses deep to be pursued,
And lasting infamy, and tainted blood:
While, as successive ages roll along,
Still heavenlier worship shall be paid my song,
And my name grow to godly;—and my sprite
Be ever hallow'd, morning, noon, and night."
  Thus early fame, capricious and unsound,
Full many a worthless candidate has found;
And left the highest of the tribe in cells
Neglected or reproach'd, to strike their shells.
But why will not the music of the lyre,
That sets the veins of noblest hearts on fire,
Command the common sympathy, and run
Like the broad radiance of the common sun?
  O, what a frail and mingled thing is man!
He dares not show the virtue which he can!
He dares not own the noble throes, which dart
In kindling currents through his yielding heart!
He dares but trust some chief to lead the way,
And ere he gives his soul, to cry, *He may!*
When the soul-moving tale can move his awe,
Or down in rolling drops the tears can draw.
He would not own, if fashion did not raise
From the loud mob the cry of general praise,
The emotions, which his juster taste approved,
But huddle up in fogs the tale he loved!
O imitative creature!—following where
Thou shouldst the graceless imitation spare;
But shunning to pursue, or emulate,
The good, the wise, the splendid, and the great!
  O Selfishness! who by thine arts deny
The vigorous race, with which thou darest not vie,
How many dost thou from the steep detain,
Which might exalt them into Honour's fane?
And blighting all the energies of soul,
Condemn them meanly in the dust to roll?
The affected scorn of what is fair and high,
Hangs up a dusky veil before the sky;
And blights the etherial essence, that requires
The rays of heaven to fan our high desires.
  Then verdant be the wreath of him, whose flame
Can in defiance cherish virtuous fame!
While all around their thick depressions throw
Clouds, vapours, darkness, pestilence, and woe!

EDUCATION AND LITERATURE IN THE MIDDLE CLASSES OF ENGLAND.

From the MSS. Letters of a Distinguished Foreigner.

In the remarkable country in which I have been sojourning, a 'character' is a certain passport to the best society. It does not seem to signify much of what materials such a character is composed—to be notorious and the general theme of conversation are its most essential, and, I believe, only necessary qualifications. With these requisites, a man is unreservedly admitted into the bosom of families, and worshipped as a sort of demi-god;—whatever he says or does is looked upon as extraordinary—if he is brutal, his brutality passes for amiable singularity—if profligate, for good nature—if drunken, for good-fellowship—if ignorant, for wisdom—if a pedant, for learning. Wherever he goes he is received with open arms—corporate authorities present him with the freedom of their boroughs—the respectable inhabitants get up balls, dinners, breakfasts, or suppers—private and wealthy individuals load him with caresses, and, in short, he is sought for universally, because he is a 'character.'

Being a plain man, on leaving the metropolis I had determined on travelling incog.; for though not an insignificant person in my own country, I was a 'lion' here of the first quality, and my presence created a greater sensation than would have been excited by the report of foreign invasion. This distinction, though flattering to a man's self-love, and pleasurable for a time—as no Stoicism can resist the glancing of bright eyes and the pressure of welcome from the hand of rank, wealth, or talent—had become irksome to me. As a cosmopolitan I was equally anxious to see as to be seen, and the exclusivism of the higher classes in town had screened from my observation the next order of society—for this was as religiously shut out from mingling with the former, as if its touch would have been contamination. The few who by dint of superior wealth, political influence, or warlike achievement, managed to elevate themselves to aristocratic rank, underwent an instantaneous metamorphosis, and cast off their plebeian slough, and seemed to forget at once the whole of their previous life as effectually as if they had been dipped in Lethe—at least they took great pains to make it appear that such was the case. I had therefore been unable to learn any thing to the purpose respecting the middle class of society from the higher. As this class is, however, by far the most important constituent in the population of all old countries, I was anxious to see with my own eyes, and hear with my own ears, what was its present state of education, and to examine if the reports I had received from the metropolitan publishers, as to the literature of the day, were borne out by facts.

In leaving the circles of gaiety and fashion, I determined, as I said before, to leave my name behind me, and to escape from lionising, if possible: my hopes on this head were disappointed on the very threshold. I had resided for several days in quiet seclusion at a second-rate inn in one of the principal sea-ports, when, as my evil genius would have it, I was stumbled upon whilst examining the shipping, by a merchant, whom I remembered to have seen hanging about the skirts of fashion in town, where he had observed me as a brilliant star—the focus of influence: the man pulled off his hat, and I slightly returned his salute, and so I supposed the thing ended: I was deceived—this gentleman, though nobody from home, at home was one of the principal magnates, and instantly spread the news through his own circle, that so and so, about whom all the world had gone mad, was in the town; an earthquake would have excited less amazement—the bells were set ringing, a deputation from the town-council, headed by the mayor with his gold chain, all very grand, as the story-book says, pounced upon me, and treated me with such ceremonious respect, that vexed as I was, I accepted an invitation to a civic feast. The intelligence as to who I was, and what I was, spread like wildfire, and produced an extraordinary sensation. Hitherto my person had been unnoticed; I had walked about as little regarded as my heart could desire, had visited the quays, squares, streets, churches, public buildings, and no man deigned me worth remark; but now, whenever I stirred, I was followed by a rabble of idle and curious persons, men and women, boys and girls—a crowd of the unwashed dogged my steps as if I had been something supernatural, while men of science and men of wealth waited upon me with an officious zeal little short of idolatry. It was in vain I endeavoured to screen myself—the veil was withdrawn, and I stood forth a 'character.' The daily papers were filled with reports of my whereabout, and I was literally overwhelmed with attention.

As there was no help for it, I submitted to the martyrdom, and entered into the spirit of the scene as well as I could—I found the merchants wealthy, proud, and ostentatious, and profuse in their hospitality. They formed what might be termed the aristocracy of plebeianism, and in their sphere were quite as exclusive, and looked down upon those who were beneath them in worldly consideration, with full as much contempt as the aristocracy of rank. For a time I was rather taken aback amongst them—their manners, though frank and cordial, wanted that unlimited ease which characterised their superior fellows; I was however soon at home, as, whether I would or no, I was domesticated in the family of one of their chief members—this consisted of an only daughter and several sons: with the former I was directly on terms of the greatest familiarity; for being a "character," the social barriers, if any such existed between acquaintance and intimacy, were at once removed. She was a fine quick-witted girl, said to be very clever, and had had a fortune expended on her education. The following conversation will show what this had been, and what were its effects.

"You play well, Miss S——, and with much taste."

"It would be a pity if I didn't, Sir, as I have been practising music for ten years, and am besides fond of it."

"You must have commenced the study of it very young: were you sent to school at so premature an age? for I should think that not more than eighteen summers have flown over your head."

"Thereabouts, Sir,—yes, I was sent from home to a very fashionable school when I was eight years of age, and only left twelve months ago."

"Ah, that was indeed early! and pray what course of education can it be which requires so extended a pupillage? why, you must be as learned as a professor; a simple man like myself must appear a perfect ignoramus in your eyes."

"Ah, I can really hardly tell you what I learnt; the branches of study in our school were so numerous, and I have left it now so long, that I fear I cannot even enumerate them."

"You jest, my sweet lady—what, twelve months, and all forgotten! Why, your sex must be the same all the world over—delighting in deceit."

"It is true, however: let me see if I can recollect what I learnt:—there was music, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Latin, astronomy, mathematics, dancing, singing, botany, geology, history, drawing, painting, elocution, riding, walking, sitting, standing, manners, archery, philosophy, and some other things I cannot call to mind."

"Upon my honour, a very sufficient catalogue; and what you have overlooked are the useful portions of female education, doubtless,—the brilliant generally predominating over the useful in a woman's head; for example, to aid your memory, you have omitted sewing, knitting, cutting-out dresses, pie and pudding making, the management of servants, setting on buttons, and the general duties of housewifery."

"Oh lud, Sir! why, you are a perfect Goth; and as bad as my late grandfather, who asked me as an especial favour to knit him a pair of woollen mittens, when I returned from school. It was so ridiculous—I did not know how to set on a stitch, that I laughed most heartily: and—will you believe it?—he was so ill-natured as to alter his will, and leave all his property to one of those nasty places called hospitals—wasn't it ill-natured now?"

"Perhaps it was, as far as you are concerned, as you have been the victim of a particular system. But pray what have you retained, or what do you intend to retain, of all the heap of useless learning, as I am compelled to call it?"

"Oh fye! but really, I have already forgotten all about it except my music, and a little drawing, painting, and—my dancing."

"In these accomplishments I can bear witness your tutelage has not been in vain; and for the rest, I suppose it is the fashion to run through the routine; and I venture to hope that since you have been freed from such a senseless thraldom, you have occupied yourself in that best of all female seminaries—home, and under that best of teachers—a mother, in fitting yourself for the important duties of the mistress of a household, of a wife, and of a mother."

"Oh shocking, you quizzing creature! why, I learnt all the fine things just for the very purpose of getting—a husband."

"Then I presume, since you were removed from home—the proper school for the developement of the affections of the heart, that particular pains were taken to direct aright your nascent sensibilities, —to point out the proper objects which should claim all the treasures of your awakening passions,—to render you in theory at least a dutiful daughter, an affectionate sister, a sincere friend, and an amiable as well as a lovely woman."

"Good gracious! why, you must be a parson, surely: how you do talk! Why, I was never allowed to write to my parents, as we always copied our letters from a letter-book, and were expressly forbidden to talk about home: and I believe I should have forgotten it, but that I went there once a year; and then I was sent to the coast to be out of the way, of which indeed I was very glad, as my father and mother were cross and stupid; and as to my brothers, I seldom saw them, and when I did, I was soon tired, as they were always running after other girls, instead of being with me. I suppose you mean by 'nascent sensibilities,' love. Well, there were the Italian, French, and dancing-masters,—they were sad rakes, and made fine sport for us; and there was the writing-master,—he was always pinching our cheeks; the teacher of astronomy was indeed a very nice man, and several of us ran away with him to the brick-field—but came back again; and then the drawing-master was very funny, and used to sketch all sorts of queer things for us; and besides, there were the village lads, and the footmen. I assure you there were plenty of men to fall in love with: and as to friends—oh! I had several dear friends at school, but I have quarrelled with them all since."

"Excellent!—I see your affections as a daughter, a sister, a devoted mistress, and a friend, were diligently looked after. There cannot, at all events, be a doubt but that your polite and fashionable education has given you a taste for elegant literature, and that your vacant hours are, in part at least, devoted to reading."

"Oh! of course, our bookseller has orders to supply us with a monthly parcel of new works—novels, ladies' books, annuals, books of engravings, and any thing that is fashionable. Some of them I read, and then amuse myself with cutting out the plates for my portfolio and scrap-books: those that are handsomely bound are placed in the library; others, if the paper is not too stiff, I tear up for curl-papers; and others are given to the servants."

"And now, my dear lady, permit me to ask you one question. The great end of your expectations is, I presume, marriage, or what I have frequently heard called amongst you, a comfortable establishment: which is it, amongst the numerous matters that have engaged your attention, on which you found your hopes of being an agreeable companion and an attractive and permanently delightful wife?—nay, don't frown, you are a beautiful woman, and, in so far, an angel: what I mean is, what moral and intellectual discipline have you undergone, to enable you to bear or disarm the rugged temper of a husband?—to soothe him and support yourself through the trials of life,—to direct the infant minds of your offspring,—to accommodate your expenditure, should fortune frown upon your future prospects, —to restrain the vivacity and impetuosity of your sex's passions,—to devote yourself to home enjoyments,—and to bear, without ennui, the sameness of common-place married existence?"

"Oh, my dear Sir! now you do talk nonsense: how shall I do, indeed? why, if my husband is cross, I shall laugh at him, and order the carriage to drive out: as to misfortune, which is poverty I suppose, I hope my father will take care of that; and if he does not, and my husband becomes poor, I must come home again, I suppose. Then I shall spend my time very well: the children will be shut up in the nursery; and I have a large circle of acquaintance, with whom I shall visit as I do now; and you know I never spend an evening at home unless I have visitors."

"Truly, my sweet friend, your mother and your instructors, male and female, have made you familiar with the arcana of human life. The man who has the felicity to make you his bride, will, if of your own rank, do, I suppose, as you do; and therefore it is to be hoped you will not thwart each other's purposes: and if the fates have decreed you to die an old maid, you will doubtless take kindly to scandal, cats, china, poodles, and mischief."

"Thank you! but the latter alternative is but a remote probability. Come, give me your arm, and we will join the party in the drawing-room—though your impertinence is quite terrible."

"One more remark, and I am your *cavalier serviente.* You have been educated, as is the fashion amongst your wealthy countrymen, from home: the education I prefer for your charming sex, is home; that single word includes all my notions of female education. I would cultivate your hearts; I would call into action all your tenderness, sensibility, and sympathy; I would make you creatures to be loved, as nature meant you should be loved, and would have you centres of domestic happiness. For your heads, I would furnish them as I would furnish my house—for use and elegance; and now *allons.*"

"What a stupid wife you would have, to be sure! Take care none of us catch you; we would plague you out of your life, with our incapacity for pie and pudding making. You must go back to your native country, if you would marry a clock-work woman."

The custom of educating their children abroad I found universal: —had it embraced the males only, it would not have excited much surprise; but to send away girls at the age of eight, ten, or twelve years of age, to pass the most important era of their lives, and the one upon the direction of which, all their future existence depends, was one of the most singular traits I had yet discovered in this people. It is an era when the sedulous eye of a mother is absolutely essential; but here they were removed from all parental control, and left to the tender mercies of probably a foolish or ignorant mistress and a host of fellows, not one of whom ought to be permitted to approach the delicate and sensitive plant of awakening womanhood. Their education, as they called, or rather miscalled it, consists in a ridiculous routine of forms and ceremonies, calculated only to coat over with artificial gloss their natural character, and to render them mere puppets; while they were at the same time hurried through a field of learning, extensive enough to occupy an entire life, to acquire even a moderate knowledge of its varied contents. The consequences were unavoidable: they learnt nothing; the mind was a waste—a blank, or, at the least, scribbled over with the names alone of sciences and accomplishments, whilst the heart was either utterly debased or its affections so perverted, that they had lost all sense of the true ends of woman's peculiar social station. Filial duties were naturally forgotten, as they had been separated for years from home discipline. Marriage was considered as a matter of convenience and calculation, and brides undertook to fulfil the most sacred obligations, without knowing how or in what way these affected them: they were married, that was enough; or if they remained single, their education afforded them nothing to enable them to pass away their lives usefully and comfortably, as the great object seemed to be to shake off at once even the feeble hold knowledge might have taken upon them, by the force of habit, during their school years: they had, as they expressed it, "finished their education," and so all was ended. The same objections do not apply with equal force to the males; in some respects a public education may be considered as beneficial to these, as being in accordance with the bustling and independent career which they are, generally speaking, destined to run. In this respect, therefore, public education might be plausibly defended; but surely no defence could be offered for the ridiculous studies which, in this country, formed the plan of education. They were just of a piece with the fashionable routine of ladies' schools; and totally unfitted to make men useful citizens, or to enable them to occupy with credit either magisterial or senatorial offices.

The literature which I found prevailing amongst these boarding-school and university pupils, and their equally wise parents, was just what might have been expected. With minds whose deeper powers had been utterly neglected, and whose wish for knowledge had degenerated into listless indifference, there could of course be no taste for any reading beyond a flimsy novel or equally flimsy work on science. Provided the eye is pleased, the vacant mind is satisfied; and nothing was seen beyond trashy volumes filled with pictures and mutilated quotations; and this bore out strongly the report I had received from the providers of these unsatisfactory literary banquets.

My enquiries were next directed to a class inferior to these sons and daughters of the plebeian aristocracy—namely, the shopkeepers and retail dealers: of grace or polish of manner there was little, but I found more sound intelligence than I had yet seen; and their mode of education partook more of common sense and utility than that pervading their superiors. Their children were generally sent to a day-school to be taught reading and writing,—essential matters to their station and occupation. The evenings were however spent at home, and their services employed in little domestic offices. They thus learnt how to live; and their morals and social habits were formed under the eyes of their parents. I found that these were the chief consumers of the penny publications, to the exclusion of higher works. Heavy complaints were made of bad times, and these were used as an apology for buying these articles. A penny or twopence a-week, they said, they could afford; and although there was little of any thing useful in these sheets, as they were filled with accounts of matters that did not interest them, they bought them because they were cheap, and the pictures served to amuse their children, till they began to quarrel about them, when they threw them into the fire to put them out of the way. I did not find that these works rendered them any reasons for being satisfied with their condition, at least I never heard them quoted as doing this. They were sufficient to fill up their few leisure minutes; and the "book of life," which, in former times, had been laid at hand for family and solitary consolation, and meditation, was neglected.

THE RUINED MERCHANT.

A TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be.
It never through my mind had pass'd,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more."

WOLFE.

THERE are perhaps no periods in the chequered life of man, during which he suffers such intense sorrow, as when some beloved and cherished being is snatched away without those premonitory warnings, which generally pave the way and prepare the affections to receive the shock destined to be inflicted upon them. The unendurable anguish that for a time bears down the spirit, shuts out all the consolatory reflections, that under ordinary circumstances spring up to soften the desolation of grief. The mourner weeps as one without hope, and in the idolatry of his sorrow is ready to exclaim,

"Oh! had I died for thee—or with thee might have died!"

No language can describe the agonies that harrow up the very soul, nor tell the utter misery of the dreadful hour, when the whole world is considered as a wide and dreary waste robbed of its life, light, and beauty, and despoiled of the one *oasis* which had been the chosen resting-place of the heart, and which man's most sacred affections had converted into a mortal paradise.

Such was the whirlwind of passionate grief that was sweeping through the mind of Edward Monson, on the sudden death of his wife. Little more than two years had elapsed since he had called her his own, and during the time they had lived together, every day had more closely enchained her to his heart: his love had seemed to grow more and more engrossing; and now to be taken away in the very summer time of her loveliness, to have the links burst asunder forcibly and without preparation,—the pang was too great for human endurance, and he stalked wildly through the apartment, uttering broken exclamations of despair and agony.

"O God! God! why thus rob me of life? Why, oh why take her away, who was already more than an angel?" and then pausing and apostrophizing the inanimate body—"Speak once again, Amy,—speak, or whisper that you hear me! Alas! alas! she is, she must be dead! But no, no, I cannot, I will not believe it! it is a horrible dream from which I shall soon awake."

Monson paced agitatedly to and fro, every motion indicative of the extremity of distress, with glazed and blood-shot eye, flushed brow, and disordered dress, while his wife lay before him, calm, placid, and even yet beautiful, as if buried in the sleep of innocent and happy childhood. The angel of death had indeed been too surely her visitant; but her spirit had departed without injuring or defacing the earthly tabernacle which had been hitherto its shrine; and her countenance still retained the same bland expression, almost amounting to a smile, that had ever dwelt there when in his presence.

Amy Monson, in the enjoyment of health and happiness, had been removed by one of those inscrutable decrees of Providence which bewilder and perplex man's limited perceptions. Cut off in the bloom and vigour of life, after a few hours' illness, apparently threatening no danger, her husband had left her to seek medical assistance, and on returning had the misery to find her dying. One faint smile, one feeble effort to grasp his hand, and all was over: and though many bitter hours had passed away, the intensity of his sorrow had suffered no alleviation. In vain his mother had clasped him in her arms, and had joined her tears and lamentations to his; the sympathy of sorrow, in place of lessening, appeared to add to his misery. In vain his father had poured into his ear the gentlest and kindest words of comfort: all was unavailing; the tempest had been too dire,—had stirred too deeply the mighty stream of passion to subside hastily; and though its continuous rage had become in some degree quelled, the fitful gusts that came with overwhelming violence at intervals, were even more terrible and appalling than its first vehemence.

The shadows of evening were gradually darkening the chamber of death, when Monson seated himself beside the bed, and taking the small and delicate hand, now deadly white as alabaster, of his lost wife between both his own, he bowed his head down upon them, and sobbed and wept without intermission, but in a quieter and more subdued mood. Presently his sobs became less audible, his chest heaved less convulsively, and before long the deepest silence reigned throughout the room; and he slept in his uneasy position still holding the hand of Amy, and dreaming probably that it returned his pressure. His father and mother remained in the room, but neither moved nor spoke, grateful that sleep had visited their afflicted son, and earnestly praying that comfort might be afforded him in his extremity.

Great indeed was the loss that had this day been inflicted on Edward Monson. Connected with that division of trade dependent on cotton, some few months previously he had fallen a victim to one of those mercantile earthquakes that at times involve hundreds in ruin. Speculation had suddenly raised the price of the raw material, without a correspondent rise in that of the manufactured article, and, forced to sell at an enormous sacrifice, his limited means were unable to carry on the struggle, and he found himself, his young wife, and aged parents, all dependent upon him, absolutely beggared. Generous in his own nature, and strictly honourable and liberal in his transactions, he had yielded every thing up, for the purpose of satisfying his creditors, with the manful and noble determination of again devoting himself to business, and retrieving his shattered fortune.

The mere loss of wealth for his own sake he would have disregarded, for he felt the consciousness that his energies would sooner or later enable him to rise above his present poverty. But when the cruel, cold, and stern world turned round upon him,—when those to whom he had naturally looked for sympathy and support were the very first to shun him,—when the friends of Amy and himself looked distantly and with scornful eyes on him,—when insult or miserable contempt met him, in place of delicate kindness,—his proud and indignant spirit swelled within him; and bitter, bitter was the anguish with which he turned away, determined to shake the "dust from his feet," and forsake a scene where every hand seemed stretched out to sink him. It was now that the tenderness of his wife came as a shield between him and his outraged feelings; every thing that woman's love could do to cheer and console, she did with a grace and a delicacy no less touching than beautiful. Though pained, and feeling herself most sensitively the ungenerous and unmerited conduct to which he was exposed, she strove to divert his attention, and made him feel that, although the world had for a time deserted him, he had a little kingdom within his own home, where he was loved and honoured as he had ever been.

Keenly and bitterly had the experience been forced upon him, that—

"Those whom we make friends
And give our hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in our fortunes, fall away
Like water from us,—never found again
But when they mean to drown us."

And when by her efforts she had succeeded in restoring his mind to some degree of equanimity, he blessed and almost idolized her. Sacred influence of woman! pure fountain of man's happiness! Holy indeed are the emotions born beneath the shadow of thy love!

Thrice blessed is he, who in the wife of his bosom finds "a pillar of glory," and a being "altogether lovely." Poor he may be, despised and contemned; but he has about him a jewel "beyond all price," and a treasure he may enjoy when the clouds gather, and the storm beats, and which will be a guiding light and a support in the darkest hour, and the heaviest affliction that humanity can endure!

The very intensity of sorrow is its own best antidote. Nature exhausted by mental torture sinks into repose, and sleep, the

"Balm of hurt minds,"

comes soothingly over the senses. Monson, after several hours of profound forgetfulness, awoke, still retaining the hand of Amy, now warm and moist as his own, and for a moment he deemed she slept. But the reality soon came; and though tears flowed, he was calmer, and, after imprinting one long and passionate kiss on her cold forehead, he resigned her hand and suffered himself to be led away by his mother, who had remained seated beside him.

The last offices were paid to her body, and in a few days she was followed to her final resting-place by the disconsolate and nearly heart-broken Monson. "Dust unto dust, ashes to ashes," and the grave closed over all that was mortal of the fond and devoted Amy; and the sorrow-stricken husband turned away with the conviction that with her were interred his happiness, his hopes, and every thing that could have given a charm to his future existence.

CHAPTER II.

"See the wretch who long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again.
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise."
GRAY.

The utter prostration of spirit, that came over Monson subsequent to the death of his wife, deadened his faculties, and incapacitated him for putting into execution the various resolves for rebuilding the shattered fabric of his fortunes, which had been planned by him. Listless and apathetic, to him it was alike indifferent whether good or evil awaited him. The "bright star" that had led him on was set for ever; and, like the despairing and storm-driven mariner, he abandoned the helm, and left the reeling and foundering vessel to its destruction. To this mental depression was now superadded a low nervous fever, that wasted his bodily strength and soon reduced him to a mere shadow; and finally so far gained the mastery that he was unable to leave his bed.

There is something strikingly noble in the sight of an old man firmly struggling with difficulties. The father of James Monson was now far advanced in life, and

"Age had dropp'd his snow upon his head."

But his was a green old age—"frosty but kindly;" and though venerable and patriarchal in his appearance, the springs of life still flowed freshly within him. Time which had robbed him of the elasticity and ardent temperament of youth, had also freed him from some of that acute sensibility which had so nearly overpowered his son. The whole of his property had been swallowed by their recent misfortunes, and the means which he had sedulously guarded to be a provision to him and his equally aged companion,

"In their reverence and chair-days,"

he had cheerfully given to free his son from his pecuniary difficulties. Both had patiently and without a murmur borne the privations necessarily incident to poverty, and had unremittingly assisted the lamented Amy in the task of comforting and encouraging their son. Both indeed were fondly attached to him, for he was their only child, and from his youth upwards had uniformly honoured his father and mother, and they had indulged the grateful anticipation that he would be the prop to sustain them through the vale of life. And well had he performed his duties till he had sunk beneath the load of his calamities.

Their distress soon reached a crisis; and actual want threatened shortly to drive them to utter degradation. Monson, stretched on his sick bed, unconscious and at times delirious, querulously demanded those little luxuries to which he had been accustomed, and in a tone of impatience and reproach chided alternately his weeping mother and the departed Amy. No means were in their possession to procure them, but by the sale of clothing and of the remnant of furniture left to them. One by one these were disposed of, and this source of supply was speedily at an end. The despairing mother knelt at the bed-side of her delirious son, and, in an agony of tears, exclaimed in the beautiful language of the Psalmist—"O Lord, my God, in thee have I put my trust—save me and deliver me:" and in all the earnestness of a devout and humbled spirit, she prayed for support and resignation in her hour of trial.

Comforted by her appeal to Him "who comforteth us in all our tribulations," and relieved by her tears, she joined her husband at their scanty meal; and strong in hope and the passiveness of female endurance, she exhorted him to shake off his despondency, and to endeavour to find means by his own exertions to snatch their son from the danger of being lost for want of succour.

"God's will be done, Mary! I trust I have not lived in vain; and that He whom I have served humbly will not desert us. His chastening hand has fallen heavily, and 'our bread is now scattered upon the waters;' but in his good time he will bring it back again. I will be 'up and doing;' and though my limbs are failing, and my arms somewhat sapless, with His assistance I will venture forth."

And vigorously and determinedly the old man set about his long-neglected and almost forgotten particular department of business. But he was poor—the friends of his youth and manhood were either dead or removed, and he found himself in a new world; and toil and trouble were for a time his sole reward. He felt however that he was performing a sacred duty; and in firm reliance upon his 'anchor of hope,' he persevered, and bore contumely, neglect, and the 'world's spite,' with the meekness and forbearance of a martyr. One or two small commissions were at length obtained, and he was enabled to carry to his famishing wife a pittance, miserable it is true in amount, but which promised to afford them a slight respite from want.

Woman's love, and the love of childhood, are the most engrossing and intense of human passions; but neither have the same endurance as a mother's love for her offspring. Crime may stain the character of her child, misery may haunt its footsteps; but the bands which link her affections are rarely destroyed. To Monson, whose life had been an exemplar of filial love, his mother in his present helplessness seemed to become more and more devoted. Imbecile in mind and feeble in body, his condition closely resembled that of a sick child, and unweariedly did she exercise her tenderness as a nurse and a mother. Her own necessities were overlooked: she deprived herself even of the absolute rest and support required by nature, and watched over him and tended him whilst her frame was sinking with inanition. But her reward was as rich as her cares and sufferings were great, for

> "Upon such sacrifices
> The gods themselves throw incense."

Slowly, indeed, and almost imperceptibly, Monson began to recover; but his recovery was like that of the forest-tree which has been overthrown, and nearly up-rooted by the blasts of winter. The spring returns, and a bud or shoot is seen springing from the apparently lifeless mass, indicating that the germ of vegetable existence is still in being. So trifling and minute however are these, that the indifferent observer would fail to recognise them. Thus it was with Monson; but the eye of a mother failed not to discern the first faint indications of returning consciousness; and in a transport of gratitude, she hailed them as the dawn of recovered happiness.

As soon as he could bear the motion, they removed with the miserable relics of their fortune to a small cottage at the outskirts of the town, in which they had hitherto resided. Away from the clang of human contention, and from the impure atmosphere of a narrow and crowded street, a very favourable change soon developed itself in Monson's pitiable condition. The breath of heaven

> "Came sweet and wooingly:"

and by its eddies through his small but clean apartment, acted as a restorative to his shattered and decayed strength. As his physical vigour improved, his mental perceptions became more distinct; and though he still murmured the name of Amy, he began to be sensible of the presence of his mother, and, at times, to smile gratefully for her attentions. Happy mother! one smile, wavering and uncertain as it yet was, made ample amends for all thy sacrifices and sufferings.

Spring—"the eternal flow'ring spring,' was abroad, and, as he inhaled its breezes, a perfect consciousness gradually unfolded itself of his own past sufferings, and his change of situation. Sad reflections, sorrow and tears, were the result of his awakening faculties; but the debility yet hanging over him robbed these of much of their bitterness. Day after day, as his dormant feelings, memories, and sensibilities, acquired power, he became more and more sensible of the miseries and privations that had been undergone for his sake by his parents. The pale, wrinkled, and shrunk cheek of his mother, the dwindled and emaciated figure of his father, the destitution so apparent in all around him, told a tale of woe that came reproachingly over his mind, and, leaning his head upon the breast of his mother, who was supporting him in one of his first efforts to sit up, he said:—

"God for ever bless you, my mother! Your tenderness and care have, I feel, snatched me from the grave. Ever shall I pray that I may be enabled to show you the love and gratitude now swelling in my heart, and to repay you in some degree for all you have done and suffered for me."

"I am repaid, my son, most richly in hearing you once speak again to me. Much, truly, have we suffered, but our grief has been for you, not for ourselves."

"Most devoutly do I thank God that your efforts have been successful. Not long ago, in the abandonment of my sorrow, I prayed for death that I might join my angel wife, and should have left you to the scorn of the world without a single regret. May the Almighty pardon me! and praise be to His name who has taught me that I have something yet to live for."

In a few weeks his strength was so far re-established that he was enabled, with the aid of his mother, to venture once more into the open air. The sights and sounds of animated nature, her green and sunny face, and the "deep blue" of the summer sky, came upon his delighted senses like "opening Paradise," and filled his heart with that profound sensation of happiness ever generated by gazing upon the most glorious and splendid of God's temples—a rich country, clad in the luxuriance and beauty of summer, and in which

"The air 's its richest incense, the whole land its shrine."

CHAPTER III.

> "His poor self,
> With his disease of all-shun'd poverty,
> Walks, like contempt, alone."
> SHAKSPEARE.

As soon as Monson was capable of making active exertions he set himself to work, determined to rescue his parents from their state of degradation and destitution. Sickness had to some extent overpowered his moral sensibilities, and he felt less pain than even he had anticipated in again fronting the world. The loss of Amy appeared indeed to have robbed him of much of that susceptibility which had driven him almost to desperation, when his misfortunes were recent. She was gone who had been his pride and his delight; and with her had fled that conscious pride of self, which had been at once his stay and his torment: but now hopeless, debilitated, and sick at heart, he went abroad as one utterly indifferent to all about him. He had one object, and one object only, in view—a burning desire to obtain the means of support for his aged parents. This desire now came in place of every other consideration, and steeled him against harshness or still more cutting indifference. Day after day, with pallid cheek and anxious step, he revisited the scenes of his prosperity, and wearied himself with vain solicitations: he sought no gratuitous aid, he asked only for employment, and in doing this he was made to feel the full force of the world's bitterness.

In a commercial country, and in a commercial district, poverty, open and acknowledged poverty, is the one grand curse, the one insurmountable barrier separating man from his fellows. It is painful, it is worse than painful, to witness the struggles of fallen independence; and well was it for Monson, that the shield of despair was thrown over his hopes and his pride. If now and then a startling consciousness came upon his mind, of the indignity which was thrown upon him, it was met by the knowledge that his suffering parents had no resource but in his efforts; and this bore him through the conflict. Week after week he thus toiled on; every day sinking him lower and lower in the abyss of despair, till his very heart became hardened, and his harassed and disturbed imagination began to paint mankind as unfeeling wretches, who were pouring their malice upon his devoted head. A slight relapse of illness added frightfully to their sorrows; and they soon reached a depth of destitution, which well nigh overcame the passive endurance of his mother, and utterly broke down the remnant of fortitude which had hitherto sustained his father.

Again, with wasted frame and poverty-stricken aspect, he resumed his search for employment, cursing the hour of his birth and execrating all and every thing around him. The remains of pride, which still clung to his harassed spirit, had made him sedulously avoid coming into collision with those who had been the friends and sharers of his prosperity.

Enfeebled and warped as his mind had become, he even yet loathed the idea of seeking aid from parties who had treated him and his gentle Amy ungenerously; and this mental wound had failed to become healed by his extreme necessities. With a heart filled with the gloomiest fancies, and a body weakened by long-continued disease, he dragged himself through the busy streets, with a feeling of the most utter desolation. It seemed to him as if there were not one human being to sympathise with him,—not one to afford him assistance. Man may hold communion with his kind, even in the desert or the dungeon, as no concurrence of outward events can break the links which connect our associations with our fellows, so long as he continues to hope: but when the spirit yields, all is gone; and the bustling street becomes as silent and as solitary as the remote wilderness.

"Amidst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to feel, to see, and to possess,
And roam along the world's tired denizen;
With none to bless, and none we hope to bless:
This is to be alone—this—this is solitude."

In this frame of mind, and whilst absorbed in himself, he accidentally passed the house which had been his residence when his fortunes were blossoming, and when he was surrounded by a circle of domestic enjoyments. As his eye fell upon the doorway, the strong revulsion of feeling, caused by a crowd of memories which sprung up instantaneously, completely overpowered him, and, after faintly endeavouring to support himself against the balustrade, he fell upon the pavement, and was taken up nearly senseless by the passers-by. As he was unknown, and was unable to speak, he was at once carried to the nearest hospital. It was long before he became conscious of his situation: the shock had completely unnerved and unmanned him, and he wept like a child when he found himself a denizen of the hospital. His first effort was to beg some one to apprise his parents of his accident, which put the crowning stone to their misery. The old man, religious from habit, muttered, even in his dotage, "thy will be done!" whilst his venerable companion, with tottering step, prepared to visit him.

The meeting between mother and child, under such circumstances, was mournful in the extreme: there seemed no hope, no outlet by which they could escape from their sorrows; but although they despaired, and although the hand of Providence may be turned away for a period from virtue, it nevertheless stretches forth its aid when all human succour appears to be vanished. Whilst they were deploring their lot, the aged mother weeping, and the broken-hearted son unable to afford consolation, the physician to the hospital came to the bedside, and enquired the nature of his ailment. He was much struck by the venerable mother of Monson, who retained, even in her degradation, some traces of brighter days. A few questions made him remember the only time in his life when he had seen Monson, namely, on the sudden dissolution of Amy, as he had been summoned hurriedly to visit her; and happened to be present when

James came in and found his beloved wife dead: the burst of passionate sorrow that followed, he had witnessed; and, himself a man of feeling, he had sympathised with Monson's grief. After this, however, he had seen no more of him: it was one of those casual occurrences which happen to medical men, and he had in a great measure forgotten it. The mother's sorrowful and simple tale was soon told; the decline of their fortunes, and the ruin of all their hopes, formed a narrative which deeply interested Dr. Herbert, a man of enlarged affections, and whose profession had tended to keep these in play, and not to deaden and paralyse them; and he left the hospital, after giving them the cheering assurance that their distress was at an end.

On an errand of charity Herbert was instant and ready: he knew many of Monson's connexions, as well as those of his deceased wife, and upon them he immediately waited. None of them had been aware of the utter misery which had broken down the family: pride and poverty had made the sufferers shrink from notice, and, though known to be in distress, that distress was not supposed to be urgent. Herbert's representations found ready responses in the hearts of many of their connexions; and though, when relief came, Monson would have said as Anaxagoras said, when dying, to his disciple Pericles, who had sent him a sum of money, "Take it back—had he wished to keep the lamp alive, he ought to have administered the oil before," his venerated mother fell upon her knees, and poured out her thanks to Him who had been her constant stay and support.

And the Monsons were again happy: time softened James's grief; and an honourable and lucrative employment enabled him to minister to his parents, and to return, in some sort, the kindness which had been so unremittingly lavished upon him. And he performed his part well; and for many years they presented a most beautiful picture of domestic felicity—a son treating his aged and helpless parents with love and reverence, and parents treating their son with love and confidence.

P. G.

JUVENILE LITERATURE.*

We have long felt considerable surprise that no censorship has been established over Juvenile Literature; for if the question were asked us, what class of literary productions are of most importance to the social welfare of the country, we should not hesitate to answer, the productions intended to form the intellectual and moral stamina of the rising generation. Reviews, numberless, of all shapes and characters, labour in their vocation to enlighten the 'grown up' children of the day, as to the merits or demerits of the books written for their amusement or instruction, whilst their offspring are left to their own critical wisdom. Now this state of things appears to us to be not a little absurd. We tell the public by implications, that they are unfit to judge of books for themselves: we waste a great deal of time, and go through no small amount of labour, to give them our opinions, and yet none of us ever think it needful to guide them as to the selection of school and domestic literature for the juniors. One bad effect of the absence of all control is, that an immensity of trash is thrown into the hands of young people. The enormous amount of the school trade demands an incessant supply of trifles: of these many have an ephemeral existence, and are chiefly written by ladies or teachers themselves: upon productions of this class it would be silly to give a detailed criticism; they have all one character—tales of very good little boys and girls, and tales of very bad little boys and girls—useful things in their way, and fitted to some extent for the infantile capacity.

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* The Instructor, Vol. IV. The Calendar—The Months—The Seasons. J. W. Parker, London.

It is the productions written for children of from eight to fourteen years of age, and which are especially important to future character, that demand the closest criticism. At this period of life, intellect and morals begin to exercise themselves in an independent fashion, and the impressions made upon the mind are never eradicated; and yet strange as it certainly is, parents are left without any guide in the selection of books. It is true, indeed, that there exists an ably conducted journal of education, but it does not come down to that point where its labours could alone be useful. It is of course impossible, in a periodical like our own, to enter at length or continuously upon such a subject; but we shall never permit any important work, whether as regards merit or pretension, intended for school and family reading, to pass us unnoticed.

The Instructor is a work of this stamp, appearing in parts and in volumes; it is intended to form a complete system of progressive readings, and will be in point of fact, when completed, a Juvenile Cyclopædia. With these pretensions, and the immense circulation given to it, it becomes an especial object of examination. The third volume was briefly noticed in the last number of the Monthly, and we take up the fourth, which includes an account of the almanack, of the months, and of the seasons, for a more extended review.

We are amongst those who think that education should be inseparably united with religious sentiments;—not that children are to be made subjects for canting hypocrisy, but that every opportunity should be taken to impress upon them the being and attributes of the Creator. In this respect, this volume of the Instructor is singularly beautiful. The Author, in speaking of changes in the weather, says:—

> "We are very apt to blame and find fault with the weather: we complain equally of the cold of winter, of the dampness of spring, of the heat of summer, and of the chill, frosty air of autumn.
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> "When every thing about us looks cheerful, when the earth is clad in verdure, when the air is filled with the song of birds, and when the sky

is pure and serene, we say that we should like such weather to continue for ever; no doubt it would be very pleasant to our feelings to enjoy perpetual sunshine, and to have at all times the cool and refreshing breezes of spring playing around us.

"Let us, however, consider for a moment, what the consequences would be if our wishes were to be gratified.

"An equal temperature, or a sameness of seasons, kept up at all times and in all places, would cause a loss of at least one half of the natural productions of the earth.

"Instead therefore of each nation having something peculiar to itself, and valuable to every other, all countries would possess the same things, and all countries would want the same things. * * * *

"Thus then would be an end of commerce between nations, and of the many advantages which arise from it.

"But a worse consequence would attend a constant sameness of weather, however fine or delightful it might be: the air would be stagnant, and would soon become charged with noisome exhalations or vapours: the winds which arise from differences of heat, in different places, would cease to blow. Thus there would be a dead and constant calm, and the air which we breathe would occasion disease and death: no art which we could use, would prevent a universal pestilence, fatal alike to man, to animals, and to plants.

"Happily for us, a beneficent and all-wise God who knows what we require better than we do ourselves, makes the changes in the weather, and all things else work together for our good."

And again in the following lesson:—

"What a beautiful world is this in which we live! how full of harmony, of design, and of wisdom! Every day brings with it some change, and every change affords new proofs of the care and bountiful providence of Almighty God."

It is in this way that instruction should be blended with religion, and it is thus that the idea of a bountiful Creator should ever be mingled with observations upon His works. What can be more beautiful, more simple, more eloquent, or more appropriate, than the concluding remarks of the volume.

"We have thus traced the seasons through their varied changes; we have seen all nature shrouded in the sleep of winter—then bursting into life in spring—then glowing with beauty and sweetness during summer, and, finally, leaving completed the purposes for which all this life and beauty were called into being, during autumn again sinking into repose.

"And we have seen, that all are beautiful, and that all show the care and protecting hand of Almighty wisdom and goodness."

If the spirit pervading this volume is thus excellent, and its style thus beautiful, the information it contains is not less striking and valuable; and we do not know of any single work, however large, which can compare with it. The knowledge it conveys is also of that kind, which the common affairs of every-day life demand. The account given of the almanack, of the divisions of time, of days, weeks, and months, is particularly full and explicit, and, withal, is conveyed in so simple and graceful a way, that dates and figures look interesting. In speaking of the origin of the divisions of time, the Author says:—

"At a very early period of the world, as far back indeed as history extends, we find that people had learnt to measure their years by the changes or revolutions of the moon. We are told in the Bible that many nations did this before the death of Jacob, which happened 1700 years before the nativity of our Saviour.

"The custom of measuring time by weeks was universal amongst the most ancient nations. The origin of this was probably the account given by the first man to his descendants of the great work of Creation being accomplished by the Almighty in six days, and the seventh being ordained by Him as a day of rest.

"In the early ages men began to lead a rural and pastoral life, and were naturally induced to observe the various appearances of the skies. Among these, the most obvious and beautiful were the periodical changes of the moon; and observation soon taught them, that these changes happened about once in four weeks: hence was derived the division of time called a month or moonth.

"As these people lived by cultivating the soil, and rearing cattle, they could not fail to learn, that in the course of twelve months there was a regular rotation of the seasons. They would find, for instance, the same description of plants in flower, the same sorts of fruit ripe, and would observe a return of many things which had been lost sight of for awhile, or which had undergone considerable changes. This led to a still longer measure of time called a year."

Here is a species of knowledge, which has hitherto been inaccessible to young minds, brought before them so simply, and so rationally, that they at once are able to comprehend it.

Again, the writer in describing the natural objects particularly worthy of attention at the end of February, in that part of the work devoted to the Seasons, mentions in the same clear and understandable manner, the phenomena attendant on the budding and growth of trees.

"Trees make a second set of buds during the summer, and, while the first set is in full blow, we see at the point where the foot-stalk of each leaf joins the stem, a very small bud; in this state it remains whilst the leaves fall around it, and the tree becomes quite bare in winter.

"This bud is exactly like a seed, containing within it the rudiments or beginnings of a new branch or plant: snugly and warmly protected from cold and wet, this infant tree remains stationary during the rigour of winter; no sooner, however, does the sap begin to ascend, than it swells out, and in the end discloses leaves, shoots, and blossoms.

"This provision of buds on trees is most curious and admirable. A tree during spring may be said to have a thousand new plants growing upon it, and is an object full of interest. So perfect are these buds, and so complete in themselves, that they may oftentimes be transplanted successively from one tree to another, by merely making an incision through the bark, carefully removing one of them, and then fixing it in the wounded part, and covering it with clay; it then sends down shoots into the inner bark, and soon grows and flourishes."

The first portion of this volume is devoted to the calendar and almanack, and gives a brief but most complete account of everything connected with years, days, months, and weeks. The second division contains a particular account of the months, accompanied by well-designed and well-executed wood-cuts. This account embraces the origin of their names, and the remarkable days and incidents connected with them. The third division includes the seasons, with their various natural phenomena very prettily illustrated.

The information given in this last division is particularly rich. The progress of vegetation, the coming and going of birds, the appearances and disappearances of insects, the various agriculture processes connected with the different seasons, and many other interesting matters, make this a book fit for every body's reading,—for it has the merit possessed only by Miss Edgeworth's juvenile books, of being pleasant and instructive reading to people of all ages.

We cannot doubt but that the Instructor will become a standard family and school book. It is exceedingly well got up, the lessons are of the proper length, and the questions appended to them are not the mere echo of the text. The amazing amount of *knowledge* included in this one volume is perhaps the most remarkable thing about it, and it sadly shames Howitt's Book of the Seasons in this respect. The simple eloquence of its style is admirably suited to the subject, and we shall be glad to see this series displace the fragmentary and imperfect literature hitherto offered to young readers. It breathes throughout a very pure, moral, and religious spirit, which, without being conspicuous, makes a very grateful and proper impression upon the mind.

WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS MAN![*]

> "What shall I do to be for ever known,
> And make the age to come my own?"
>
> COWLEY.

It has been said, and sung time out of mind, that there is nothing new under the sun. This is a startling assertion, and amongst authors it is particularly obnoxious. Many writers believe themselves to be real Simon Pures—genuine Originals—without spot or taint derived from other men's labours, whether ancient or modern,—and no doubt they are so; for although their works may bear a close similarity to works already in being, that is not the slightest reason why they may not be absolutely of their own creation. Man is the same in all climes and in all ages, modified only by outward circumstances; he has the same capabilities, intellectual as well as physical, whether in the age of Pericles, or in that of the Georgian Era: and therefore when he sets himself to work on any particular subject, the same ideas, to a certain extent, will spring up in his mind in both periods.

In examining books, therefore, we should at all times bear in memory the above fact, and not charge a man with plagiarism, because we have seen his ideas in print before—perhaps as old as a thousand years—or only as yesterday. It is pleasant, nevertheless, to meet with novelty: one gets tired of looking at the same things, in different dresses, and it is quite refreshing to find a book "spick and span" new; and this the more especially when the book treats of a subject which has hitherto, in great measure, baffled enquirers, and has remained clothed in the dark mantle of doubt and mystery. Such is the nature of disease: physiologists and pathologists have pored their eyes and their brains out to no purpose; it was all guess-work with them, and hence their opinions have been and are "wide as the poles asunder." Not only so, but all their explanations were confused and complex,—a mighty pother about high-sounding names and learned phrases; so that even when their premises seemed simple and clear, it has been quite impossible to draw any rational conclusions from them. Hence arises the circumstance, that the healing art has remained a mystery to the multitude. People, even in the present enlightened period, are as much in the dark about their own bodies as they are of the "man in the moon." One bad effect of this is the prevalence of quackery; indeed, we have heard it said that the practice of physic is nothing but quackery: this, by the bye, we disbelieve, and there is abundance of open and avowed quackery without implicating the "regular Doctors." And why does quackery abound?—simply because ignorance is synonymous with credulity and superstition. Men and women labouring under pain are glad to find succour, come from what quarter it may; and thus imagination and ignorance form a capital soil for the luxuriant growth of the henbane of empiricism. A work therefore on this subject, so simple and understandable that all men may comprehend it, is at once an acquisition and a curiosity. Such is the little work before us. Mr. Green has laid open the cause of diseases in such a straightforward manner, that he who runs may read; and, in future, men in place of going to their doctor will content themselves with saying "my insects are troublesome" or "my mushrooms are springing," and swallow a dose of mercury, and lo! the cure is complete.

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[*] An Essay on the Nature of Diseases, by A. Green, LL.B. Simpkin and Marshall, London.

"I am not going," says the Author, "to undertake to point out all the causes of injury, or all the sources of disease, but I wish to direct the attention of physiologists particularly to one cause, which I think may be the source of many, or perhaps I might say of most, of the diseases to which we are subject. The explanation, which it affords of the nature of disease, is at least intelligible. Whether it will be deemed satisfactory I leave to others to decide. *It is something in favour of an explanation, that it is intelligible. A theory that is intelligible, has at least a chance of being correct.*"

We accord our full consent to the above remarks in Italics; they are sound and simple, and worthy the attention of all theorists. He proceeds:—

"The cause to which I allude, is not any deficiency in the principle of vitality, but, on the contrary, the constant and unerring activity of this principle; it is the profusion in which life abounds, wherever the requisite conditions are present. Of these conditions one of the most requisite is a suitable degree of heat: and this is found in the body of every animal and every vegetable that we know, and particularly in the animals of the higher order, or what are distinguished as warm-blooded animals. The microscope shows us that every part of the bodies of these animals is the habitation of innumerable living beings. All the secretions not only of a diseased, but of even a healthy animal, when placed in a microscope, are found to be teeming with life. *We may presume, that these minute beings are innocuous to the animal whose body forms their natural habitation; but it is possible, and I think that analogy justifies us in presuming, that there are also species which are not harmless.* The minuteness of these creatures may not alone render them insignificant. The want of size may be balanced by the immensity of number; and it seems scarcely reasonable to suppose, that while our bodies constitute the crowded residence of living beings, we should be always exempt from being in any degree affected by such a world within us: and could we know the history of those minute beings, we should probably find in it an explanation of many of our most formidable diseases."

This is very nearly a new light,—sufficiently so to merit the term original, and we candidly confess that we have felt a sort of fidgetty uneasiness since we read it. An ant-hill or a bee-hive must be an absolute solitude compared to one's own body.

"I think," continues Mr. Green, "we may with great probability surmise, that all diseases which admit of being communicated from one person to another, by contagion or infection, are the effect of some species of animalcula unobservable to the eye. Some species are communicated only by contact with such parts of the skin as have the skin very thin, &c. Other species are communicated at a considerable distance. In these cases the animalcula may be driven by the breath, or more probably may fly. These animalcules then constitute what is called the miasma of disease. P. 11.—The small-pox, the measles, the scarletina, and the hooping-cough, are probably caused each by its peculiar species of animalcula; they may be communicated, as is known, at a considerable distance, probably by floating or flying through the air."

Mr. Green thus runs through the nosology, very ingeniously bringing in his minute operators as the ministers of disease. What a blessing it is that these creatures are invisible! Only for a moment fancy, that the sleeping innocent who is reposing in his cot by our side, and who is labouring under the hooping-cough, and whose rosy lips are inviting a kiss—only fancy how one should start back with disgust and terror, at seeing, on every expiration, a legion of hooping-cough animalcules fly from his lips—the idea is really fearful.

But Mr. Green comes "doubly armed." Let us pursue his theory:—

"We know by the microscope, that animalcules abound in every part of the body, and we *may reasonably* conjecture from all the circumstances, that some species of animalcules are noxious: but we cannot ascertain so well the existence of minute vegetables, because the want of motion makes these objects not so distinguishable in the microscope. We *may*, however, *reasonably presume* that where animalcules abound, minute vegetable productions will also flourish: warmth is equally favourable to both; and it is therefore probable that *minute vegetables are as abundant throughout the different parts of the body as minute animals, and we may with equal reason-*

ableness conjecture, that among the varieties of minute vegetable productions, some may be noxious.

"The diseases caused by minute vegetables may be supposed to be probably more difficult to cure, than diseases produced by minute animals, for it is generally a more difficult thing to destroy a vegetable than to destroy an animal. It is often found very difficult to destroy a noxious weed. Many vegetables are so tenacious of life, and so productive of seeds, that scarcely any art can get rid of them.

"Of the diseases which seem to be caused by minute vegetable productions, one of the most dreadful, or perhaps of all the most dreadful, is cancer. This, and generally, such sores as are termed malignant, are probably caused by some species of minute or microscopic plant, growing in the flesh, and there extending its roots, and spreading itself in all directions. The seeds of the plant are carried, as foreign substances are often carried, to different parts of the body, and germinating in fresh situations, multiply the ravages of the disease. The caries of the teeth is probably the effect of some minute plant growing in the substance of the tooth. It is fortunate that this plant does not extend itself to other bony substances, and that its farther progress is stopped when the destruction of the tooth is finished." p. 27.

This tooth-tree is a very curious addition to our botanical registers. Other plants we see flourish in the earth, or hang parasitically upon their fellows; but in neither of these instances are the vegetables so ungrateful as to eat away their supporters. We think this plant a greater singularity than the prodigious Sumatran flower, known under the name of Krûbûl.

We think Mr. Green has gone too far with his vegetable physiology, and that he has by this means rather marred the effect of his Entomology. Like other theorists, one capital idea suggested another, and he could not find in his heart to let it go unrecorded. For ourselves, we are rather partial to the vegetable theory. In place of a swarm of insects causing fever in a man's blood, why not have said that fever was produced by a rapid growth of cryptogamic plants in the blood-vessels; and then the seeds which are wonderfully minute, might very well have supplied the place of the insect miasma. Here he would have had a strong case in point. And again, it is well known that early spring and autumn are peculiarly sickly times. Well, upon the vegetable theory, how simple and natural the explanation! These are just the periods, when great changes are operated in the vegetable kingdom, and why should not our interior forests feel their effects?

We look upon this, therefore, as a slight drawback on the merits of this little work. It spoils the unity of its design, and we think the author should have stuck to his insects.

When this *brochure* has attained a proper degree of notoriety, and its opinions are become authorities, the whole *ars medendi* must be remodelled. Anatomists will give place to human botanists, and physiologists will vanish before Entomology; and, what is better than all, we shall no longer need physician, surgeon, or general practitioner. Indeed, a general fumigation once or twice a year would keep down the insects and plants, so comfortably, that we should probably be completely freed from disease; and, if so, then is the world under unspeakable obligations to Mr. Green.

EDITORIAL COLLOQUY.

Parliamentary Mirror of Manners—Reviewing and Bookselling—Novels Literary Pensions—Influence of Example, and of Moral Excitements upon Man—Taste for the Horrible—State of the Poorer Classes.

"BURKE said, you know, 'that vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness.' We differ from this dictum, and believe vice to be equally noxious, come in what shape it may. The eye may be less offended by deformity, clothed in an attractive garb, than if it came before it in its native colours, but still the deformity is not less in existence. You have witnessed the moral exhibitions in the House of Commons. Public opinion has in a great measure put down 'the ring;' we wish it would force honourable members into something like decorum."

"What would you have? It is impossible to sit and listen to charges which amount to absolute dishonour and dishonesty, without the spirit rising indignantly to repel them. I candidly own to you that, had not etiquette and parliamentary usage prevented me, I should have horsewhipped more than one 'illustrious obscure.'"

"Why, the doctrine of peace may not be very acceptable to you, who are 'the very Hotspur of the north;' but I do not like the philosophy of you men of the sword and the pistol, who are

'So full of valour that you smite the air
For breathing in your faces.'"

"No, no, but flesh and blood can't bear it. The ass *may* kick the dead lion, but I for one cannot

'With gentle breath, calm looks, knees humbly bowed,'

bear taunts and sarcasms most injurious and most undeserved."

"Well, the influence of example upon public morals and conversational decency will, it is to be hoped, not extend far. The 'explanation' system is the essence of absurdity."

"So far I agree with you; the House has been made the arena for some curious displays of vulgar abuse on both sides. The whole is in bad taste; indeed, parliamentary eloquence is assuming a very odd shape: witness the ex-chancellor's puff direct upon the 'Pennies and the London Review.'"

"Yes, we should think the 'Lords' must be now and then tired with his lordship's forensic eloquence. There's no such thing as 'bowing a man out,' or saying, as the second Frederick was in the habit of saying to his tiresome guests at Sans Souci,—'On me dit, que vous allez me quitter: j'en suis désolé. Vous partez donc demain matin. Hé bien! *nous ferons nos adieux ce soir.*' He is, nevertheless, an extraordinary man, gifted highly, but with a craving after notoriety, which now and then injures him in the estimation of that class of men whose opinions are alone worthy a wise man's cultivation."

"It is curious to read the accounts given by different journalists of the day of the motives and actions of public men; and yet I fancy, that wide as these are asunder, they are much more frequently sincere than people imagine."

"Not a doubt of it! politics, though they warp men's opinions, do not lessen their sincerity. With literature, in which equally diverse views appear, the case is different, and it is lamentable to see how utterly men forget occasionally every principle of honour and honesty in the indulgence of private spleen, or to gratify the malice of third parties."

"What surprises me frequently is the little influence produced by Reviewing upon the success of books; for it would appear that many works, which are most cruelly abused by the press, nevertheless sell well; and that others, which have the 'go by' given them, as they call it, or are strenuously praised, never sell at all. How is this accounted for?"

"Easily; the Trade, in the first instance, are book takers. The reading public however judges for itself: let a book be kept fairly before it, and if it has merit it will make its way. This holding it up to attention is absolutely needful at the present day. With a book of merit this is enough; a certain number of copies are distributed, and these act as so many centres of distribution; they recommend themselves, are taken up by the country press, and the work sells. With a bad work the same means, in the first instance, have precisely the same effect—that is, they sell the same number of copies; but here it stops, the moment the public eye loses sight of it, it perishes. I do not believe it makes the slightest difference whether a work is praised or dispraised; because however worthless a book may be, there are some men whose taste it suits, or whom personal or political motives influence, and thus the good and the bad neutralise each other: indeed, some of the most successful works of the present generation seem to have flourished upon the denouncements of Reviewers."

"There is another thing about books which seems to me peculiarly absurd, and that is, the bringing out such multitudes at one and the same time. You have, I see, lying before you not less than a dozen novels I should think; what is to become of most of them, as the circulating libraries, the only recipients for this class of literature, only buy the newest,—and I should fancy that a batch of a dozen would exceed their appetite? What kind of things are they?"

"Very various; some lamentably poor, others respectable, and one or two absolutely good. Mrs. Norton is, you know, one whom we, fastidious as we are about literary ladies, like particularly, and her 'Wife' is worthy of her. There are parts too of Miss Agnes Strickland's 'Pilgrims of Walsingham' which are calculated for enduring popularity. On the whole, novel writing is decidedly improving, and it seems to have reached its lowest depth of degradation; and if a few people of sterling talent would regularly supply the market, we should have fictions worthy of going into families; and thus again make novel-publishing something more than a doubtful calling. With the exception of Scott, Edgeworth, and the Porters, I doubt if a single copy of the multitude of novels, which have been issued during the last ten years, has taken its place on a family reading-shelf. A pile of waste-paper has however been distributed, of dimensions not far short of the great pyramid."

"The question has often been raised amongst us—is literature encouraged by government support, in the shape of pensions? The Tory Administration have given several, and the selection of objects is decidedly good. My friend Montgomery, and Mrs. Somerville, are cases of pure merit; and it seems to me, that in such cases at least the fostering hand of patronage should be ever open."

"Unquestionably. The successful or unsuccessful military man is pensioned. Admirals, Red, White, and Blue, are pensioned.

Statesmen, of all shades, characters, and capabilities, are pensioned; favourites, good, bad, or indifferent, are pensioned; and if no merit, or merit, whether warlike or civil, be paid by the public, how much more worthy of liberal support is literary talent! What an amount of happiness is given by a successful writer! thousands upon thousands derive benefit or amusement from his labours; and yet, he lives in obscurity, perhaps, and dies in poverty. Will any man for a moment compare the claims of any class of men upon public sympathy and support, with the right-minded author, who proceeds through good report and bad report, to work out the noble purposes to which he has devoted himself? I think not. A tithe of the thousands wasted upon commissions and enquiries, often merely the means of blinking important questions, would place in comparative wealth many sons of genius, who now waste their lives and energies for a paltry trade pittance. Had Sir Robert Peel no other claims to our regard, his noble and generous conduct to Mrs. Hemans and poor Banim should endear him to us. As to the notion that a pension is necessarily followed by subserviency, I do not envy that man's head, who thinks so meanly of talent and acquirement."

"I have lately been reading the second edition of Mr. Coombe's able work on the Constitution of Man, and have been much struck by some of his positions and trains of reasoning. Hitherto I have been puzzled to make out why the London *juveniles* are so prone to theft and rascality: example and temptation have been the only causes I have been able to bring to bear on the question; but even these, powerful as they are, fail in many instances in explaining the causation of apparently inherent villany. Mr. Coombe, however, solves the question; he has rolled back the mists of ignorance from my sight, and made the mystery a thing of course."

"Ay! how is that, pray? He is an able man, and his opinions are worth attention. I am not a phrenologist, but that is no reason why phrenologists may not be right."

"I will give you his own language. He is speaking of punishment as inflicted under the natural laws:—'Under the animal system children produced of parents who have been recently engaged in either suffering, inflicting, or witnessing punishment, will, by the organic law, inherit large and active animal organs, occasioned by the excitement of similar organs in the parents. Thus, a public execution, from the violent stimulus which it produces in the lower faculties of the spectators, may be the direct cause of a new crop of victims for the gallows:' and he gives a multitude of cases, in which romance-reading, gin-drinking, and so forth, have been the parents of romance-readers, gin-drinkers, robbers, *cum multis aliis*,—specimens of corrupt humanity."

"If Mr. Coombe's opinions should ever be taken up by our legislators, we shall, as a corollary from the above, have none but *posthumous* trials; inasmuch as a criminal cannot be fairly condemned for offences, which are the result of congenital conformations of certain organs of the brain. The child born of parents, who have been sinners in any way, would in all cases, when convicted of similar sins, have a fair ground for appeal against the judgment of human laws,—and for why? he is not a voluntary agent in the act; he is impelled to it by his predominant organ of destructiveness, or acquisitiveness, as the case may be. Thus I find that Mr. Coombe gives an instance of a lady, who, during her pregnancy, had read the Iliad with great interest, and what was the consequence?—why, that her son was a second Achilles, and that his combative propensities proved his ruin. Now in this case, who was the criminal, or rather upon whom should punishment fall? The intention of punishment is —to do what? to expiate crime, or prevent crime? Here the law, supposing the Achilles was hung, was doubly in error according to Mr. Coombe; first, in punishing the youth at all, who was in fact the victim of his mother's reading; and, secondly, that his execution being attended,—let us say by 15,000 people, would give birth to I know not how many murderers. Thus Mr. Coombe says, that on examining the heads of a considerable number of criminals, the conviction becomes irresistible that the individual was the victim of his nature and external condition; and that the causes which lead to crime subsist independently of the will of the offender. Again, if the real cause of human offences be excessive size and activity in the organs of the animal propensities, it follows, that mere punishment cannot put a stop to crime because it overlooks the cause, and leaves it to operate with unabated energy, after the infliction has been endured. Precisely, if it be so,—but it is even worse than useless; being unjust to the criminal, and injurious to society, upon phrenological reasoning,—as Mr. Coombe himself remarks that the history of the world presents us with a regular succession of crimes and punishment: and, at present, the series appears to be as far removed from a termination, as at any previous period of the annals of the race. The subject however of public executions, and the displays of punishment, putting phrenology on one side, in connexion with morals, is full of matter for curious and important enquiry. I am of opinion that such exhibitions, in place of aiding the moral well-being of society, act most injuriously upon the passions and sensibilities of the beholders."

"That is possible; but, nevertheless, I shall stick to Mr. Coombe's explanation, because it has the merit of simplicity; a great convenience to a man not fond of metaphysical disputes. Our people seem to have a peculiar genius for the horrible, and why deprive them of the gratification of their tastes by abolishing capital punishments? now a well got up decapitation, or breaking on the wheel, would be meat and drink to the minds of millions, and also to the pens of our journalists; and why, when we are doing, not make the most of an exhibition? If the exhibition be meant to terrify, why not make it terrific? The blood of the victim can be no reparation to the party whom he has injured, neither can it make amends to society for any evil he has inflicted upon it; and as our national genius has this hankering after villany, why not indulge it openly, because it will find food for its appetite? Witness what a rush is made to the scene of any notorious murder; why, a little fortune is made by the lucky exhibitor: and if perchance a bloody coat, or the chair of the slain man, or the bed whereon the deed was committed, are thrown into the bargain, every fragment of these is as valuable as the most holy relic, sanctified by the sufferings or triumphs of saints, was once esteemed by religious fanaticism: ours is the fanaticism of crime, as it seems that human nature is unvarying in its moral and intellectual weaknesses."

"Yes; but why encourage a fanaticism, which appeals only to the lowest and most debased portion of our moral nature? On the contrary, I would remove all stimulants of the kind. At present it seems to me that the whole of our social system is more or less diseased. The inferior classes of our population, partly through a misdirection of their industrial energies, partly by a bad administration of the Poor Laws, and partly by the pressure of mechanism, having condensed them into masses, are decidedly immoral, speaking relatively to their condition half a century ago. Gin, beer-houses, and politics, have taken place of healthy sports and pastimes, social domestic comfort, and good citizenship. It is on the lowest class, that the comfort and safety of the whole state depends, and it is upon this that the influence of animal excitement is so dangerous. Again, we repeat, that putting phrenology out of the question, Mr. Coombe's arguments are of considerable value, as tending to demonstrate how a people may deteriorate, both morally and physically. The efforts which are perpetually making to curb in, and interfere with, the amusements and recreations of the poor, are most cruel and most unwise. What good or noble feeling can be expected from men who are ground to the dust by excessive labour,—cooped up in crowded towns or manufactories, amidst a miasma of vice, and deprived equally of the fresh breath of Heaven, and the cheering influences of the green and sunny face of Nature? or from a pauperized and half idle agricultural population, whose only intercourse with their superiors is through the medium of the parish rates or the workhouse?"

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

History of Ireland. By THOMAS MOORE, Esq. Vol. I. Lardner's Cyclopædia. Longman and Co., London.

Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland, &c. By HUGH MILLER. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh.

IRISHISM and bardism have, we grieve to say, spoiled Mr. Moore's work as a history. We should not have thought it possible, had not the proof been before us, that any man at the present day could have brought before us, with a sober brow, the fables and legends which have been connected with the early history of Ireland. Why this island should have been sought by the earliest voyagers, as a second Samothrace—why it should have been called the Sacred Island—why, when the neighbouring shores of Britain and all western Europe were buried in the profoundest barbarism—why Ireland should at this time have been so much in advance of her fellows, as to have priests, round towers, bards, legislators, and a high state of civilization, it is impossible to imagine, and certainly quite impossible to believe. Indeed a little attention on Mr. Moore's part would have convinced him, that he is writing a long series of contradictions, if not in direct terms, at least in substance. Thus Mr. Moore says, p. 190:—

"Notwithstanding this clear and authentic evidence of Ireland, having been not merely in the first century, but in times preceding our era, in possession of a foreign commerce, it appears equally certain that neither then, nor for many ages after, had the exterior trade of the country advanced beyond the rude state of barter." Here is a statement which shows that the actual history of the country is directly opposed to the bardic history.

As we were turning over the leaves of the book a work was placed in our hands, which will be noticed hereafter; Mr. Miller's "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland." In this work, much to our comfort, we found the Gordian knot of Irish history cut to our hand, and we trust that the question is now for ever put to rest.

"The legend of Scotland," says Mr. Miller, after some very judicious remarks on the early history of nations, "may be regarded as a national epic. Galethus, its hero, is the Eneas of Scotland. He was the son of Cecrops the founder of Athens, and, like Romulus, made himself famous as a captain of robbers, before he became the founder of a nation. Having repeatedly invaded Macedonia, and the neighbouring provinces of Greece, he was in imminent danger of being overpowered by a confederacy of the states he had injured, when assembling his friends and followers he retreated into Egypt, at a time when that kingdom was ravaged from its southern boundary to the gates of Memphis by an army of Ethiopians. Assuming on the sudden a new character, he joined his forces to those of Pharaoh, gave battle to the invaders, routed them with much slaughter, pursued them into Ethiopia, and, after a succession of brilliant victories over them, compelled them to sue for peace. On his return he was presented by the king with the hand of his daughter Scota, and made general-in-chief of the forces of the kingdom. Disgusted, however, by the cruelties practised on the Israelites, and warned by Moses, and an oracle, of the judgments by which these cruelties were to be punished, he fitted out a fleet, and, accompanied by a great number of Greeks and Egyptians, set sail from the river Nile, with the intention of forming a settlement on the shores of the Mediterranean. After a tedious voyage, he arrived at a port of Numidia, where no better success awaited him, than had been met with by Eneas in the scene of his first colony. Again putting to sea, he passed the pillars of Hercules, and, after having experienced in the straits dangers similar to those which appalled Ulysses when passing through the straits of Messina, he landed in that part of Spain, which has ever since been known by the name of Portugal. He found in this country a second Tiber in the river Munda, and a fierce army of Rutulians in the inhabitants. But his good fortune did not desert him—he vanquished his enemies in one decisive battle, dispossessed them of their fairest provinces, built cities, instituted laws, *conquered and colonized Ireland*, and, after a long and prosperous reign, left his kingdom to his children. Prior to his decease his subjects, both Greeks and Egyptians, were termed Scots, having sunk their original designation is this name, out of courtesy to their queen Scota—a name afterwards transferred to Albyn, by a colony from Ireland, who took possession of it a few ages subsequent to the age of Galethus."

This account is so strictly in accordance with many points of Mr. Moore's history, that we hope he will be, in common with ourself, perfectly satisfied with its simplicity and straightforwardness. Mr. Miller has the good sense to call it what it is—a legend, concocted during the middle ages from Virgil's Æneid.

Mr. Moore's history of the mission and labours of St. Patrick is finely told; and we would strongly recommend its perusal to those parties who interest themselves in the spread of the Christian religion by means of missions. The success which attended his labours, and the mode he pursued, may afford valuable hints for his successors in the same path. Suffice it to say, that his mode was just the reverse of that followed by many missionaries at the present day.

The Works of William Cowper. His Life and Letters, now first completed by the introduction of his Private Correspondence. By the Rev. T. J. GRIMSHAWE, M. A. Vols. I. and II. With Illustrations.

The works of Cowper have upon them the stamp of enduring popularity. Their perfect simplicity, their grace and their purity, must ever rivet the reader's attention. The Life of Cowper has not hitherto been fully detailed, nor his moral and social peculiarities sufficiently developed. This has arisen from the fact that no man but himself could be his biographer. Living as he did, absolutely shut out from the world, for the greater part of his existence, no materials were offered for the pen of impartiality; and although Hayley was in many respects well qualified for the task of writing his Life, and although he had before him abundant materials, he shrunk from making a legitimate use of them—and hence erroneous impressions have been produced by reading his work. This is more especially the case, as regards the religious feelings of Cowper, and we know of no man better qualified than Mr. Grimshawe, imbued as he himself is with the genuine spirit of Christianity, to bring this amiable, but much to be pitied author before the public. Hence the volumes before us, aided by Cowper's beautiful and inimitable letters, Hayley's remarks, and Mr. Grimshawe's emendations and reflections, are as perfect as it is possible for any work to be.

Cowper had in excess that morbid delicacy of feeling, which so often attends upon genius. Had his mother been living, it is possible that many of his sufferings might have been spared him—and that he might have been a happier man if less of a poet. He was sent to Westminster-school at an early age, which to his shrinking and retired disposition proved a very hell; and it was here, doubtless, that the seeds were sown, or at least were brought into vegetation, the fruits of which for ever afterwards unfitted him for mingling amongst his fellows.

"His own forcible expressions represented him at Westminster as not daring to raise his eye above the shoe-buckle of the elder boys, who were too apt to tyrannise over his gentle spirit. The acuteness of his feelings in his childhood rendered these important years mournful periods of increasing timidity and depression. In the most cheerful hours of his advanced life, he could never advert to this season without shuddering at the recollection of its wretchedness. Yet to this, perhaps, the world is indebted for the pathetic and moral eloquence of those forcible admonitions to parents, which give interest and beauty to his admirable poem on public schools."

Cowper is not a solitary example of finely organised minds being utterly blasted and ruined by the hardness and moral coarseness of public schools.

After his school education, Cowper entered the law, but his reserve entirely disqualified him from sharing the busy scenes of actual life.

At this period we find abundant proofs of that morbid sensibility, which subsequently heightened into hypochondriacism and derangement. Already too his muse had commenced her plaintive record of his imaginary sufferings:—

"Doom'd as I am in solitude to waste
The present moments, and regret the past;
Deprived of every joy I valued most,
My friend torn from me, and my mistress lost:
Call not this gloom I wear—this anxious mien,
The dull effect of humour or of spleen.

Still, still I mourn, with each returning day,
Him snatch'd by fate in early youth away:
And her through tedious years of doubt and pain
Fix'd in her choice, and faithful—but in vain!
See me—ere yet my destined course half done,
Cast forth a wanderer on a world unknown!
See me neglected on the world's rude coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost!"

Many years subsequent to this time, when he abandoned the world, with which he had in vain striven to cope, we find him writing as follows to his friend Mr. Newton:—

"I do not mean to say that I am never cheerful. I am often so—always indeed when my mind has been undisturbed for a season. But the effect of such continual listening to language of a heart hopeless and deserted, is —that I can never give much more than half my attention to what is started by others."

It was upon a mind like this, filled with delusions, and borne down by a load of imaginary woes and sorrows, that religion was sure to be of the most soothing and holy influence. And it is here, that the memory of Cowper is under deep obligations to Mr. Grimshawe—and we are sure that his labours will be appreciated by the reading public.

The subjoined remarks on Cowper's productions are exceedingly just: —"The circumstances under which he commenced his career as an author are singular. They form a profitable subject of inquiry to those who analyze the operations of the human mind: for he wrote in the moments of depression and sorrow, under the influence of a morbid temperament, and with an imagination assailed by the most afflicting images. In the midst of these discouragements, his mind burst forth from its prison-house, arrayed in all the charms of wit and humour, sportive without levity, and never provoking a smile at the expense of virtue."

The volumes are full of interest—the letters of Cowper are models of epistolary writing—easy, graceful, and abounding in truth and feeling. The work is beautifully got up; and, taken altogether, it is one of the best specimens of the popular works of the day. The illustrations will be found noticed elsewhere.

Hector Fieramosca, or the Challenge of Burletta. Translated from the Italian. Longman and Co., London. One vol. 8vo.

This work, which is very popular on the continent, and which was read by us some time ago in its original language, was supposed to be written in a great degree by the celebrated Manzoni. His son-in-law, the Marquis D'Azeglio, is we believe the writer of it. It is an historical romance of very rare merit; bringing before the eye names famous in the sixteenth century, and painting characters and manners with a master hand.

The translator, we were about to say, has more than done his part—that is a praise, however, which we are sure he would not wish to have; and suffice it to say, that the Italian is rendered with great felicity, lightness, and grace of diction.

The sports and jousts of the flower of European chivalry, Bayard and others, are brought before us in very graphic descriptions. Hector links his romance and the beauty of his young manhood upon our imagination; whilst the beautiful Ginevra, Vittoria Colonna, and the young and thoughtless daughter of the celebrated Gonsalvo, the "great captain" of his age, are pictured forth with a fine feeling of the affections and attributes of woman. The blood-stained fratricide, Cæsar Borgia, son of the pope Alexander the Sixth, is briefly sketched—but sketched so as to make one loathe his very name.

The dying scene of Ginevra is powerfully worked; it is full of pathos—and will bring tears into the eyes of many of its readers.

There are also scattered through the volume many bits of genuine Italian and Spanish humour.

Tales of the Wars of Montrose. By JAMES HOGG, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. Cochrane and Co., London.

These Tales breathe of the Ettrick Shepherd—his tone a little softened, but still retaining all his peculiarities. He comes awkwardly into contact with Scott in one or two instances—witness the battle between Montrose and the Campbells, in the "Legends of Montrose"—and we do not think that his more correct history is any equivalent for his deficiency of vigour of description.

The story "Julia Mackenzie" is well told, and, as illustrative of the old clannish feelings, may be regarded as curious.

Mr. Hogg's familiarity with the localities in which the action of his tales is placed has enabled him to glean a considerable mass of traditionary matter relative to the wars of Montrose. The pictures he gives of the savage warfare carried on between the royalists and the covenanters are frightful. The termination of the ill-fated battle of Philiphaugh is thus described by the Shepherd:—

"It is supposed, with some probability, that Lesly was not over-fond of 700 desperate men and veterans, bursting upon his ranks, with sharp swords in their hands—he therefore said, with a grave face, and his well-known duplicity of character, that he had not the power of granting a free pardon to rebels against the state, but their lives should be spared till they were tried. On this assurance the men yielded, came out of their fold, and piled their arms on each side of the door. They were then put in the dungeon-vault of Newark Castle, until Lesly asked counsel of the Lord, as he termed it. The army assembled in the castle-yard, and joined in singing a psalm of praise and triumph; and then first one divine, and then another, returned thanks for the victory, and each of them concluding by asking counsel of God concerning the troubles of Israel, now in the hands of his own people. But alas! they did not ask counsel, but they pronounced judgment. For they alluded in inveterate terms to the torrents of covenanting blood unrelentingly shed by these cursed sons of Belial, within the last six months; as also to the destruction of the Amalekites, and of the whole kindred priests and followers of Ahab, by the express command of the Almighty.

"Thus the men's doom was sealed. They were conducted to a field a little to the eastward of the castle, where they were surrounded by the steel-clad bands of the covenant on foot, and desired to prepare for death, for they had just five minutes to do so. They expostulated vehemently with Lesly on the injustice of the sentence, and charged him on his honour as a soldier to keep his word with them, and grant them a reprieve until they had a fair trial.

"'You have been tried already,' said Lesly churlishly, 'and that at a higher tribunal than any on earth: the eternal God hath doomed you to death for wantonly shedding the blood of his saints. You have been all weighed in the balance, and found wanting; and every one of the murdering wretches shall suffer on the spot.'

"Lesly was as good as his word—for these 700 soldiers were all slaughtered on the spot, and left lying till the country people were obliged to bury them in pits some time afterwards. About 500 of them were Irishmen, brave fellows; and the rest were highlanders, save a very few Annandalians. The whole of the women, children, and camp attendants were likewise indiscriminately slaughtered; one woman only with her child escaping:—this was horrible! But I think, in the slaughter of the soldiers, Lesly has been more held up to obloquy than there was good reason for. Be it remembered, that Montrose and his followers, in all their battles, never gave any quarter, but slaughtered on, as long as they could find a man." It is indeed horrible, and presents a feature of savage warfare, that says but little either for Montrose or his enemies.

The tales of which these volumes are composed are of various complexions and qualities; but we are of opinion that if they do not raise Hogg's reputation, they will certainly not detract from it. Many of the scenes are full of life and animation, and abound in incident. We like the first tale, the "Edinburgh Baillie," the least of any.

Sketch Book of the South. One vol. 8vo. Churton, London.

This is a very charming volume, and will range well with Irving and Miss Mitford. The sketches are what they should be—light, descriptive, and perfectly easy. After a pleasant account of a visit to the monastery of Monte Virgine, near Avellino, our author indulges in some remarks on the "bird of Juno," as an accessory to scenery: as it is a common adjunct to our own respectable residences we cannot do better than lay part of them before our readers :—

"No bird is so picturesque as this, when standing on the fine balustrade of a marble staircase or gallery, or when it makes a home for itself among the plants of a ruined *loggia*. In architectural paintings, and in the heroic tales of knights and ladies, the peacock has always played a great part. In modern times it is only considered as a fitting accompaniment to the magnificence and show of eastern manners; but it is the favourite bird of the antiquary, as well as of the painter."

After some observations on the estimation in which it was in ancient times, and during the age of chivalry, both as an emblem of honour, and as one of the greatest dainties for the table, he sums up by saying,—"that neither fire nor water can render its flesh palateable; that it is good neither for boiling nor roasting; and that it is so completely out of fashion at Paris, as never to be heard of in good company, wanting both tact and taste, salt and politeness; and a *gastronome* speaks in a tone of contemptuous superciliousness of the understanding of Pliny, who brought up these birds for his amusement, and fed them with intent to devour them in due season."

Provincial Sketches. One vol. 8vo. By the Author of the "Puritan's Grave," &c. Churton, London.

A book we cannot commend: with the materials before him, and with the example of Miss Mitford, we are, we confess, surprised that these sketches are made so little readable by their author.

The Descent into Hell. By JOHN A. HERAUD, Esq. Second Edition. James Fraser, London.

This poem of Mr. Heraud's is less known than it merits. The subject he has chosen is a favourite one for the sneerers; but it has afforded him an opportunity for the display of considerable poetic power, deep reading, and reflection. The attempt to introduce the *terza rima* into our poetry, we think ill judged, as the genius and play of our language are not well adapted for it.

Literary Fables, from the Spanish of Yriarte. By RICHARD ANDREWS. Smith, Elder and Co., London.

Many of these Fables have already graced the pages of the "Monthly,' and we are glad to see them got up together. We wish most heartily that they may have the effect of making literary men wiser—or at all events we trust they will assist in opening the eyes of the public—as this would soon produce a reaction upon the scribbling world.

The translation of the "Fabulas Literarias" is in a general way easy and correct, and conveys, as well as translation can convey, the humorous snatches which abound in the original. We give the "Viper and the Leech," and there are a good many men on whose backs we should like to see it pasted:—

> "Dear sister Leech!" the Viper cried,
> Gently approaching to her side—
> "Since you, like me, bite when you can,
> Why does unjust and partial man
> So differently treat the two?
> Submitting to be bit by you,
> Yet shunning me with hate and fear,
> And shuddering if I come but near."
> "Brother," replied the Leech, "you 're right
> In saying that we both do bite:
> But as 'tis easy to detect,
> With very different effect,
> My mouth a healing virtue gives,
> I bite the dying man—he lives:
> While, and you know it to be true,
> The healthiest dies, if touch'd by you."
> Observe, ye readers, then ye writers,
> That critics doubtless all are biters;
> Yet what a wide distinction runs
> 'Twixt useful and malignant ones.

India; its State and Prospects. By E. THORNTON, Esq. Parbury, Allen, and Co., London.

A seasonable work, and one deserving careful examination. It contains a mass of valuable information hitherto inaccessible—and is written in a plain and unpretending spirit. The work will be again taken up by us.

Faust of Goëthe, attempted in English Rhyme. By the Hon. ROBERT TALBOT. Smith, Elder, and Co., London.

The continuous stream of translation which pours from the press of Faust is a curious example of what may be termed the intellectual popularity of Goëthe—none of the translations can sell, and we must consider them therefore as sacrifices before the altar of the sage of Weimar.

Mr. Talbot's translation is sometimes very spirited and graphic; but his successive and alternate rhymes are to us absolute drag-chains upon the sense of the lines. We think this rhyming version not well calculated to place Goëthe in an attractive form before the English reader.

Gooch's Key to the Pledges and Declarations of the New Parliament of 1835, abstracted from their Election Speeches and Addresses, &c. &c. Ridgway, London.

A well designed and well executed book; forming a complete *vade-mecum* of the House of Commons. Great pains have been bestowed upon it, and it appears to be extremely faithful in all its details.

Parents' Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction. No. XXXI. Smith, Elder, and Co., London.

This series of little books has obtained considerable popularity, in the way that popularity is alone worth gaining—namely, by merit. The part before us contains the Visit to Manchester, and it is intended to bring some of the more prominent points of interest connected with steam machinery and steam travelling, down to the level of being understood by young minds. In this it is very successful, and the mystery of the steam-engine is simply explained. We are always delighted to see science familiarised, and ignorant wonder converted into admiring knowledge; and to this series of books, as well as to some others, the rising generation will be under considerable obligations.

Thaumaturgia, or Elucidations of the Marvellous. One vol. 8vo. Churton, London.

This volume is a worthy companion of the "Letters on Demonology." It is a subject of great curiosity to point out, and to trace the progress of, the multitudinous superstitions with which mankind have ever tormented themselves, and which exist to a very considerable extent at present; for although the spread of information and civilisation has broken many of the galling chains, which at one time bound down the fears and hopes of men, their traces are still plainly visible.

"Amulets," says our Oxonian, "have been worn from the most remote ages of mankind, and this chiefly as medicinal agents. Plutarch says of Pericles, an Athenian general, that when a friend came to see him, and inquired after his health, he reached out his hand, and showed him his amulet, by which he meant to intimate the truth of his illness, and at the same time the confidence he placed in these popular remedies.

"Amulets are still prevalent in catholic countries, and the Spaniards and Portuguese maintain their popularity. They are equally venerated among the Jews. Indeed, there are few instances of ancient superstition, some portion of which has not been preserved, and not unfrequently have they been adopted by men otherwise of good understanding, who plead in excuse, that they are innoxious, cost little, and if they can do no good, they can do no harm."

"Numerous," he continues, "are the charms and incantations used at the present day, for the removal of warts, many cases of which are not a little surprising. We are told by Lord Verulam, who is allowed to have been as great a genius as this country ever produced, that when he was at Paris, he had above a hundred warts on his hands; and that the English ambassador's lady then at court, and a woman far above superstition, removed them all by only rubbing them with the fat side of a piece of bacon, which they afterwards nailed to a post, with the fat side towards the south. In five weeks, says my Lord, they were all removed."

The author of this book does not seem to be so well acquainted with the prevalent superstitions of the lower and middle classes of society, as is desirable to make his work complete; or he might have added a very curious list of charms and divinations respecting cuticular affections. The book, however, contains much information, which will be found both amusing and instructive. It wants revision.

Arboretum Britannicum. No. IV.—Encyclopædia of Gardening. No. XVII.—Architectural Magazine. No. XIV.—Longmans, London.

Able continuations of Mr. Loudon's very popular works.

The Electors' Manual. By JAMES COPPOCK, Esq. Buck, London.

This is a very able analysis of the law of elections, and ought to be placed in the hands of every elector. Political associations, and every person interested in the purity of election, and anxious to enable constituencies to preserve their own inalienable rights, cannot do better than aid in the diffusion of this little work. It is so simple and clear, that he "who runs may read."

Encyclopædia Britannica. Part LX. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh.

A worthy companion of the parts which have preceded it. Every article has been carefully written; and every one may be taken as a text for the subject on which it treats.

History of England, Vol. XV. Being the Second Vol. of the Continuation from the death of George the Second in 1760. By the Rev. T. S. HUGHES, B.D.—A. J. Valpy, M.A. London. Small octavo.

The second volume of Mr. Hughes' History fully bears out the opinion we pronounced upon the first; and he has fairly taken his position on the same elevated ground as the predecessors in whose footsteps he is treading. He handles his subjects with great ease: his style is lucid and easy, his acquaintance with facts extensive and minute; his deductions logical and philosophical, and his tone impartial and manly. And they had well need to be so—as his present volume brings him to the American war of independence, and to the forerunners of the French Revolution, events which acted powerfully upon public opinion in England, and called forth the energies of some of her most distinguished statesmen.

The struggle between George III., the great Whig aristocracy, and the democratic movement headed by Wilkes, is well told, and does honour to Mr. Hughes' independence. The details are well worthy of very careful reading, as there are more points than one that bear forcibly upon the present day. His remarks upon the debate in 1772, regarding subscription to the thirty-nine articles of the Church, are calm and temperate:—

"For some time past the important subject of subscription to the articles of religion had occupied men's minds, and formed a fertile source of controversy and ill-will: systems established at early periods of the reformation were thought by many honest inquirers to be tainted with errors and inconsistencies arising from the prejudices and disputes which then prevailed; and it seemed extraordinary, that those who so long ago settled the doctrines of our church regarding the most abstruse points of christianity, should be considered accurately and infallibly right. Numerous members of the establishment itself manifested an anxiety to be released from subscription to points of belief which the controversies of learned men had rendered dubious: a society therefore was formed, principally of clergymen, with Archdeacon Blackburne at its head, but joined by some members of the legal and medical professions, for the purpose of obtaining relief from subscription to the thirty-nine articles; and a petition, drawn up and signed by about 240 of these persons, was presented to the house of commons. It stated that whilst the fundamental principles of protestantism consisted in the right of private judgment, and reference to the exclusive authority of scripture, they were required to acknowlege that certain articles of faith and doctrine, drawn up by fallible men, were all agreeable to holy scripture. Such subscription was represented as a great hinderance to the spreading of true religion; since it discouraged free inquiries into the real sense of the sacred writings, divided communions, and caused animosity among protestants, even of the establishment itself; that it afforded occasion to unbelievers for charging them with prevarication, and with interested or political views in subscribing to articles which they could not believe, and about which hardly two were agreed in opinion: also that it afforded a handle to papists for reproaching them with inconsistency regarding their separation from the Roman church.

"The students of civil law and physic complained of the universities, particularly of one, where they were obliged, at their first admission, and at an age totally unfit for disquisitions and decisions in affairs of such moment, to subscribe their unfeigned assent to a variety of theological propositions, in order to obtain academical degrees in their respective faculties; and that their private opinions on such subjects could be of no consequence to the public. They also lamented the misfortune of their sons, who at an immature age might be irrecoverably bound down to the opinions and tenets of ages more bigoted and far less informed than their own."

The petition presented to the house of commons was rejected by a large majority; on which Mr. Hughes says, after observing that Cambridge had wisely made the concession to a certain extent:—

"On this interesting subject one or two passing observations may be allowed. It would seem, that the clergy of our establishment are precluded by the very act of subscription from bringing forward any plan of altering the articles and liturgy of their church: yet it is well known that there are many among them anxious to see such alterations made, as might relieve tender consciences, and be the means of drawing numerous recusants within the pale of its communion. Is it not then a duty incumbent on the legislature to take this subject seriously into consideration? The country contains an abundance of pious and learned men, into whose hands a revisal of our forms might be committed, without the least danger to any point of vital importance: nor should it ever be forgotten, that a system of exclusion may be carried too far for the safety of that very establishment which it is intended to protect."

The illustrations of this volume consist of well-executed views of the Sortie of Gibraltar, and Sir Sidney Smith at Acre.

The Works of Pope. A New and Illustrated Edition; with Life, Notes, and Critical Notices on each Poem. By the Rev. G. Croly, LL.D. Vol. II.—A. J. Valpy, M.A., London.

This volume of Mr. Valpy's elegant edition of Pope contains several of the gems of the great moral poet—the "Epistles of Abelard and Eloisa," the "Essay on Criticism," the "Moral Essays," and some others. Dr. Croly performs his task like a scholar and a poet. He introduces the "Eloisa and Abelard" by some remarks, which go far to explain the origin of this almost the only piece of passionate writing Pope has left behind him; and the witticisms of lady Mary no doubt led the "wasp of Twickenham" to his fretful delineations of woman's character.

"As a poem, the beauty of the epistle has exhausted panegyric: it has long been acknowleged to be the richest, most varied, and most pathetic, display of Pope. Abandoning for once the stateliness and severe dignity of his style, he gave way to his feelings, and showed himself a master of unsuspected passion. With the exception of the 'Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady,' it is the only instance in which he thus let loose his sensibilities; and it is equally the only instance in which he changed the strict model of his language for the luxuriant epithets and picturesque beauty of the old English versification. His betrayal into passion may not improbably be accounted for by his correspondence with lady Wortley Montague. With this celebrated woman Pope evidently either was, or imagined himself to be, in love. The epistle was written in 1716, immediately after her departure with her husband on the embassy to Constantinople. In a letter to Martha Blount from Oxford, he says, 'I am here, studying ten hours a day, but thinking of you in spite of all the learned. The epistle of Eloisa grows warm, and begins to have some breathings of the heart in it, which may make posterity think I was in love: I can scarce find in my heart to leave out the conclusion I once intended for it.' To this conclusion he alludes, with a still more direct reference, in a letter to lady Mary, accompanying the volume of his 'Miscellaneous Works,' published in 1717. 'I send you with this the third volume of the Iliad, and as many other things as fill a wooden box, directed to Mr. Wortley: among the rest, you have all I am worth, that is, my works: there are few things in them but what you have already seen, except the epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, in which you will find one passage that I cannot tell whether to wish you to understand or not.' The passage thus doubly marked, as containing the poet's purpose in the work, is the well-known close of the poem.

"Pope's habitual severity in speaking of the female character does no honor to his understanding, his knowlege of life, or his sense of what was due to society. From the higher ranks of the sex in England he appears to have always received the respect paid to genius, though he was naturally thwarted in all expectation of that value for his person which was so willingly given to his mind. His passion for lady Wortley Montague, which unfortunately laid him at the mercy of a witty woman of fashion, who, if she esteemed the poet, palpably laughed at the admirer; and his platonic intercourse with the Blount family gradually sinking into the dependency of an invalid, may have soured his recollections of woman."

The illustrations are very fine—Windsor Forest, a beautiful sylvan scene, and Abelard and Eloisa.

Wanderings through Wales. By THOMAS ROSCOE, Esq. Embellished with highly-finished Engravings. Part II. Simpkin, and C. Tilt, London.

A very finely got up book; equally good as regards authorship, painting, engraving, paper and print; and all are of the very first quality. In this number Mr. Roscoe gives us a faithful account of the death of Llewellyn, and a very graphic sketch of Chester, the ancient Deva, and more especially worthy of antiquarian and imaginative regard as the capital of king Arthur, and his renowned knights of the round table. We fully agree with Mr. Roscoe when he says,—"These are names which tradition has consecrated, and it is hoped that spite of time, and laughter-scaring science, they may still play round the imagination and the heart —familiar to our ears as household words, and continue to delight us in the closet, at the festive game, and on the mimic boards. Honour, patriotism, and generosity, all those 'high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy,' which form the mirror of sovereigns, and the idol of a people, and which often rescue monarchy itself from the brand of history, are ever freshly associated with our ideas of Alfred and Arthur—recollections more useful and ennobling than may, on first reflection, appear."

The plates in this part are, "Snowdon, as seen from Harlech Castle," a very brilliant-toned engraving; "Bridge over the Llugwy," and "Harlech Castle," both of which have the highest merit as works of art, independently of the striking scenery they so well pourtray.

This is a work which cannot fail to be its own reward. It stands out at an immeasurable distance from every illustrative series which has yet appeared.

Rhymes for my Children. Smith, Elder and Co.

A charming little book; particularly good as regards its plates, and not less meritorious in its literary contents. Amusement and instruction are well blended in these simple rhymes, fitted for young capacities. They form a very pleasant addition to our stores of nursery and family sitting-room literature.

Songs of the Prophecies. By S. M. MILTON. Baldwin and Cradock, London.

The sublimity of scriptural language in reference to the prophecies, made us hesitate to open this volume. Had, we asked ourselves, a *Milton* or a Dante risen amongst us—or is Bishop Newton here clothed in poetry? It was with these impressions that we ran our eye over these songs. The author means well, and has endeavoured boldly, but he has nevertheless failed—failed because he has aimed too ambitiously at a subject which none but the highest poetic powers could handle successfully. There is, however, fine poetry in the book.

The Songs of England and Scotland. In 2 vols.—Vol. I. Containing the Songs of England and Ireland. Cochrane and Co., London.

A well-conceived work. The collecting the scattered gems of song, which abound in the writings of some of our best poets, both ancient and modern, has been attempted more than once. Ritson, Ellis, Percy, and others, have laboured zealously and successfully in this field; and the present work forms an admirable finale to their researches; neither aiming at antiquarian display and black-letter lore, nor crowding its pages with mere prettinesses. The songs are arranged chronologically, commencing with Bishop Still's "Jolly good ale," written in the year 1575; and we fully coincide with the opinion of the editor, when he remarks, "were our musicians to turn more frequently to our best Anthologies, their talent and ingenuity might be better employed than in setting to not indifferent airs the vast piles of mere trash, and pilfered trash too, that the musical market has of late been deluged with." It is indeed remarkable, that with the many brilliant songs of Carew, Jonson, and others before them, our musical composers should have married absolute rubbish to their notes, disgraceful alike to our literature and to common sense. This work, we have no doubt, will have the good effect of ridding us in future to some extent from this evil.

"In the present collection of songs," says the editor, "it has been my desire, not so much to please antiquarian readers with extracts from rare volumes, or the lovers of mirth and jollity with over-rapturous and indelicate songs; but by admitting whatever seemed to bear the stamp of talent and decency, to give delight to beauty, and to place within the reach of the lovers of poetry a well-selected and correct edition of our best lyrics." In this intention he has fully succeeded: the volume is full of exquisite beauties—little gems which seem to be the essence of our finest and richest poetry, and which cannot fail to place it in the hands of multitudes of readers. We copy the following delightful morsel from Carew:—

"He that loves a rosy cheek,
   Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
   Fuel to maintain his fires:
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.
But a smooth and stedfast mind,
   Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
   Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely lips, or cheeks, or eyes."

The work is elegantly got up. The illustrations are of a very superior order. The frontispiece, a portrait of the handsome Richard Lovelace, the writer of "To Althea from Prison," one of the finest songs in our language, is very well executed; and the vignette of the "Lovers," engraved from a painting of Stothard's by Rolls, is full of passion.

The Manuscripts of Erdely. A Romance in 3 vols. Smith, Elder and Co., London.

Mr. Stephens comes before us in the character of an historical romance-writer, and he has brought an abundance of learning to his task. If "pains, study, and reading," can make a work popular, the "Manuscripts of Erdely" must become so. We wish, however, that a little more fancy had been amalgamated with his labours, so as to have given relief to his readers. One scarcely recognises the romance-writer in the dusty antiquarian. The work, however, has great historical merits, and treats of stirring spirits and bustling times.

Trip to Gravesend; or a Guide to Strangers visiting there.

Picturesque Pocket Companion to Brighton.

Trip to Epsom and Ascot Races.

Reminiscences, Whimsical and Ridiculous. By a Travelling Artist. William Kidd, London.

Useful and amusing little books, well calculated for the end proposed. Nice things for the inside of a coach, or the deck of a steamer.

The Captive. A Romance. 3 Vols. Churton, London.

One of the most striking differences betwen our older and modern romance writers is the flimsiness of the latter. There is seldom either plot, incident, or character in them, and they are worked up with an especial disregard of the unities of time and place. Amongst our older writers no such fault can be found ;—their productions are elaborately finished ; plot well interwoven ; character broadly, if not naturally, marked; incidents striking, and scene vivid and graphic. It is true they are full of heroes in the shape of ghosts, spectres, knights with raven locks and giant limbs, who never speak without smiting their foreheads and thumping their breasts ; maidens, beautiful as houris, that no man can see but straightway he loves ; dungeons, dark corridors, trap-doors, veiled pictures, and other addenda fit to constitute a proper romance banquet. All of these have in a great measure vanished ; for to introduce them with any effect requires dramatic skill, and very careful management of the course of the narrative. Even the "Wizard of the North" failed here most signally, and failed simply because he had not time to work out his ideas ; hence his "Spirit of Avenel," which Mrs. Radcliffe would have made a "brave subject," sinks into weakness, and produces not the slightest impression, either upon the mind or the imagination. Had we had any substitutes given to us for these characteristics of our older romances, we should have been well pleased to see them sink into oblivion. But it is not so ; and hence the Radcliffs, the Lees, and others, still retain their places on our reading shelves ; and what is more, will continue to do so when multitudes of their successors are buried in the profoundest deep of forgetfulness. It is not denied that many of these works display marks of considerable talent, that they have detached passages of great beauty ; but what then ?—they are merely fragmentary beauties, gems scattered o'er a wide waste of barrenness, and the public will not seek for them : indeed the labour of wading through three volumes for the purpose of finding out half a dozen good pages is absolutely herculanean, and the fatigue exceeds that of diamond-washing in Brazil. A good work must be good and well put together to be read and to become popular. The public will always appreciate a romance of real excellence, but it cannot be got by any puffing to swallow a dose of detached excellences.

The "Captive" redeems, in some measure, its class from this condemnation. It is well written, and, although not displaying first-rate ability, it is a good performance. Its great fault is its want of condensation, and the length of some of its dialogues. The characters of the ladies Blanche and Geraldine, and of their lovers the young and gallant knights, Bertrand de Valence and Ranulph de Ravenspurg, are fine specimens of the chivalrous age. The romance is one purely of love and chivalry, and though the author lacks force in his tournaments, he makes good amends in his love matters. Mobarec, the African, is overdone ; there is too much knitting of brows, mysterious disappearances, and grandiloquence about him. The following is an extract to show the author's style of writing :—

"There is this difference between man's love and that of woman : when the first loves truly and devotedly, his passion so far masters his reason, that it is no slight matter which can arouse his suspicions, and he is with difficulty induced to entertain any belief prejudicial to the object of his affection : but should he once discover reason to fear that he has bestowed his heart unworthily, he is implacable in his resentment. Not so the softer sex. That jealous source of delicacy and honour, which perhaps above all other attributes makes the proud lords of creation feel and acknowledge the beautiful majesty of woman, renders her cautious of yielding at once an unbounded confidence to man, and until his affection has stood the test of time, or absence, or misfortune, she is easily roused to suspicion of his faith. But in proportion as she is apt to shrink from imagined danger, so is she willing to acknowledge her error when she discovers it; and the very consciousness of having wronged her true lover renders him hereafter doubly dear to her heart."

The Palmer's tale, and the guilt and penitence of Amaury de Breville, with its denouément, are forcibly told.

The Comprehensive Representative Chart of England and Wales. Bagster, London.

A very useful chart, and well fitted for hanging up in club and reading-rooms as a ready reference.

THE FINE ARTS.

BYRON BEAUTIES. A Series of ideal Portraits of the principal Female Characters in Lord Byron's Poems. W. and E. FINDEN. Charles Tilt, London. Part V.

The portraits in No. V. of the splendid work are "Gulnare, the Light of the Harem," a picture of quiet maternal beauty, and "Inez of Childe Harold," a magnificent creature, well designed from the noble bard's description of the "Girl of Cadiz."

Illustrations of the Works of Cowper, in Saunders and Otley's New Edition.

The paper, letter-press, and binding of this handsome work are well set off by the illustrative engravings, brilliant little touches by Finden. The bringing before us the spots, rendered memorable either by the residence of some favoured child of Nature, or localities of scenes which have been made immortal by the pen of genius, lends a great charm to undertakings of this kind. The getting up of Cowper is highly creditable; and what with his intrinsic merits and his present attractive appearance, he will be widely diffused amongst readers of all classes.

WINKLES' CATHEDRALS. No. IV. E. Wilson, London.

The first plate in this number is a view of St. Anselm's Chapel, Canterbury Cathedral. The stream of sunlight through the windows is well managed, but we think the plate would have been better without the figures. The second, a finely engraved view of the Cathedral from the cloisters; and the third, the Chapel of our Lady Undercroft, as it is termed, beneath the high altar of the Cathedral. The number fully sustains the reputation acquired by its predecessors. No extent of patronage will be more than enough for the merits of this work.

Illustrations of the Bible. Part XII. By WESTALL and MARTIN. Edward Churton, London.

We can only repeat our warm recommendation of this undertaking, and wish it the success it so well merits.

Christ Walking on the Waters.—The Dedication of the Temple. Painted by MARTIN, Engraved by ALFRED MARTIN.

Two of the most splendid productions of Mr. Martin's genius; sublimity and grandeur are here carried to the utmost extent, and the engraver has ably embodied the painter. The "Christ Walking on the Waters" is full of imposing impressions, and no higher eulogy can be passed upon it than was made by a bystander when the engraving was first looked at:—"It is absolutely awful, and excites the most profound emotions." The effect of the light on the water is beautifully brought out.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The admirers of Coast Scenery will be gratified to learn that **MR. STANFIELD**, the eminent Marine Painter, is now preparing for publication a series of highly interesting Views in the British Channel, and on the Coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and other picturesque portions of the European Continent. This splendid series will be unrivalled for beauty of execution, fidelity and diversity of character,—no painter of the present day can equal Stanfield in such scenes, and every effort of our best engravers will be exerted in giving effect to his admirable and characteristic drawings. The first number will appear in June.

MRS. J. K. STANFORD, the talented Author of "The Stoic," has a volume in the press, under the appropriate title of "A Lady's Gift, or Woman as she ought to be," exemplifying with the same refined principles, and in the same purity and simplicity of language as distinguished her former production, the inestimable value of all female attainments.

LIEUTENANT ALLEN of the Navy has just completed A Series of Picturesque Views in the Island of Ascension, accompanied by a highly interesting description of its singular aboriginal Inhabitants,—its Mountains,—Caverns,—Precipices, and the various Productions of this extraordinary Portion of our Globe.

The **REV. A. SMITH** has a work in the press entitled An Essay towards a more exact Analysis of the Moral Perceptions: with a view to determine the ultimate Essence of Right and Wrong, and illustrate the principles of Theology, Jurisprudence and general Politics.

In the press,—By the Author of "Old Maids," The Husband's Book, or the book of Married Life. This work is composed of three divisions:—First—The moral, social, and domestic duties of husbands. Second—Age, rank, and genius, as influencing married happiness. Third—Beauty, hereditary diseases, and bodily deformity, considered in relation with marriage.

Plebeians and Patricians, an attractive novel in 3 vols., is now preparing for early publication.

We are happy to hear that **MR. G. I. BENNETT**, the Author of "The Albanians," is about to publish a novel in 2 vols., entitled The Empress.

All those who are interested in Emigration will be gratified to learn that **MR. JOHN MURRAY**, an intelligent Settler in Montreal, has sent home a little Work for publication in this Country, the Contents of which will be of the greatest utility to every person intending to visit Canada. It is entitled, The Emigrant and Traveller's Guide to and through Canada, by way of the River St. Lawrence, as well as by way of the United States of America: with some Friendly Advice on Embarkation;

the detailed Cost of Travelling on each Route, and much other Useful Information to the Settler.

Epitome Sacræ Historiæ. With English Notes. For the Use of Schools. Fifth Edition.

A little volume in foolscap 8vo., of devotional poesy will appear next week under the title of A Voice from the Dormitory, chiefly selected from old authors, and certainly containing many exquisite pieces.

Early in May will appear a pious effusion entitled Spiritual Food for the Spiritual Mind, well worthy of the serious attention of all who humbly hope for Salvation through the Redeemer alone.

It is with very cordial feelings that we announce a very prettily illustrated, and well-written little work for the Nursery, under a genuine title of Rhymes for my Children, by a Mother. It will require only inspection to ensure its favourable adoption by every one who has the welfare of the young at heart.

Valpy's History of England, Vol. XV. Being the Second Volume of the Continuation of Hume and Smollett; by the REV. T. S. HUGHES. With Illustrations.

The REV. R. SPENCE HARDY, having recently returned from the Missionary Station at Ceylon, by way of the Red Sea, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, &c., has just produced a most interesting volume with plates, entitled, "Notices of the Holy Land, and other places mentioned in the Scriptures;" which, from the well-known experience and talent of the writer, cannot fail to demand the public attention.

Lieutenant H. Lister Maw's Statement in reply to a letter from Captain James Scott, R. N., which appeared in the United Service Journal for April, will be published on the 5th instant.

In the press, and shortly will appear, in one volume crown 8vo., The History of the Assassins; by the Chevalier JOSEPH VON HAMMER, translated from the German by OSWALD CHARLES WOOD, M.D., &c.

The Works of Alexander Pope; with a Life, Notes, and Critical Remarks on each Poem; by the REV. G. CROLY, LL.D. With Illustrations, and some additional Letters, never before published. Vol. II.

A fund of amusement and instruction may be expected from a forthcoming work under the title of "Old Bachelors," from the pen of the Author of the popular volume of "Old Maids."

In the Press, Travels in the West Indies, and some notice of a short residence in North America. By Dr. MADDEN, Author of 'Travels in the East,' &c. 2 vols. post 8vo.

Ernest Campbell, an Historical Novel. By JOHN AINSLIE, Esq., Author of 'Aurungzebe,' &c. 3 vols. post 8vo.

Twenty Years in Retirement. By CAPTAIN BLAKISTON, Author of 'Twelve Years' Military Adventure.' 2 vols. 8vo.

The Young Queen. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

Sketches of Bermuda. By a Lady. In 1 vol. post 8vo. Illustrated.

A new and carefully revised Edition of Martin's History of the British Possessions in Asia, 8vo., is in progress. Also the 5th volume, which concludes the work, of The History of the British Colonies.

Allen Cunningham is preparing a new and carefully revised Edition of his Life of Robert Burns.

The second volume of The Songs of England and Scotland will be enriched with a striking Original Portrait of Allen Cunningham, and a Vignette by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of 'The Shepherd Boy piping to his flock.' Engraved by C. Rolls.

The Earth; its Physical Condition, and most remarkable Phenomena. By W. MULLINGER HIGGINS, Fellow of the Geological Society, and Lecturer on Natural Philosophy, Guy's Hospital. In small 8vo. with numerous Illustrations.

PROSPECTS OF INDUSTRY—

SUMMARY OF CAUSES OF DISTRESS—REMEDIAL AGENCIES.

It is surprising that amongst the multitude of works, which the last ten years have given birth to, on the science of political economy, none should have been produced bearing directly on the cause of the present evil condition of the industrial classes. We say it is surprising—but yet it is hardly so, since the researches and inquiries of their writers have had little reference to the state of the people; abstract opinions on natural rights, singular fancies as to national wealth, being the *summum bonum* of national happiness: and amusing tales, concocted in the most profound ignorance of society and of morals, have occupied the place of philosophy and philanthropy. And what is the result?—a Poor Law Bill; the chief enactment of which is,—the punishment of poverty as a crime, and the immuring of families in workhouses; with an absolute silence as to any means by which our pauperised population are to be helped out of their difficulties, except by passing through the ordeal of utter degradation.

There cannot be a question, but that an immense amount of misery and mischief has resulted from a bad administration of our Poor Laws; and so far we are glad to see them re-modelled. The argument, however, which endeavours to prove that this mal-administration of relief is the one grand cause of distress and demoralisation, is unfounded. That this mal-administration has been one agent we do not deny, and therefore we hold that a better administration will be one means of regeneration: but the bare fact, that any considerable body of labourers seek parochial relief, is in itself a convincing proof of the unhealthiness of its industrial condition; which unhealthiness springs, in the first instance, from causes totally independent of good or evil systems of Poor Laws. Again, taxation and changes in the currency are held up as having powerfully influenced the labour market, and those dependent upon it. This also is unquestionable: but the energies of a working population, although they may be shackled by monetary regulations, and pressed upon by taxation, cannot, when otherwise favorably placed, be broken down, either by one or by both. There is, in fact, an irresistible tendency to equalisation between labour and the money value of all vendible articles, which is generally overlooked. Property feels the pressure of monetary changes directly; but labour, the producer of property, only indirectly—and that in a greatly modified form. Again, our agricultural population, and agricultural property, are represented as the victims of an exclusive and unwise system of Corn Laws: here there is room for an article, as there is no slight degree of fallacy running through the arguments used *pro* and *con* on this subject. We can do no more at present than merely allude to it, remarking that the trade in corn ought to be placed precisely on the same footing as other great branches of barter.

These are some of the causes held out as having produced the universally acknowledged distress pervading the labouring community, and too notoriously verified by the enormous impost—£7,000,000 per annum, levied under the name of poor-rate. Besides this immense sum, private charity is ever largely at work; and there are multitudes of institutions devoted to the alleviation of the ills pressing upon the poor. This distress too must not be received as being confined solely in its uneasy consequences to the parties immediately suffering: it re-acts fearfully upon the class immediately above it,—namely, the small shop-keeper and farmer; and its effects are felt more or less severely through every portion of the social union.

During the last century, or rather from the year 1700 to the present date, one of the most singular and important revolutions has been operated in England, of which history gives record; and what is extraordinary, is, that Government has been unconscious of it, and even those most interested have never looked beyond their immediate interest in the change. This revolution has completely changed the industrial character of the country, and with this change has also produced some remarkable alterations in the conditions of society. This revolution is the conversion of England from an agricultural to a manufacturing country. From a very careful analysis and comparison of every available source of information, it appears, that in the year 1700 the Agriculturists were in numbers, as to the Manufacturers, two to one; in 1740, eight to five; in 1760, six to five; and in 1780, they were about equal. It was at this period that Manufactures had assumed a decided and rapid progressive feature; and in the next twenty years, that is, in 1800, Manufacturers were, as compared to Agriculturists, six to five. Coming forward to 1820, they were as eight to five; and in 1830, two to one. The rapidity with which Manufactures have increased, may perhaps be best illustrated by the rate of increase in the population of agricultural and manufacturing districts. Let us take Lancashire and Norfolk from 1700 as examples:—

	Year.	Population.		Year.	Population.
Lancashire	1700	166,200	Norfolk	1700	210,000
	1750	297,400		1750	215,000
	1801	672,731		1801	273,371
	1811	828,309		1811	291,999
	1821	1,052,859		1821	344,368
	1831	1,335,800		1831	390,000
	Increase nine-fold.			Increase one and three-quarters.	

To show this augmentation still more strikingly, we may also mention that, from 1801 to 1831, the entire population of England increased fifty per cent., whilst the population of districts connected with Manufactures increased 140 per cent. We have selected Lancashire and Norfolk in the above comparative table, because both are favourable examples of their respective industrial conditions; and Lancashire more especially illustrates the extraordinary growth of one branch of Manufacture, namely, the Cotton Trade; the exports of which in 1701 were little more than £20,000, whilst in 1833 they were in real value £18,486,400. The Cotton Trade is not alone in its growth; and though no other has kept pace with it, all Manufactures have progressed more or less rapidly.

Our population has thus become pre-eminently a manufacturing one, and this change in its industrial character has been attended by some remarkable alterations in property and in society, which have acted powerfully upon the agricultural labourers. In the first place, landed property has during the last half century undergone, in a very great degree, a change in proprietorship. In the manufacturing counties this is almost complete. The Squirearchy, using the term in its proper meaning, is nearly extinct; and the inferior landed proprietor, the mixed labourer and owner of property, is absolutely gone. This extinction of the yeoman-farmer in the manufacturing districts has been well described by Mr. Gaskell. He says, "The yeoman had lived generation after generation upon his patrimonial acres, rarely increasing their extent, and quite as rarely lessening them. He had however failed to keep pace with the onward march of events, had confined himself to cultivating his land precisely in the same way in which it had been cultivated by his forefathers; viewed all innovations as rank heresy, and vegetated upon his natal soil, profiting either it or the world but little. He was also utterly unable to cope with the crisis which was now opening upon him. He had hitherto been surrounded by petty farmers, who had generally eked out their bad management as cultivators by weaving, and these had served him as bulwarks against the coming storm. They were however one by one removed, and their places immediately occupied by a new race of men, who gave increased rents, and who by improved modes of husbandry soon drove the small proprietor from the markets, which he had so long supplied. This necessarily led to great difficulties, and to embarrassments of no ordinary kind; and was the first step towards the abolition of the small freeholder or yeoman. Their little estates became so encumbered, as to be quite worthless to them; and a very rapid and very extensive change took place in landed proprietorship from 1790 to 1810, the period when this industrial transition was most actively in progress."

Coincident with this rapid declension of a body of men, who had hitherto formed an important link in the social union, was the enclosing of commons and waste land, and the abandonment of the cottier and small-farm system. Capital, rapidly accumulated, began to seek means of advantageous investment in land, and thus completely broke up the inferior class of farmers. These men had no capital beyond their own labour; and as they made their labour dear, by want of due economy, cheaper and hireling labour drove them from their position. Hence, to a very great extent, the small landholder, as well as the small land-owner, disappeared.

The labourer, *de facto*, now became in a great measure isolated.

The links which had bound him with the higher classes of rural society were gone—namely, the yeoman and the small farmer; and this was a serious injury to his social condition. With them he had mingled on terms of equality, labouring in conjunction with, and deriving great benefits from, such association. It gave a sense of respectability and importance, and was a powerful stimulus to industry and correct morals. But these were gone, and with them also a considerable part of his labour. Had the change rested here, the labourer might have been saved,—but it did not. Home Manufacture, previous to 1800, was almost universal: hardly one cottage, and certainly not one farm-house, but had its loom, its distaff, and spinning-wheel. The progress of mechanism soon made itself felt amongst our cottage manufacturers. The adaptation of steam-power, first to spinning, and then to weaving, destroyed this most useful of all kinds of domestic industry. Human labour, when used in the desultory and somewhat imperfect manner it always was used by these primitive manufacturers, could not compete with mechanism; and the shuttle became silent, and the spinning-wheel was thrown aside as lumber; and thousands of cottage homes, scattered throughout the midland and agricultural counties, ceased this branch of industry. This misfortune was still further increased by the new mode of Manufacturing requiring certain local advantages, found only in particular districts; and hence mechanism has destroyed the entire sum of home labour, except in its immediate vicinity. It might be supposed, perhaps, that mechanism, if it did thus locate itself in particular districts, would make some compensation for its wholesale destruction of Cottage Manufacture, by benefitting its immediate neighbours. The statement contained in our last number, under the head of "Hand-Loom Weavers," is a sufficient exemplification of this point.

Joined to a diminution of demand for his labour, and the abstraction of his home industry, other causes were at the same time at work to lower the character and debase the condition of the labourer. With the large farms and inclosures, disappeared his garden-plot. Formerly the legislature remembered that we had a peasantry, and it wisely thought that this peasantry was worthy some attention; a mark of wisdom, we grieve to say, long since banished from Cabinets. In extending its protection also to this class of men, the government of Elizabeth proceeded upon a correct estimate of social polity; namely, that as many individuals as possible in a state shall have an interest in its soil, and thus a tangible hold to attach them to their country, and to its institutions. In this wise and just spirit an enactment was passed, very nearly at the same time as the Poor Laws were codified, providing that no cottage should be built without having a certain extent of land attached to it. The government of Elizabeth, in making statutes for the sustenance of the aged and the helpless, thus opened a never-failing resource for adult labour—a resource of an independent and respectable character, and not one of utter degradation and demoralization, like the Poor-Law system of the present day.

At no remote period, therefore, the agricultural labourer was triply fenced against the fluctuations and depressions in the labour-market; first, by living amongst small freeholders and land tenants, who in a great measure belonged to his own class, and who had sympathies and feelings in common with him; secondly, by domestic manufacture, which added the earnings of his wife and daughters to his own; and thirdly, by plots of ground, which, with privileges of commoning and wastes, enabled him to find profitable employment at those times, when not engaged in hired labour, and during his leisure hours, aided here also by his family. All of these fences are gone; and what is the result? The labourer has no resource: he is reduced to the condition of a mere hireling; and the moment he is deprived of work, he comes as a matter of absolute necessity to the parish. We are thus in possession of facts to account for the rapid declension in the social and industrial character of the labourers. They have lost all stimulus for exertion, inasmuch as they have neither scope nor encouragement given to them for profitable labour; and hence we may explain the destructive progress of the poor-rates, which have been and which are pressing like an incubus upon landed property.

Such then was the condition of the agricultural labourer, and the domestic weaver and spinner, prior to the epoch of mechanism. The account given of the hand-loom weavers, and our brief exposition of the factory system, in our last number, will enable our readers to form a correct estimate of the agencies and their results, which have metamorphosed our labouring community, from a healthy, an industrious, and a moral order of men, to depravity, discontent, poverty, and pauperism. And is this state of things to continue? Are we to see our country robbed annually of thousands of her most valuable citizens? Are other states to profit by our blindness? and are other independent kingdoms besides the United States to be based on the social virtues and industrial energies of our expatriated population? Is the chimera that because we are wealthy, and becoming still more wealthy—we are as a matter of course a more powerful and a more stable kingdom,—to blind us to the inevitable consequences of the era of mechanism? Are the millions dependent upon *labour* to be ground down and ultimately driven from the field of profitable employment? and are all these things to take place without one effort to save ourselves? Are we to trust blindly to the course of events? and are our national councils to be arenas solely for party strife, without a single thought being bestowed upon the condition of the many? Is the giving of the elective franchise to stand in the place of wise domestic policy? Is the outcry for political privileges an evidence merely of the heavy pressure of circumstances upon the middle and lower classes? We would hope not, for we love our country and her institutions; and we would not see one of her sons desert her. But how is this state of things to be remedied? Mechanism will proceed in its onward career; labour will be pushed from Manufactures: and this being the case, what is to become of the redundancy of labourers over the demand of the labour-market? Are our large farms to be parcelled out into allotments? or are we to shut up our peasantry in workhouses, there to compete for a pittance just sufficient to keep them alive with mechanism out of doors? Certainly not: we hate the word poor-house or workhouse, except when used in its original and legitimate meaning; namely, as an asylum for age, impotence, and decrepitude. To place a man in a workhouse, and separate him from his family, ruins him for ever as a moral and domestic agent; it is a slavery of the most hateful character. Well did that enlightened man and generous philanthropist, Sir Thomas Bernard, speak of workhouses; and he was qualified above almost all other men to give a correct opinion as to their merits. "The cottager, if once settled in the workhouse, feels a privation of all motives to industry and activity. Independence, domestic habits, the love of home, the power of being useful, and the hope of bettering his condition, are by him for ever lost and relinquished, from the hour that he has habituated his mind to continue a resident among parish paupers. In *pauperism*, as in *slavery*, the degradation of character deprives the individual of half his value; and it rarely occurs that the inmate of the workhouse is ever restored to his native energy and power of exertion. The evil, however, does not stop with him and his family. Pauperism and mendicity are of the most infectious nature. The example of those who have gradually reconciled themselves to the workhouse, too frequently effects the other industrious poor. The value of domestic comfort and of personal independence insensibly diminishes in their estimation. Labour is no longer sweetened by the society of a wife and children, which now seem a burden: and when the mind is thus prepared to desire admission to among the parochial poor, the useful and industrious cottager becomes a dead weight, and a noxious burden to the community!" This view of the influence of workhouses has also been taken by Mr. Gaskell, and it is the view alone consonant to sound sense and the welfare of the labouring classes. Their improvement must be operated in their own homes: rob them of personal respect, and they are robbed of all and every thing which makes them valuable as men or as citizens. Among the remedial agencies which appear to us available, we scout the panacea offered by the new Poor Law Bill—workhouses and the extinction of out-door relief. Indeed this latter part of its enactment is one so grossly cruel and unjust, that the Commissioners may well have paused in putting it into extreme force. We are not insensible to the multitude of evils which have followed upon an injudicious administration of parochial funds to partial paupers; but unless it can be demonstrated that the passing of an Act of Parliament can at once create a demand for labour and increase the amount of wage, we are at a loss to conceive how the vast body of families who have for some years been partially supported by out-door relief, and thus saved from absolute pauperism, are to escape wholesale imprisonment, as the efforts making to transplant them are at once most absurd and most cruel; and this leads us to make a few remarks on the fifty-second clause of the Act.

This relates to the granting of out-door relief to able-bodied paupers; and it is one of the most important parts of the Bill. After a preamble reciting the prevalence of the system of allowances, and other mischievous modes of administering relief, with the difficulty of applying an immediate and universal remedy, it goes on to empower the Commissioners to direct to what extent, and to what period, out-door relief may be afforded to the able-bodied and their families. The machinery of the entire clause is exceedingly complicated, and so loaded with conditions, that we almost regret that the recommendation of the Commissioners of Inquiry—namely, to prohibit out-door relief after a fixed period—was not made part of the Bill. This we wish merely for the sake of simplicity, because, in point of the fact, the present clause, as it will be interpreted, is a virtual abolition of the allowance system.

The clause, when construed literally, may, perhaps, be understood differently; but when we look at the clogs with which it is impeded, and consider the *animus* governing the entire Bill, such will be its effect. We know, indeed, that already many parishes have come to the resolution of not giving out-door relief unless under conditions which will reduce the claimants to nothing. What the regulations of the Commissioners may be, we do not pretend to know; but as they are men either ignorant of the duties they have to perform, or deeply imbued with the opinions and recommendations of their predecessors—the Commissioners of Inquiry, there can be little doubt as to their nature.

There cannot be a question, but that the restriction and limitation of out-door relief, where the chief administrators are remote from the claimants, and have no local feelings to influence them, will at once effect an immense saving in parochial expenditure. The most idle, the most depraved, and the most drunken of the labourers have been large receivers of allowances; labourers, in fact, who, but for their reckless and improvident habits, might have supported themselves and their families. These are the paupers to whom the fifty-second clause ought particularly to apply; and, in cases of absolute depravity, the parties may be consigned to the workhouse as a punishment.

The reckless and improvident able-bodied pauper is, however, not the only one who will come under the operation of this clause. There are scattered throughout the country many thousand families, the heads of which are sober, industrious, and thrifty; but who, from the lowness of wages, or other adverse circumstances, have been forced to have recourse to parish allowances to keep them from absolute starvation. Now, these are a body of men, on whom if the full force of the spirit of the Bill fall, they will be at once lost to us as useful citizens; and it is on account of these we are anxious that the views of Government should be directed to the working of this portion of the Bill.

It will probably at once be urged that these are men to whom the plan of advancing loans is particularly applicable. Upon the first view of the matter, it may appear so; but it would be a false conclusion. We have had some experience of the loan system, and have seen very decided advantages resulting from it, during temporary depressions in the labour-market, to the sober and well-disposed workmen. But the framers of the Bill have overlooked one important point, and this is, that the causes which have driven the industrious labourer to the relief fund, are *not* of a temporary nature; they have been long acting, are acting still, and must be acting for a considerable period. It is an absurdity to advance money, or clothing, or food, or medicine to a man, in the expectation that the outlay is to be repaid from his earning, unless we improve his existing means of support, or find new channels for his industry. But what says the Bill to these men?—'We will allow you 2*s*. or 4*s*. a week for a month, because we understand that you really merit assistance. After that time, nothing farther can be allowed to you, as the evils of the system are so great that we must check it; meantime you must get work.' This is the language held by the Bill, but it is language at once both unjust and impolitic—unjust because the man has been striving body and soul to do that recommended by the Commissioners, and has been unable to attain his end; and impolitic, because it must either force him to emigrate, or drive him to desperation, as men neither can nor will starve.

If Government, as a rider to the Poor Law Amendment Act, had laid down some scheme for absorbing the superfluous industry of the country, or had it enlarged the present channels of labour, the extinction of out-door relief would have been hailed by every man as a blessing. But it has done nothing of the sort. It appears to have taken for granted, that the mass of individuals now dependent upon the poor-rates have become dependent upon them solely through their own improvidence, or through the mal-practices of overseers, vestries, and magistrates. Any man, however, who has attended to the domestic condition of our labouring poor, knows that such is not the fact. Even granting that it were so, still time must be given for a return to a more healthy industrial condition; and it is worse than folly to imagine that any great social change can be operated at the fiat of an Act of Parliament.

Another remedial agent which has been advocated by more than one man of understanding and benevolence, is the cultivation of "waste lands." According to a very able report drawn up by Mr. Cowling, it would appear that there are 15,000,000 acres of waste land, capable of improvement, in Great Britain and Ireland, and somewhere about 16,000,000 acres incapable of being turned to profitable account. There can be little doubt, however, that this quantity of waste land is rather founded upon conjectural data, than upon actual survey. Admitting this,—there can be no question but that there are many millions of acres of uncultivated soil, which would, under a proper system of tillage, yield a more than equal return for *any* outlay expended upon it. But this return would not be immediate; and many of the most extensive tracts are so far removed from available markets, for the sale of their produce, that there is little room to hope for their being called into useful cultivation. No capitalist will embark money upon the speculation of reclaiming waste; for, as Mr. Cowling very justly remarks, "such an enterprise would undoubtedly be attended with considerable loss, in the first instance; but," he continues, "you have a surplus of labourers, whose maintenance imposes upon the poor-rates a burden of £2,000,000 per annum: if you employ these labourers on the improvement of your wastes, you will be losers to the amount of one million per annum by the undertaking: but as the poor-rates will be lessened two millions in amount, the public will be a gainer of one million by the undertaking." In an able work, from which we have already quoted, are the following remarks on Waste Lands and their cultivation: "It is argued that waste lands remain uncultivated because they are barren—because their cultivation would not yield an adequate return for the outlay required for their tillage. We cannot accede to this opinion—we contend, on the contrary, that each division of the British dominions contains extensive and valuable tracts of waste lands, which are not naturally barren—which in their present state are comparatively unproductive, because they are not tilled,—which require nothing but tillage to render them productive, and which would make an adequate return for any outlay which a judicious and industrious occupier might think it necessary to expend in reclaiming and cultivating them." Mr. Jacobs, in his very excellent work on 'the Cultivation of Poor Soils,' remarks: "Every man who has been far from home, must have observed, on every barren heath, some spots surrounding cottages, which exhibit marks of productiveness forming a striking contrast with the sterility that surrounds them. If inquiry has been made, it has been found that at one period all was alike barren; that the difference has been created solely by the application of human labour;" and further, "the practicability of achieving the object of bringing our waste lands to a degree of highly productive cultivation, and with an enduring profit after a course of years of perseverance, may be inferred from what has been performed in other countries at no great distance from our own. In the Netherlands, the district called Maesland, between Ghent and Antwerp, is a mere agricultural country. It is better peopled, better cultivated, and more productive, than any other spot in Europe of similar extent. It was, in the time of the civil wars in Flanders, a mere sandy heath, without inhabitants, without cultivation, and without live-stock. The change has been effected by persevering labour through many generations: and the results of that labour are most strikingly exhibited in the fruitful fields, the beautiful cattle, the healthful and cleanly population, the comfortable residences, and all the other visible marks of rural prosperity."

It can admit of no dispute, but that there are numerous tracts of waste ground capable of being sufficiently fertilised for useful and profitable purposes. It is, however, somewhat fallacious to assume that all waste land is capable of profitable cultivation, or that at some period the whole country was barren, and presented an aspect similar to that now seen on our heaths and commons. The mere existence of a piece of waste ground, in the midst of a highly cultivated district where land is valuable, is a proof, *de facto*, of the inferiority, generally speaking, of such ground; not that it is absolutely barren,—for there is no soil, however sterile, but tillage and manure will make something of it,—but that the space is not worth the outlay for its subjection. And again, it must be borne in mind that our poor soils and waste lands belong to somebody: they are not waifs on which any man may seize and appropriate; freehold and manorial rights meet us at every step, and great difficulties are often experienced in securing a good title; and these, when added to the natural disadvantages of the soil, prevent capital from locating itself upon it. A case in illustration occurred to ourselves some years ago. We, in common with several other gentlemen, were anxious to rescue a large body of Hand-Loom Weavers, in the neighbourhood of Manchester, from a state of miserable poverty: eleemosynary relief would have been useless, and we found that with a very praiseworthy spirit, they had abstained from making application for parochial relief, except in cases of sickness. We felt convinced that these men, who exhibited the most unequivocal marks of industrious and sober lives, were the victims of their gigantic antagonist Steam; and that all that was required to render them comfortable, was a means by which their labour might be made available. Funds were provided to enable them to emigrate; but to this we refused our sanction, as we could see no substantial cause for robbing ourselves of upwards of 100 valuable families. We had seen, in the case of a few inferior cottage-tenants of our own, the most admirable effects result from attaching small plots of ground to their cottages, and satisfied that if men are furnished with means for being useful to themselves and to others, they will never fail to be so: we resolved upon giving these poverty-stricken weavers small garden-plots, on the cultivation of which their idle and now useless time might be spent. In pursuance of this determination we looked out for suitable ground; but the excessive price demanded in the immediate outskirts of the town was a complete prohibition. A rough and sandy waste, as irreclaimable in appearance as could well be imagined, was however at length fixed upon; but here again a price, and that not a small one, was demanded,—and this, joined to the conveyance, the outlay necessary for fencing, the first coating of manure, and other additamenta, clearly showed that upwards of twenty years must elapse before even interest of money could be expected; all things too supposed to proceed favourably. The plan was in a great measure abandoned, because private capital will not submit to this delay, and probable prospective loss.

In considering waste lands, therefore, as being beneficial agents in reference to our poor, something more should be taken into account than the mere existence of wastes, and their capability of being cultivated; and this brings us to "Home Colonization" and "Emigration."

Home Colonization or the locating a body of labourers on some particular district, and there converting them into small farmers:—*If* the speculation should answer, *if* the promoters of it should continue to watch carefully over the interests of their colonists, *if* enlightened and generous rules are laid down for the internal government of these colonies,—they may succeed, but not unless. *The scheme goes too far; it changes the character of the labourer—it makes him a small farmer without capital,* and thus leaves him exposed to ruin from a single bad season, or from depressions in the markets. The example of the Dutch colonies do not apply with sufficient correctness to Great Britain.

Emigration:—We have never yet heard one single argument sufficient to prove the necessity of our peasantry emigrating. Assertions are indeed constantly made that we are burdened with a surplus of labourers, and that by this means the *price* of labour is ruinously diminished. This undoubtedly is so; but what then? Has it been proved, or has it even been endeavoured to be proved, that the capabilities of our native country are exhausted?—that the surplus labour might not be advantageously employed upon our soil? We have not the slightest hesitation in affirming, that we have space enough, and more than enough, for the absorption of every half-fed and half-paid labourer now pining in want and in despair. We consider the existence of Emigration Committees as a blot—as an indelible disgrace upon the *knowledge* of our statesmen. If Emigration is encouraged as a means of peopling new states, be it so: we do not object to that; but we do most solemnly protest against Emigration being encouraged as a means of ridding us of our surplus labourers, upon the ground that Great Britain has no resource within herself for employing her sons. If the thousands of pounds, which are annually wasted by parishes to assist Emigrants,—if the thousands that are annually carried from our shores to the United States and to Canada by Emigrants,—if the thousands that are spent by different land-companies,—if all these thousands were devoted to their legitimate uses, we should hear no more of incurable distress. And has this enormous waste of wealth and labour eased by one tittle the pressure upon the labouring community? Not one: for so universal is this pressure—of such wide operation are the causes leading to it, that every hiatus, every gap made by these removals, is at once filled up. It is the very acme of absurdity, to think of curing an universal disease in the body politic, by such local and partial remedies—or rather by no remedies whatever; for Emigration employed for such a purpose is merely lopping away the system inch by inch, without any sanative result. An eloquent writer, in speaking on the condition of the poor, has forcibly and truly said:—" Well may the cheek of the patriot glow when he stands upon the quays of Liverpool or Glasgow, and sees thousands and thousands of his countrymen proceeding into voluntary exile, in order to escape from the pressure of home misery! Well may his heart burn within him, when he recognises in these pilgrim bands the very essence and sinews of a nation's strength, the provident and thrifty labourer and his family, who is carrying his industry and his hard-won earnings to some land where Poor Laws and Corn Laws, where taxes upon every article of production and consumption, have no existence, and where he hopes to find a field for his labour—as this is all that he wants, and this merry England denies to him!"

Workhouses, Home Colonization, and Emigration do not form, therefore, portions of the remedial agencies we would bring to bear upon the depressed labourer, except in so far as workhouses or poor-houses are made the recipients for the aged, the impotent, and the vicious. We would, in no respect, alter the *status* of the labourer: he is, in his natural position, a man exchanging his labour for the means of subsistence; firstly, as a hired servant; and secondly, by private industry; aiding, assisting, and partially made independent of mere hiring. This is the position he ought to hold, and, if removed from it, he is decidedly injured. As he now stands, he has lost, in a great measure, all self-support;—partly, by the prevalence of large farms—a system which has been carried so far, that in eight of the agricultural counties, during the last century, a diminution of not less than 20,000 cottages took place—partly, by continued depression in the rate of wage—partly, by being deprived of home manufacture—and partly, by the desuetude of plot and garden cultivation. Which of these can we restore to him? We cannot break up the large farm system,—we cannot raise his wage, unless by improving the condition of the farmer,—neither can we bring back his home manufacture. *But we can restore to him his land, and by so doing we can find him a means of supporting his family, without at all infringing upon his character as a labourer.* We do not point out a theoretical scheme,—we do not innovate upon the industrial character of the labourer,—we do not make his degradation a source of speculative experiment. No! We would replace him as he has been: the transition of property and industry has literally overwhelmed him, because *his interests* have never been recognised. The time is however come for doing so: his distress has already modified the Poor Law, and threatens to destroy him utterly; but this must not be,—his existence and his welfare are essential to us as a nation, and he must be preserved.

In providing land for the poor man, the argument is used,—where is it to be found, and how is he to pay for it?—he is poor, he is reckless, and has neither means nor inclination for becoming a tenant. It is lamentable to think that such language should be commonly used. It seems to proceed from a belief that the poor man is without the nobler feelings of independence and pride of self. But he is not so: he has within him all the better and higher elements of humanity, and, in his struggles with poverty and toil, he often exhibits a moral heroism and a pure sense of religion, which ought to make him a subject for our admiration. Stretch out to him the hand of fellowship, show sympathy for his condition, enable him to exercise his energies,—and the labouring man will prove himself worthy of encouragement. To assert that he is careless or indifferent, is to assert a positive falsehood. Every man familiar with his feelings and disposition is aware what value the labourer attaches "to a bit of land,"—with what pride it is cultivated, and what a degree of independence and personal respect it gives him for himself. And this is the pivot upon which every plan for regenerating the poor should turn. Give him a moral stimulus, and the battle is won.

But where is the land to be found? Everywhere. We could, did our space permit, point out a superficies of many thousands of acres in the agricultural counties, which, during the late calamitous depression, have gone nearly out of cultivation, and which it has been impossible to let upon any terms. Again, notwithstanding the millions of acres which have been inclosed during the last century, there are still millions of waste fit for cultivation scattered over every part of the country. It must be borne in mind, that our labourers should be a fixed population; and the more closely they can be bound by local ties, the better men and the better citizens will they be. There can be no difficulty in finding land, as the "waste lands of the kingdom ought to be treated as a national domain, to be divided and allotted as the demands of society for space and employment happen to increase." The community is entitled to address the proprietors of such lands, in the following terms: "Thousands of your fellow-countrymen are destitute of employment and food—you own thousands of acres of waste, which yield very little profit to you, but on which labour might enable them to raise the necessaries of life which they require. If you choose, yourselves, to undertake the cultivation of these neglected lands, well and good; this will create an extra demand for labour, and afford to those persons the employment of which they are now destitute; but if you decline this task, which is become necessary on public grounds, the general good requires that the state should step in, and take from you this source of employment and wealth, which you think proper to overlook, giving you, at the same time, the most ample compensation for the rights and advantages which you are called upon to relinquish." This would be perfectly just, and would open an immense field for improvement. Well, but it is urged again, how many of the enclosures of wastes have failed as profitable speculations? how much poor land is thus lying useless? Very true; but why have these enclosures failed as sources of profit?—from want of a due understanding of the nature of the soil, and of the means necessary to reclaim it. It is amongst the large allotments *only* in these enclosures, where failure can be instanced. The cottage allotments, varying from half an acre to an acre and a half, have been invariably successful; witness, amongst multitudes of other examples, Knaresborough Forest and the wastes of Christchurch.

We have expatiated thus at length on waste lands because we look upon them as valuable accessories, and they occur in all places: but we look at them *as accessories only*. There is abundance of land already in cultivation, which, by being divided into small allotments in the immediate neighbourhood of villages and detached cottages, would pay a vastly increased rent, and by spade husbandry produce threefold its present returns. What happens where this plan is in existence? "The cottagers in Lincolnshire and Rutlandshire hold their little tenements, *not of the farmer*, but directly from the owner; and this rescues them from all slavish and injurious dependence. The management of this little demesne never, we believe, for one hour interferes with the necessary occupations of the labourer: it is managed principally by his wife and younger children. The labourer himself, no doubt, bestows upon his little tenement some extra labour after his daily toil is over, or occasionally the labour of a few whole days, whenever he can be spared with the least inconvenience from the work of his regular employer. The effect is all that the most benevolent heart could desire—a more comfortable, contented, and moral peasantry does not, we believe, exist on the face of the globe." Again, "In the year 1806 an enclosure was proposed in the parish of Broad Somerford, and a very liberal offer made to the rector for an allotment of land in lieu of tithe; but he considered it his duty to attend to the interest of his poor parishioners, and did not consent till he had obtained the following conditions for them:—every poor man, whose cottage was situated on the commons and waste lands, should have his garden, orchard, or little enclosure taken from the waste, within twenty years confirmed to him; and that in case the same did not amount to half an acre, it should be increased to that quantity. In addition to this, eight acres were allotted to the rector, churchwarden, &c. adjoining the village, for the benefit of the poor inhabitants, to be annually allowed them, according to the number of their respective families; and thus every man, who had three or four children, was sure of his quarter of an acre at least. Very great benefit has been derived from these provisions, and they in no way interfere with the poor man's labour for the farmer. Spade husbandry, and the constant and minute attention of himself and family, secured him abundant crops, even when the farmer's failed. The profits upon every acre, after paying a rent of £2., was £7. 6*s*. 4*d*. So great was the success attendant upon this plan, that in 1829 a farmer made application to the rector to remit him half his rent of £60 for a farm of eighty acres, stating that the crops would hardly repay his labour. The rector divided it into suitable lots, and offered it to the surrounding cottagers: they were eagerly taken, and, at Michaelmas day, £80 were paid to a sixpence, for land which had the year before been thrown up at £60.

We could multiply facts *ad infinitum*, but our space forbids us; neither have we been able to enter into such minute details as we could wish. It is to the soil we must look as a means of regenerating our labourers, for again making them happy and peaceable,—for again making them large consumers of our home and colonial produce,—and, above all—for again being moral and independent members of the community, and devoted adherents of their country and her institutions.

The remedial agencies more particularly applicable to town labourers, we are forced to postpone.

⁂ A body of valuable facts, on the Allotment System, will be found in the 'Labourer's Friend.'—Rivingtons, London.

SONNETS.—BY SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

SONNET 1237.

WHOM fear we? Man not abject in his mind,
Or cow'd by conscious guilt, is match for man!
Not by the pomp of office man is great—
'Tis but the glitter of the outward vest!
Who by the golden gaud is stricken blind
Deserves of human dignity the ban:
He is a worm in his debased state;
And by the earth, he creeps in, to be press'd!
The groveling bosom of the feeble fool
Is than the worm itself more mean and base:
Worms in their lonely paths are free from rule,
And to the sunny sky may hold their face.
But courting still the splendour that he dreads,
The abject man the earth in terror treads!

9th October, 1834.

SONNET 1236.

I hold my head above the pelting storm,
And bend not to the fury of the blast:
Not yet I crouch beneath the rod of wrong,
But, round, the mantle of defiance cast.—
The agony from first assault is past:
Danger no longer wears a withering form;
Nor by the terror of his threat is strong;
But only by the vigour of the blow
Can crush his victim helpless to the ground!—
Not I by horror's aspect fly the foe,
But at the advance the counter-trumpet sound,
And at my post in stern defence am found.
Thus, though my aged limbs their nerve have lost,
The palm a mighty price the foe shall cost.

9th October, 1834.

SONNET 1262.

Blood is corporeal;—whence descends the mind?
Breathes some celestial spirit on the birth?
Perchance, from earthly atoms genius owns
No spring of thought, no mental energy.
Deep on the inward mirror are design'd
At infant age the forms of truth and worth:
Then fairies whisper their mellifluous tones;
And wings angelic o'er the favour'd fly!
Not in this shape of clay the light is born:
It issues from the glory of the sky;
It blazes like the rosy beams of morn;
It is an effluence from the throne on high:
Upon the mortal particle it throws
Flames of its own; but no communion knows.

27th February, 1835.

PORTRAIT-GALLERY OF OLD BACHELORS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'OLD MAIDS.'

No. III.—THE GOUTY OLD BACHELOR.

> "Disease! thou ever most propitious power,
> Whose kind indulgences we taste each hour,
> Thou well canst boast thy numerous pedigree,
> Begot by sloth, maintain'd by luxury."
>
> GARTH.

ONE of the penances to which celibacy is peculiarly subject is that earthly purgatory denominated gout. If a married man, with his limbs and senses perfect, will visit a gouty old Bachelor, he will thank Heaven for having given him a wife, and thus saved him from such an unpleasant congregation of humours. Whatever pathologists or physiologists may say on the matter, gout is a disease arising, in the first instance, from simple repletion; and who so likely therefore to have it as a self-indulgent Bachelor? Ay, it is really a pleasure to an unlucky husband, to witness the tortures of a man whose life he has envied for the last dozen years. The comparison truly told against him. Here was his friend—plump as a partridge—with ruddy cheeks, laughing eyes, and free as the wind. He could play his pranks, and nobody say him nay—while the longing husband, lank as a starved otter, was kept in tight surveillance. Was he overcome with wine—"Beast—sot—filthy creature!" were his welcome; then to be tumbled into bed, and condemned the following morning to listen to a curtain-lecture, whilst his head felt ready to burst, and his throat was so parched, that the very water he swallowed to quench his thirst went bubbling down his œsophagus, like the singing of a tea-kettle; and, worse and worse, forced to be civil and loving, though, in his heart, he is wishing his monitress in the Red Sea. Did he venture to stretch a point, and remain out all night—"death and fury! where has he been? what has he been doing?"—No explanation is sufficient—a new gown, or a fit of lovingness is the least atonement:—is he detected smiling at a pretty girl, however innocently, suspicion is immediately roused, and all the vengeance of a slighted woman, fierce as ten thousand tigers, is let loose upon his unhappy head; and he leads a dog's life till the nonsense is evaporated, knowing well that if he strives to coax her into good-humour, he must submit to such a train of inquiries as would weary and perplex Job; he sits down therefore like

> "Patience on a monument, smiling at grief,"

and inwardly sighs when he reflects on friend Bachelor, who lives careless alike of every thing but his own momentary whim. But now the tables are turned to some purpose. Here is our Benedict, the married man, and here is Benedict, the Bachelor;—the first seated in the midst of his family, with his youngest child crowing on his knee, whilst he is singing, in evident happiness, some simple ballad for its amusement; another, somewhat older, stands beside him; and a third is riding on a stick round the room: his wife, with a face radiant with smiles, is looking fondly at him, and pouring him out an extra glass of wine, and wondering what she can do to please him, a certain sign that she will succeed:—his whole house is orderly and cheerful, his servants in proper order, and altogether things look comfortable. Now reverse the picture, and here is the Bachelor—a goodly figure, indeed—fat as an Alderman, and labouring under a severe attack of podagra, with the ailing member supported on a chair.

Ay, here he is, indeed, alternately shivering as a cold autumnal blast rushes through his open door; and then watching with trembling anxiety the clouds of ashes which the wind whirls in eddies from the unswept hearth and the extinguished fire, lest any particle should fall on his tortured toe. Now he bellows with all his might for his footman or housekeeper, to bring fire and close the doors; for, to his imagination, it seems that every door in the house is open. Call away, Old Boy; your servants will wait upon you when they have played out their play, and have taken care to have an excuse by accidentally placing your hand-bell beyond reach; whilst, if your existence depended upon it, you durst not set your foot on the carpet to pull the bell-rope. Yes, yes, call away, and cast a wistful eye at the grate and the door: your housekeeper is closeted with a bottle of strong waters; your footman and housemaid are pathetically deploring your condition in the attic; and Cooky and John Gardener are playing at hy-spy in the shrubbery: therefore call away, and if any of them come near you for the next two hours, we will forfeit our best hat. Let us listen to his soliloquy:—

"Ha, what a horrid twinge! It's dreadfully cold, and the fire's out—puff—puff—that piece of floating soot will fall on my toe—puff, puff—just missed—ho—ha! surely the skin's bursting. Gracious heavens! where are the servants? I am actually perishing with cold, and would give a guinea for a glass of wine—there it stands within a couple of yards, but I am chained to the spot. Mrs. Armstrong! James! Sally!—Good God! I am deserted! would that the devil would fly away with the whole set of careless, cruel wretches! James, I say, you scoundrel, James!—no answer, and the hall-door I am sure is just opened—the house will be robbed, that's certain. Ha, ho! ha, ho! that's terrible, breaking on the wheel must be easy in comparison: and here is the doctor's abominable physic—nauseous poison—and of no more efficacy than bilge-water: five bottles have I swallowed, and am worse than before, though he swore it was a certain cure—ho, ha! I wish he were here, I would throw it at his head—ho, ho!

'Oh, horrid gout! detested by the gods—
Gout, rueful gout!'

Well did Lucian sing thy incurable nature:

> ' Me, not Apollo's self, with all his drugs,
> High heaven's divine physician, can subdue,
> Nor his learn'd son, wise Esculapius.'

I am starved to the very marrow, and it's growing dark—ho, ha!—and here comes that beastly cur of Armstrong's—the brute knows I am chair-fast, and plays his gambles as if I were nobody: get out, sirrah!—jumped upon the *buffet*, by the gods! and knocked down my five-guinea decanters!—have at you with the physic-bottle—I wish it may split your skull—ha! smashed my china vase—a hundred devils seize you!—fiends and furies!—what, James, you villain, James! you immeasurable scoundrel! James, James, you dog, you rascal, James! ho, ho! ha, ha!—Damnation! I shall go mad!"—and so on, till his servants, being wearied of their own sports and private amusements, find time to attend; and one and all vow they have never heard him, and were afraid to disturb him, hoping that he was asleep, and better—every thing was so quiet; while his rage and fury evaporated in impotent threats to turn them out of the house.

The gouty old Bachelors, when free from their infernal visitor, are, in general, jolly fellows; and were it not for their ridiculous and precise habits, would be undeniable boon companions. To quote again from Lucian—gout loquitur—

> " For in my rites who e'er participates,
> His tongue with eloquence I straight endow;
> And teach him with facetious wit to please
> A merry, gay, jocose companion boon:—"

whether it is that gout has specific powers for giving hilarity, and expanding the genial current of the soul, we know not; but certain it is that many gouty cripples are delightful associates in those hours which are devoted to brushing away from the mind the cobwebs of care and business. We hold chalk-stones, indeed, to be marks of a similar signification with the 'jolly red nose' of the old Bacchanalian song; namely, that they 'are signs of good company.' We are of course speaking only of gout when it is man's own producing: where it is hereditary, a heir-loom, a parental endowment, a congenital curse, the case is different, and we would not give a farthing for a bushel.

The great misery of these worthies is that wine and generous living are, like Cato's dagger, both their bane and antidote—one time filling them with a noble contempt for past, present, and to come,—and another rousing into activity their fell enemy, till

> " Through every joint the thrilling anguish pours,
> And gnaws, and burns, and tortures, and devours:"

hence it is often exquisitely ludicrous to watch a podagral *bon vivant* seated before a well-stocked table, covered with every culinary delicacy; and we can fancy that a dialogue is going on between his toe and his stomach, during which he remains in suspense, apparently balancing the weight of argument advanced, now by one and now by the other.

Toe—"Taste if you dare, but remember me!" Stomach—"The devil take you for a troublesome extremity! must I be starved to accommodate you?—you may grow red with anger if you will, and be hanged to you!" Toe "Well, well! I'll pay you if you do!—do you feel that?" Stomach—"Well, but Mr. Toe, only this once—just consider, if your impudence will permit, how I shall enjoy it;—do but smell, and your heart will relent." Toe—"I won't stand it, Mr. Stomach! your pleasure is my pain,—and if you do, bread and water will be the best thing you shall enjoy for a month." Stomach—"Confound you for a malicious imp! you are the dog in the manger! why should I humour your accursed temper? taste I will, and drown the prickings of your spite in a sea of pleasure." Toe—"You will, will you? well, if I don't make you repent, my name is not Toe!" Stomach—"Can't you be reasonable?" Here the dispute is brought to a sudden close by the owner of the two intestine enemies, who had beforehand made up his mind, pouring into the stomach a spoonful of favourite soup, which it receives, as we all do receive forbidden pleasures—God help us!—with double relish—and the rebellious toe is heroically defied. The comical expression upon the man's face too, when his appetite is saturated and the remembrance of his gout rises up within him, is indescribable. He looks for all the world like a school-boy, who has stolen a penny cake, and been detected; and many a sigh and many a groan circulate through his system, till the decanters are in motion. "In for a penny, in for a pound," thinks the gouty philosopher; and his eye lightens, and his brow smooths, as the good wine does its good office, his stomach being too busy about its own affairs to mind the grumblings and remonstrances of the quaking toe. It is amusing to hear how pathetically and magnanimously he talks as he approaches his altitude—no martyr at the stake is more meritorious; and he has a singular facility for conjuring up the exact amount of suffering he must go through before his toe is delivered of another stone. But this bug-bear is driven out of his imagination after a time; and sportive, sparkling wit, apt anecdote, copious illustration, and a good song, show the man's true metal; and, to crown all, he dances a hornpipe to demonstrate that fifty-five years have left him the use of his muscles.

These are the moments when those genial sons of mirth, gouty old Bachelors, shine in all their glory, and which afford them some compensation for wedded bliss and paroxysms of pain. The morning reflections may not, perhaps, be altogether so pleasant as the evening recreations, and they may think it prudent to adopt precautionary methods to warn off the foe: but gout, like love, won't be denied; and as the Greek Epigrammatist said of it—

> "All defence to folly turns,
> When within the battle burns."

Some of them, like genuine stoics or gymnosophists, submit to their fate with manly dignity; and though Shakspeare has declared that

> "There was never yet philosopher
> That could endure the toothache peaceably"—

we have seen some gout-haunted Bachelors struggle nobly, and, when to some extent reconciled to its pangs by habit, jest amidst their suffering, and so deprive themselves of one half their agony.

> "Many—various are the woes
> That this scene of life compose.
> Use with reconciling balm
> Can our throbbing sorrows calm;
> Can our sharpest pain beguile,
> And bid gouty wretches smile:
> Hence, companions of my care,
> Learn with patient hearts to bear;
> And expect, with souls unmoved,
> Ills ye have already proved.
> If severer woes invade,
> Heaven will grant you strength and aid:
> Who, impatient of his pain,
> Bites and gnaws, and shakes his chain,
> Laughter he, and scorn, shall move,—
> Such is the decree of Jove."

We are indeed anxious that the family of gouty old Bachelors should thrive: they are favourites of ours; and as their woes are self-inflicted, we think they are bound to bear them with firmness. We would recommend to their notice the accounts given by ecclesiastical writers of the whippings, scourgings, hair-shirts, and clanking chains, cheerfully submitted to by devotees, as penances for real and imaginary crimes. Let them "sing and be merry, and dance and rejoice;" and recollect, when laid by the heels, that it is a voluntary infliction: and let them cheer their hearts with the consciousness that they bear their own burden, and will not transmit it to any unhappy offspring—a circumstance which we can assure them ought to rob their sufferings of one part of their bitterness. It is a terrible thing for a man to be writhing on his bed, and see in a blooming family a long perspective of gout martyrdom.

Another reason why we would exhort them to patience and resignation is, the little help they can receive from physic: the professors of the healing art will, indeed, crowd round them with pockets stuffed with nostrums, and swear by the head of Galen that they are patent gout-traps: if they can devoutly believe these idle clishmaclavers, well and good—faith will work miracles;—swallow the elixir by all means, and remember animal magnetism: but if there is a shade of doubt, "throw physic to the dogs"—don't taste it. We do not tell them this as a piece of news, for the world had made the discovery before the time of Lucian, who wrote the 'Triumphs of the Gout' somewhere about the year 140 of our era: listen to the remedies he mentions, as having been tried at that distant day, and judge if much has been added since :—

> " Plantain they bruise, and parsley's odorous herb—
> The lenient lettuce, and the purslain wild.
> These, bitter horehound, and the watery plant
> That on the verdant banks of rivers grows,—
> These, nettles crush, and comfrey's viscid root;
> And pluck the lentils in the standing pools.
> Some parsnips—some the glossy leaves apply,
> That shade the downy peach—benumbing henbane—
> The poppy's soothing gum—the emollient bulb,—
> Rind of the Punic apple—flea-wort hot—
> The costly frankincense, and searching root
> Of potent hellebore—soft fenugreek
> Temper'd with rosy wine—
> Nitre and spawn of frogs—the cypress-cone,
> And meal of bearded barley, and the leaf
> Of colewort, unprepared, and ointment made
> Of pickled garus—and (O vain conceit!)
> The dung of mountain-goats—
> The flower of beans, and hot sarcophagus—
> The poisonous red-toad—some the shrew-mouse boil—
> The weasel some—the frog, the lizard green,
> The fell hyena, and the wily fox—
> And branching stone-buck, bearded like a goat.—
> What kind of metal has been left untried?
> What juice? what weeping tree's medicinal tear?
> What beasts? what animals have not bestow'd
> Their bones, or nerves, or hides, or blood, or marrow,
> Or milk, or fat?
> The draught of four ingredients some compose—
> Some eight, but more from seven expect relief—
> Some from the purging hiera seek their cure,—
> On mystic verses vainly some depend;
> While to the cooling fountains others fly,
> And in the crystal current seek for health."

Here then is a catalogue surely long enough, and embracing every remedy new and old, for we believe colchicum to be contained in it; and all declared null and void. If any among them doubt this sweeping condemnation, let them begin at one end, and try every recipe, and so satisfy themselves: if they are any better for them, we shall be glad; and if not, it is only so much labour lost.

Let them therefore bear the load lightly and cheerfully, and consider it as a proper drawback upon their felicity.

> " Cease then, ah! cease, poor mortals, to repine
> At laws which nature wisely did ordain.
> Pleasure, what is it? rightly to define,
> 'Tis but a short-lived interval from pain;
> Or rather each, alternately renew'd,
> Give to your lives a sweet vicissitude."

It is true that wedlock, when properly estimated, has pleasures and delights of a permanent character, though abundantly dashed with care; and that no married man, who lives as a married man ought to live, will ever have the gout unless he enjoys it as an inheritance: these may indeed excite a sigh in the bosom of the old Bachelor, when bed-ridden, and he sees every thing in confusion around him, and finds no soft hand to smooth his pillow, and no well-known tender voice to soothe his lagging hours.—What then?—it cannot last for ever; and he will have the satisfaction of caning his footman, dismissing his housekeeper, and again enjoying the brimming bowl, and well-spread feast, when the fiend has left him.

EXPERIENCES OF A SURGEON.

No. IV.—A DISSECTING-ROOM INCIDENT.

In the fourth year of my apprenticeship, a medical school was established in the town in which I became a pupil: its affairs were conducted in a slovenly and unbusiness-like manner, and it did little good. There was no demonstrator—that is, no person to prepare parts for explanation, and to superintend the labours of the students. One day the anatomical lecturer, a man given to words and show, had invited a party of gentlemen to hear him describe the muscles of the face, and for this purpose a fresh subject was ordered to be in readiness. It somehow or other happened that no person in the habit of dissecting could be found to undertake the task of preparing these parts for exhibition; and in this dilemma the lecturer sent a very urgent note to me, begging that I would, as a particular favour, oblige him by having things in proper order. Not having as yet commenced a regular course of dissection, I demurred; but as he promised me a plate for my guidance, I at last consented, and gave very strict injunctions to the porter to be in waiting for me at eight o'clock in the evening at the rooms, with a fire and candles,—this time having been fixed by the resurrectionists for bringing the subject.

At that hour, therefore, I repaired to my post; the men had, however, not made their appearance, and I went home, promising to return at ten o'clock. With the stable-lantern in my hand, I again found myself in the narrow back street in which the rooms were situated: every thing was dark and silent, and a bitterly cold wind of the beginning of February was whistling about me. The place was shut up, and the porter absent, so that I had to admit myself by the help of a pass-key: I went up stairs, expecting to find the body ready arranged on the table: the place was, however, empty, excepting its usual tenants—the rats, which literally swarmed here, and by dint of good feeding were large and fierce; and as they served the same purpose as vultures and jackals in the east, namely, scavengers, we did not often disturb them. At times they became so bold and so impudently familiar, and withal so disgusting, that we waged a war of extermination against them. The place was, however, quickly re-colonised; and as long as the new-comers kept their proper distance, they were unmolested. On entering the room, therefore, at that hour which is the holiday of rats as well as of love, I had an opportunity of seeing the entire family whisking away, of the size of half-grown kittens: I hate rats, and did then, and was by no means pleased with my immediate attendants.

I descended to the dissecting-room, mentally swearing at the negligence of both resurrectionists and porter, for having condemned me to visit a depository into which, alone, and at this hour, I felt unwilling to enter. My nose and my imagination alike anticipated disturbance; the one, that the room was small and very imperfectly ventilated, and that during the last week it had been nearly closed; the other, that I knew there were the fragments of three or four bodies lying festering in corruption, in all the confusion of dismemberment and mutilation. Bound by my promise, I opened the door reluctantly, and, averting my eyes as completely as possible from the mouldering relics of humanity before me, I sought out for the new tenant: none was to be found, and I concluded that the men, having been half-paid in advance, had neglected to complete their bargain—a very common trick; and thanking my stars, I drew my cloak about me, and prepared to return to the open air and my pillow,—not a little pleased to have escaped remaining a solitary and half-starved inhabitant through the night, as a companion with dead bodies and rats.

I accordingly locked the doors; but in turning round in the narrow passage to lift the lantern from the table, I was struck motionless, by seeing at its very extremity two white hands uplifted as if in an attitude of entreaty. The door was locked behind me, and there was not a single house within hail, so that I had nothing for it but to stand staring, expecting every moment to see something horrid in the shape of a resuscitation. As the hands, however, remained motionless, and as my wits returned, I ventured to bring the candle to bear more directly upon the startling objects. All that I could see still was a pair of deadly white hands projecting above a dark body, which might be a man's trunk for any thing I could tell. It then occurred to me, that it might be a mischievous prank of one of the resurrectionists, as the dark body was reared against the wall, and the hands might be supposed to be held up as a screen to hide his face. Full of this idea I advanced boldly, bent on making my foot and his ribs better acquainted: a few steps forward convinced me that my supposition was erroneous; the dark part resolved itself into the shape and size of one of the wicker-baskets used by vitriol-dealers to hold carboys, and, on approaching more closely, I perceived that in this limited space was contained a human body, as a grizzled head and wrinkled brow showed themselves beneath the hands. On touching these, I at once was aware that they could not be held up in entreaty, as the man had evidently been dead some time; but how they had contrived to thrust an adult into so narrow a compass surprised me exceedingly,—and not only so, but, like the common puzzle of a reel in a bottle, I wondered how it was to be got out. It had been pressed into the basket evidently by great force, in a doubled posture, with the legs bent against the trunk; and though efforts had been made to dislocate the wrists, the parties had either had no time to complete that purpose, or had failed from other causes; as it was, they were jammed in between the knees and the head, and thus kept upright.

In this condition the rascals had left it, and my new-born hopes of spending the night at home were thus unpleasantly blighted. The next thing to be done was to disengage it,—and this proved a work of no small difficulty. In vain I tugged and toiled and fretted: it seemed to me as if the very face of the dead man was twisted in mockery at my pains, as, in the struggle to overcome the resistance, its stony eye-balls met my look of anger and impatience, and more than once I rolled it on the floor, determined to leave it as it was. At length, however, by a desperate effort I succeeded in extracting one arm; this made a little more room, and gave me a longer handle to work by, and, after nearly exhausting my strength, I had the satisfaction of getting it at liberty. At any other time I might have felt some repugnance to dragging a body in the dead of the night up-stairs, raising it in my arms and placing it on a table; but the exertion which had been required had fully excited me, and I did all this without the slightest compunction. I now raised the head, placed a block under it, stretched out the painting, opened a manual of dissection, trimmed my candle, and set to work. The body was that of an old man; I should presume that death had made but little change in the expression of the features: long white hair, excepting where soiled and matted with damp earth, hung from his head as it was laid back, and must during life have given him a venerable and patriarchal aspect. This was no time, however, for speculation: midnight was already tolling from numerous clocks, and I pursued my labour silently and steadily, undisturbed save by the incursions of the rats, the moaning and whistling of the night-wind, and the waving of the "silver hair" as it yielded to the currents of air in the room.

For upwards of an hour I continued at work, and had exposed the muscles of the forehead and eyes: I made slow progress, and soon saw a very unsatisfactory exhibition must be the result, which arose from the age of the subject. I now became excessively starved: the previous exertion had been enough to make me perspire profusely, and then sitting motionless in a cold room not very well guarded against wintry weather, I grew chilled; and in the end my teeth chattered, and my hand trembled as if I had been in an ague fit. I rose from my chair, clapped my hands *à la voiturier*, and chased a large tom-rat, which had been unusually pertinacious in locating himself rather too closely to my face.

Whilst thus engaged, a low groan sounded through the room: this at once cut short my career, and I cast a doubtful and anxious glance on the body lying on the table, expecting to see some motion of eye or limb indicative of vitality. The sound had been so generally diffused, that I could fix upon no place from whence it might have proceeded. While thus standing with my looks fastened on the body, another low groan ran through the room, but clearly had not its origin in the deformed subject. I sat down, took the scalpel in my hand, and strove to believe the sound could have no connexion with the building, but must have been borne there on the night-wind. I re-commenced my task, when in a few seconds a groan louder and more distinct echoed through the room, and chained me with awe and fear: my fancy was at work, and had soon created a sort of Frankenstein from the mouldering remains in the room below. Hastily collecting my apparatus, and freeing myself from my dissecting dress, I determined, come what might, to abandon the place with all speed. The candle was burning low—I rose cautiously, with my cloak wrapped round one arm, and the key of the outward door in the other hand; and, advancing to the stair-head on tiptoe, listened in breathless silence for a repetition of the sound: it soon came with frightful distinctness, and, as it swept past me, I expected to see some horrible phantom; it died away, and step by step I descended, endeavouring vainly to keep my eye from resting on the interstices between the banisters, through which my tortured imagination was conjuring up a hideous and demoniac face. I had reached the landing, when another loud and prolonged groan issued from beneath my feet, and was followed by a faint rustling sound as if some one was turning painfully on the floor. I experienced at that moment one of the most singular and extraordinary feelings I have ever undergone—an universal creeping of the flesh, as if the entire muscles of the body were detaching themselves from their sheaths: my hair bristled, my knees knocked, and an inarticulate mutter took place of the exclamation, which I had intended should express my uncontrollable terror.

Desperation is the best cure for unseen causes of fear: imagination and superstition generally clothe these with something far too dreadful for reality, and hence reason has but little scope for exercise. In my present case the shuddering which had crept over me was the paroxysm of extreme fright; and when it had subsided, I looked more calmly and cautiously about me: I lowered the lantern so as to illuminate the lobby through which I had to pass to get to the door. The space from the bottom of the stairs to this point was hardly four yards across, yet it seemed as if the effort to accomplish it would be greater than would have been required to have surmounted the ascent of Mont Blanc or Chimborazo. I had one ground of comfort,—the door of the dissecting-room was fast locked, and the passage was clear of all impediment. I re-commenced my descent, treading as cautiously as if on the brink of a crater, when the same loud and deep groan sprung from beneath me, followed by the same rustling, and sounds of difficult and painful motion: I stood still, and satisfied that the being from whom these portentous sounds emanated was at least mortal, and apparently suffering great agony, my courage having something more tangible to grapple with, returned, and determined me to unravel the mystery, in place of fleeing and abandoning probably some poor wretch to destruction. Thus manfully resolved, I laid my cloak on the stair-rail, stepped down carefully, but, no longer anxious to conceal my presence, made as much noise as possible. I was now in the lobby: all was silent and deserted,—when, after standing a moment irresolute, the groan again issued from beneath the stairs. I now remembered that there was a small closet under these, containing chips and coals; and beginning to hope it might, after all, be the porter who had crept in there, and was groaning in his sleep, I advanced, and opened the door leading into it slightly ajar, at the same time keeping a firm hold on the handle. No sooner had I done so, than a host of rats rushed through the narrow opening, alarmed by the light: when the swarm had dispersed, I pushed the door wider, but found I was opposed by a heavy body lying against it; sufficient room was, however, given to introduce the lantern. I thrust it in—another groan succeeded—a dark body moved itself, and, to my infinite terror, a bloody countenance stared at me with an air of bewilderment quite equal to my own. I hastily closed the door, and thinking some man must have been murdered by the resurrectionists, and deposited here for security, and was now struggling in the throes of dissolution, I resolved to call up the porter; and for this purpose I retreated to the outward door, and with no very steady hand tried to unlock it: the lock was old, and at all times troublesome to manage; and it may be well supposed that my present agitation was ill calculated to facilitate the attempt. I turned the key this way and that way, in all the earnestness of desperation, for I could plainly hear the cause of my anxiety making efforts to rise, with the intention, doubtless, of escaping from his hiding-place. After several heavy falls it succeeded on getting on its feet, and with some fumbling found the latch; and I had the exquisite misery to hear a heavy foot planted in the lobby.

I was now fairly at bay, and turned round to confront the "dread visitant." A large and powerful man was staggering towards me, reeling and pitching from side to side, with matted hair, face covered with blood, his dress dabbled with the same, and whitened by sawdust, on which he had been lying—muttering unintelligibly, and staring with an expression of fear and surprise. On he came, till within a foot's distance, when he stretched out his arms to seize me: I sprung aside—he lost his balance, and fell heavily against the door, and, after some vain struggles to save himself, he rolled on the floor. This shock roused him, and, uttering an oath or two, he prepared to rise again. I now spoke to him, and asked him, in the name of God, who or what he was! He looked at me a few seconds, and then answered, "Why, I'm Jack Scruff, to be sure; and who the devil are you?"—"Why, you infernal villain! how came you here, and what's the matter with you?"—"Damme, is that you, Parfleur? why, you are as white as a ghost."—"How came you here, you scoundrel! to frighten people out of their wits by groaning in the coal-hole at this hour of the night? why, the rats have eaten half your face, and served you right enough, though it has made you look like a spectre." "Why, you see, Sir," said the fellow, shaking himself and sitting up, "Jem and me brought a subject in; and as I was drunk, why, I crept in there to have a snooze, and I suppose the d—d rats in worrying me, made me groan, else I should have slept as quiet as a mouse."

And so it turned out: both the men had come in intoxicated, and Jack, more overcome than his fellow, had refused to budge a step, and had deposited himself under the stairs, where he had slept soundly, till the rats, taking advantage of his profound insensibility, had nibbled away at his face, and so disturbed him.

No. V.—A PHYSICIAN AND A CONSULTATION.

Dr. E—— was at this time the fashionable physician in the town I resided in. Few people could reconcile themselves to the idea of dying, without first having his opinion on the subject; and he might have borne for his motto—"Opiferque per *urbem* dicor," although this saying would have been more applicable, had the first word been of an opposite meaning. He was an old man of pursy figure and short stature, with a rosy face and good-humoured eye. His dress was black, and often seedy, though he neither took snuff nor wore powder. In winter he might be seen descending from his carriage clad in a ridiculously small plaid cloak, which had all the appearance of having served one or two of his sons when boys, as it was desperately shabby, and only reached just to his knees. His hat bore marks of service; and a pair of his wife's old black kid gloves, wofully out of repair, covered his digital extremities. The Doctor was a saving man, and was now rich; yet his industry was unabated: he rose at six, began his visits at seven or eight o'clock, to the grievous annoyance of the modern Machaons and servants; got home at twelve—his hour for private patients; generally contrived to make a round of evening visits; and if he had a country journey to undertake, he did it during the night, shrewdly remarking that it saved daylight. He was a man of all work—nothing came amiss to him; and no hour was wrong, provided he was disengaged.

Thus qualified, the Doctor bore the bell; and, I verily believe, pocketed more fees than all the physicians in the town put together. He had practised there for nearly half a century; and as the town had enlarged rapidly, he had kept migrating from street to street, as wealth and fashion changed their localities. He had attended the mothers and fathers of half the respectable inhabitants; and his name had thus become identified with the place itself. Yet the Doctor was a grumbler, notwithstanding. "Times," he said, "were changed, sadly changed: formerly he should have received twenty guineas, where he now received one." This, however, was a figure of speech of the worthy man's, and not literally true: what he meant was, that formerly, in the case where he received twenty guineas for so many successive attendances, he now paid but one visit, and so got but one guinea—forgetting to state that where he had hen one consultation, he had now fifty. "Yes," he would go on grumbling-"twenty years ago, things were different: I was called in early, and attended till the termination of the case; but now I pay one or two visits, and am dismissed with the remark, either that the case is hopeless, or that Mr. So-and-so, they think, can manage very well—sad times! sad times!" Yet the man was pocketing from five to six thousand pounds a year. He was a terrible coddler; and I have known him spend half an hour in discussing the relative merits of rusks and tops-and-bottoms: these last formed a great part of his own diet; and, proceeding upon the principle of 'what is good for the goose, is good for the gander,' he never failed to laud their virtues in every case to which he was called. He was a noted adept in the composition of puddings, panado, and gruel, and would descant eloquently and learnedly on ass and cow milk, and give minute directions as to whether it should be boiled or plain; and, if boiled, whether with bread, flower, meal, or rice. He was a most patient scrutiniser into the contents of spittoons and other utensils; and would examine a tongue or an ulcerated throat for half an hour at a time: he felt the pulse at both wrists, and, in the end, would sit and tell his patient an amusing anecdote to crown his inquiries. He was thus an especial favourite of old ladies; whether male or female, an excellent gossip, and chronicler of past times.

He was, I believe, generally liked by the profession, though occasionally guilty of meannesses arising from his grasping disposition: to these most of the practitioners were obliged to submit without murmuring, as the Doctor was too decidedly and habitually popular to be sneered at.

Such was Doctor E—— at the age of seventy; and, such as he was, he was physician in ordinary to the town. Being what is termed a safe man, he was always preferred by the younger surgeons; and, by this means, his popularity was kept alive from generation to generation. As to his medical abilities, they were respectable: he had no pretensions to extraordinary skill: his views and recipes were common-place and unvarying; and he had a great contempt for the new-fangled remedies that were just becoming fashionable, though compelled now and then to prescribe them, in obedience to the fancy of the day. He prognosticated that they would soon sink into deserved oblivion; and that people would return to bark, opium, and burnt sponge, in place of quinine, morphine, and iodine. He was a stickler for long prescriptions, and seemed to think that in a multitude of remedies some one surely would hit the disease. I have no doubt he would gladly have returned to the days of the Mithridate and Theriaca, when it was customary to compound a mixture of fifty or sixty ingredients. After all, however, the Doctor was a worthy man, as Nicol Jarvie said of Rob Roy, 'after a sort.' There were, doubtless, cleverer and more disinterested men to be found; but he occupied a place in society which his demise has left vacant, and which can never be filled up.

I visited with him in consultation a lady labouring under ascites: no expectations were entertained of her recovery; but that was of course no argument against doing something for her. I had not seen her before, and the case had to me therefore the merit of novelty, and I hoped the Doctor would throw some light on its pathology.

We seated ourselves by the bed-side; and it was obvious to me, that her end was approaching, and that the chest was loaded with water. The Doctor first examined her tongue, then I did the same: he next pulled out his gold repeater, and very deliberately counted the pulse: he then handed the watch to me, and, putting on an air of gravity resembling his own, I counted it likewise: he next called for various utensils, and, inviting me to accompany him to the window, he turned them backwards and forwards till his curiosity was satisfied, and mine more than satisfied: then he called for a tape with which the patient was measured every morning, in order to ascertain whether increase or diminution had taken place in her size. On applying this to the yard-stick, the report was, increase one-twelfth of an inch. He shook his head; I did the same: then he asked to see the different articles of food and medicine she was taking: these he tasted *seriatim;* I did the same; and finally ordered her, next, stewed rice to have a very little salt added to it. We were shown with great ceremony into another room: chairs were placed for us; pens, ink, and paper laid on the table, and we were left to our consultation.

We seated ourselves; and the Doctor, to whom I was well known, opened thus: "You know Hopkins of the Vale, I think, Mr. Parfleur?"—"Yes, Doctor, we have reason to know something of him, for he owes us a very large bill, which he swears he won't pay."

"Ah! he's a sad scoundrel, to be sure; he has played me a dog's trick only yesterday."

"Indeed, Doctor! how so? I have heard him praise you to the skies, and you became his sole medical attendant on Mr. ——'s dismissal."

"Just so, and I really thought him a very worthy, pleasant man—his house, as you are aware, is delightfully situated in the midst of a splendid garden, and during the fine weather I used to enjoy the visit exceedingly: I made it the last in my round, in order to spend half an hour with him; he was so pleasant and agreeable, and had always a plate of strawberries with sugar and cream laid ready for me. Now newly-gathered strawberries with such additions, I am fond of, and I took it therefore as a mark of great civility."

"No wonder, Doctor; they would form, after a fatiguing morning's work on a warm summer's day, a very palateable refreshment. I have myself tasted his strawberries, and can bear witness to their excellence."

"Yes, they were really very good; and I looked forward with a schoolboy's longing for Hopkins's garden. Well, my attendance was long—he was dyspeptic, and in fact it continued till the fruit was getting out of season; and so last week I sent my bill, and what do you think was the consequence?"

"Nay, Doctor, it is impossible to say—something shabby, I should suppose."

"You shall judge: I received a note stating that Mr. Hopkins was surprised by the sight of my bill, as he had supposed that the strawberries and cream I had devoured would have been a very sufficient equivalent for my useless attendance; and at the foot was a counter bill of £14—think of that!"

"Hah, Hah, Doctor! I can imagine your surprise."

"Surprise! why my own breakfast costs me just fivepence per day, and here I had been unconsciously, according to his statement, spending three and sixpence every morning, for what I had considered a mere *bonne bouche*—a most scandalous affair indeed!"

"A most modest and ingenious set-off truly, Doctor! but his charge seems very extravagant, Sir."

"Extravagant! why, it is abominable! I have not spent three and sixpence in luxuries for the last dozen years: he has charged me at the rate of three quarts of strawberries and a quart of cream a-day! It is true I sometimes put a few into the carriage for dessert, and now and then he pressed upon me a few cucumbers, or asparagus, or a bunch or two of grapes, and once or twice a pine. I was really quite delighted with the man's kindness, and Mrs. E—— was equally pleased, and she sometimes accompanied me to Hopkins's house. It is a most shameful affair, and will be a lesson to me in future, neither to eat nor drink with patients—a thing I generally make a point of avoiding; but the temptation here was too great for my philosophy. Confound the fellow! he is as bad as his brother, who obliged me to receive a composition of three shillings in the pound on a bill of nearly £300, in common with the rest of the creditors:—was ever such a thing known before or since, till this shameful trick of the strawberries?"

The Doctor here rose to depart, when I mentioned the patient. "*Oh! ay, to be sure!*" said he; "*I shall see her to-morrow at ten, and you may let her go on just as usual:*" and so we left the house, both looking wondrous wise.

OUR COLONIES.[*]

When the time comes, as come it will, in which the "Island Throne" of Great Britain will be mingled with the dust of other nations, we know of no portion of her history that will excite greater curiosity and surprise amongst future thinkers, than her Colonies. Herself a speck on the map of the world, with a limited population and small territorial power, she wields an empire which puts to shame that of ancient Rome, even when Rome was all the world. The question will naturally arise, how was this immense empire obtained? and by what means was it kept in subjection? embracing races of men of the most opposite character, having religions of the most militant kinds, and interest of the most diverse complexions.

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[*] History of the British Colonies, vol. iv.—Possessions in Africa and Australasia. By R. M. Martin, Esq.—Cochrane and Co., London.

What mighty master-spirit furnished the code for its government? what civil and military engines were employed to control subjects scattered over the entire face of the globe? what was the wisdom which governed its executive? These are questions which the philosopher and historian of future time will ask of himself; and these questions he will endeavour to answer, by examining whatever records may be handed down from the present day. He would in the first instance appeal probably to the government records, as these, though often of little value, have at least the merit of being long-lived. Would he discover any thing amongst them to throw light upon our Colonial policy and our Colonial government? No; he would find an immense heap of undigested reports, official communications, and letters of advice: but he would find no elaborate and sagacious digest, no philosophic and profound code of laws,—no evidence, indeed, that the control of our immense external kingdom had ever occupied the minds of statesmen or legislators. What then was the power, he will exclaim, which procured this kingdom, and held it in subordination?

This is a question which may be asked with equal pertinence by ourselves. Little is known generally of our Colonies, little of their extent, little of their resources, little of their inhabitants, little of the links which bind them to us, and little of the causes which may destroy their connexion with us.

Till the appearance of Mr. Martin's work, our literature presented the striking and painful anomaly of an utter absence of any Colonial history. The Briarean and gigantic arms which spread out on all sides from the leading state, and whose motions and struggles have reacted powerfully upon it, were undescribed, *as a whole;* we felt their influence, but we neither knew their exact extent, nor their actual bearing. To this work, therefore, we should be under considerable obligations, had it done no more than offered us a general sketch—a connected view of our wide empire. But it has done greatly more than this. Mr. Martin is not a desk historian: he draws his remarks in the generality of cases from actual observation, and has very skilfully worked up personal experience of men, manners, and things, with the purely statistical portions of his work. In doing so, we think he has acted wisely, and shown a very proper sense of the mode of conveying information, and of attracting popular attention. He is, also, a man of wide philanthropy, of shrewd sense; and, as a politician and a statist, has worked for himself a high and imperishable reputation. It is men like him who ought to be placed in situations of trust, with regard to our Colonies. Can any good thing be expected in the government of our foreign possessions, when not one man amongst the officials connected with them *at home*, possesses a single atom of knowledge of the spirit of their people, the bearing of their peculiar national institutions, the resources of their soil and produce, or of the ameliorations and improvements of which one and all of these are capable. What can be expected from a Colonial government, the leading members of which are mere political playthings,—here to-day and gone to-morrow? Thus in a very brief space of time, we have had no less than five Colonial secretaries, and five under-secretaries; and these will be speedily followed by a sixth. What can be expected from this state of things at head-quarters, but the most inoperative and vacillating government. And neither had any of the Colonial secretaries, above-mentioned, any particular recommendation to the office, beyond their political position; and what opinions they held and do hold on our Colonies, were, and are, of very opposite tendencies. The dispatches which have therefore issued from the Colonial Office, during the last two years, are of the most diverse character; and before answers could be received, much more before the measures recommended could be carried into effect, the men have been gone, from whose wisdom or folly, as the case might be, the dispatches had issued. What has been the consequence?—Evil, necessarily; and it requires no particular stretch of prophetic power to vaticinate, that all our continental American possessions will be the price paid for our folly. Again, the most miserable policy has prevailed as to different Colonies,—no general plan has governed them—the West Indies protected at the expense of the East; the Cape sacrificed, in a great measure, to the absurd cry of free-trade and reciprocity—good terms in themselves, and well meant, but most ridiculously worked out—the whole being a strange medley of ignorance, presumption, prejudice, and self-interest.

Mr. Martin's account of the Cape of Good Hope embraces all that has been hitherto known, with very considerable additions drawn from his own personal experience. The fierce and bloody warfare, which has lately threatened the extinction of this promising Colony, gives a peculiar interest to this division of his Work.

"The Kaffres," says Mr. Martin, "are a fine pastoral race of men, located along the eastern frontier, and deserve much attention. Excepting the woolly hair, the Kaffre exhibits no similarity to the Hottentot or the Negro race; for, although the colour is dark brown, nearly black, the features are regular, having an Asiatic cast, and the form symmetrical,—the men particularly, being of a fair average height, and extremely well proportioned. The head is not, generally speaking, more elongated than that of an European: the frontal and occipital bones form nearly a semicircle; and a line from the forehead to the chin, drawn over the nose, is, in some instances, as finely rounded and as convex as the profile of a Grecian or Roman countenance. Their women are short of stature, very strong-limbed and muscular; and they attribute the keeping up the standard of the men to their frequent intermarriages with strangers, whom they purchase of the neighbouring tribes—the barter of cattle for young women forming one of the principal articles of their trade; all the chiefs choosing to purchase Tambookie (who are short and stout, with muscular legs, and without a taint of Hottentot, or African negro) wives in preference to their own people.

"Unlike the Hottentots, they are remarkably cheerful, frank, and animated, placing implicit confidence in visitors, and using every means to entertain them. The Kaffres prefer a state of nudity, with a scanty apron in the warm season; but in winter a cloak is used, made of the skins of wild beasts, admirably curried. Their arms are the javelin, a large shield of buffalo-hide, and a short club; but their wars generally arising about disputed pasture-ground, are generally decided without much bloodshed. They never wear a covering on their head even in the hottest weather, frequently shave their hair off, and seldom use any kind of shoes, unless when undertaking a long journey. Both sexes have the body tattooed, especially on the shoulders; and the young men, who consider themselves dandies, have their skins painted red, and their heads curled into small distinct knots like peas.

"The men are warlike, but indulge in an indolent life: in time of peace, hunting is their favourite pastime: the care of their herds seems the only active employment. Although every man is a soldier, the wars being unfrequent, they are seldom called on to serve, and never to exercise: their principal occupation, therefore, is that of herdsmen, in which they cannot be excelled."

Mr. Martin's account of this interesting people is as full and as minute as the nature of his work would permit. Pringle, Lichtenstein, Burchell, and some other travellers and observers, have drawn fine sketches of the Kaffres, who exhibit unequivocal traces of being of Arab descent, the present race having had its origin in frequent intermarriages with various surrounding tribes. Their numbers have been variously estimated at from 100,000 to 150,000 souls, and probably both estimates are wide from the truth. Notwithstanding their pastoral character, and their peaceful and hospitable demeanour, they have more than once proved dangerous neighbours. Like all other half-civilised tribes, their caprice, superstition, and love of war, are ready materials for being easily acted upon; and, with them, war is a war of extermination and of savage cruelty.

There are at the Cape great capabilities for its becoming an important and very useful section of the state. The Author very truly remarks:

"This Colony is no drain on the mother country: it pays all its civil, and part of its military expenses; and under a free constitution, a sound banking system, and with a continuance of its progressive prosperity, the Cape may well be deemed one of the most important sections of the empire. It is true, the inhabitants may not be unanimous for the adoption of a legislative assembly; but I trust no real friend of the Colony will sow seeds of strife with a view to retard so desirable a consummation. The Africans have already suffered severely from a system of public peculations and private disputes among the authorities. With a free press and education, I trust to see the foundation laid at the Cape of Good Hope, of a great and powerful community, whose ancestors will have the honour of converting an apparently sandy and inhospitable peninsula into a fertile and beautiful territory; from whence they will have the glory of extending among the natives and tribes of South Africa, the comforts of civilisation, the delights of freedom and literature, and the unspeakable blessings of Christianity."

There is perhaps no part of the globe to which the inquirer into mankind, and into the foundation of kingdoms, oftener looks, than New South Wales: not only has it this moral hold upon our attention, but as a country, differing in most respects, whether as to its formation, its inhabitants, its animals, and its vegetation, from all other known regions—it abounds with interesting materials. Mr. Martin's history of it is marked by great care, and is written in a fine spirit of philanthropy and justice, and opens some sound views as regards convict discipline. He speaks, as follows, regarding convicts and emigrants, after giving at length the regulations now in force regarding the distribution of the former.

> "Three-fifths of all the prisoners in the Colony are provided for by the capital and industry of the free population. After serving a certain time, with unblemished character, in this new stage of his existence, the prisoner (male or female) is entitled to what is termed a '*ticket of leave;*' the advantage of which is, that the holder thereof becomes, to all intents and purposes, a free person, throughout the district over which his or her ticket of leave extends; but should any crimes be committed, this ticket is withdrawn, and the probationary period is required to be re-commenced. Should the ticket be held for a certain number of years, the holder is entitled to a '*conditional pardon,*' which is not liable to be forfeited by the will of the executive, but is limited in its sphere of operation to the Colony:—is this differing from an '*absolute pardon,*' which restores the late prisoners to all the privileges of a British subject? This plan is not only good in theory, but has also proved admirable in practice; and no person of the most ordinary understanding can visit New South Wales, without perceiving its beneficial and politic results. On every side the traveller witnesses the proofs of an industrious and prosperous community: he beholds ships, warehouses, steam-engines, farms, &c., the owners of which were transported as prisoners from their natal soil, who have paid the penalty demanded by rigorous laws, and, commencing a new life, set an example of honesty, morality, and enterprise, to those from whose sphere they have emerged, and who are thus strongly urged to follow their praiseworthy example. I have visited almost every part of this earth, but nothing ever gave me so much pleasure as the grand moral spectacle which our penal colonies presented: it is indeed a glorious sight, one of which England may well feel proud, for on her historic scroll is eternally engraved the triumph of Christianity over human prejudices, and the reformation of feeble and fallen man.
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> "The second class of society are those who have once been prisoners, and are now free: they are termed *emancipists:* individually, and in the aggregate, they are possessed of great wealth, in land, houses, ships, merchandise, &c.; some of them being worth several hundred thousand pounds, and remarkable for their probity in dealing, charitable feeling, and enterprising spirit. They are associated with the next class in society (the free emigrant) in various public undertakings and institutions, and the colony is much indebted to their talents and honestly acquired wealth for its present prosperity.
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> "The next class consists of those who have arrived free in the colony, either as emigrant-farmers and settlers, whether shopkeepers, merchants, or government officers and functionaries, &c. Some individuals of this class refuse to associate in private, and as little in public as possible, with the preceding class, termed emancipists: they hold that a man having once committed a fault against society, is to be for ever shut out beyond the pale of that station in which they move—no consideration being paid to the circumstances of his having *legally* atoned for his offence, by undergoing the punishment ordered by the law, and *morally* expiated his crime by the unblemished life subsequently pursued, which, together with his industry and talents, has placed him on a par, as regards wealth, with those who exclude him from their community."

The emancipists and the exclusionists, here alluded to, have, for some years, embroiled both the private and public affairs of the colony, and have given rise to considerable personal hostility in many instances, equally injurious to the state and to the social interests of the community. The free settlers, who look upon themselves as the aristocracy of the colony, both as to morals and respectability, have perhaps pushed their prejudices, goaded on by personal feelings, much too far. The question is one of some nicety, and will occupy our attention at a future period. To say that a man who has been convicted of an offence shall *for ever* be under the ban of society, sounds not only harsh, but carries with it an air of injustice; and yet it is founded upon a moral prejudice, which is one of the most powerful safeguards of public and private morality. In the instance before us, we see this prejudice operating on a large scale, and in connexion with well-defined masses; and it is therefore a favourable opportunity for examining its bearings upon the present and future prospects of the colony.

The whole of this division of Mr. Martin's work is exceedingly valuable, and presents, in a clear and simple form, a mass of information not to be met with in any other quarter. Great industry is displayed; and although the statistics are not quite so perfect as could be wished, they are as complete as circumstances would permit the author to make them. As a matter of economy, there can be no doubt but that it is preferable to transport than to imprison at home; thus, in the Millbank Penitentiary, the average expense per convict was, in 1829, upwards of £30, which is nearly twice the expense of the transported convict.

Mr. Martin gives us a very satisfactory account of the Aborigines of New South Wales. They form about the lowest link in the scale of humanity, and are rapidly disappearing before the progress of the settlers. Every effort which has been made to improve their condition, has been rendered nugatory, by their irrepressible barbarous propensities. Huts have been built, dress provided, comforts placed in their path, and all to no purpose; and there can be little doubt but that, like wild animals, they will entirely disappear before the steps of civilisation. We have witnessed, in America, a similar process of extinction, with a race of men infinitely superior to the New Hollanders: the extremes of social life cannot exist together: order and savage license are mutual repellents; and disorganised tribes perish before the steady march of industry and cultivation. But this is not all—not only cannot the extremes of social order live together, but they cannot amalgamate; the inferior seems to be incapable of profiting by the example of the superior, and dies in his barbarism, either unwilling or unable to elevate himself into a fitting associate with his more refined fellow-man. Thus it would appear that civilisation must be the work of a long series of gradual ameliorations—the working and developement of intellect and morals, operated by slow but continuous influences; and that attempts to accelerate this either signally fail, or end in the destruction of the savage. This is a subject to which our attention has been called, in reference to religious missions; and we shall shortly devote some space to its examination.

The British settlements on the western shores of Africa,—namely, Sierra Leone, Gambia, and Cape Coast,—are to us subjects of melancholy associations: viewed merely as commercial depôts, or as points for endeavouring to humanise the fierce races around them, we have no objections to their continuance. But looking at Sierra Leone, we shall hail it as a happy day when the purposes to which so many valuable lives have been sacrificed, and an enormous amount of treasure wasted, are abandoned. It is a most mistaken and absurd idea that of locating negroes on the coast of Africa, with the intention of elevating them in the social scale. There are here placed in contact with the natives, beings of the same habits, feelings, and customs with themselves; and the example, aided by the instinct of savage life, is an all-potent check upon civilisation. Of the many thousand liberated slaves who have been placed at Sierra Leone, we doubt if any instances of satisfactory improvement, moral and intellectual, could be authenticated; and the settlement has entirely failed as a means of extending the blessings of civilisation into the interior of Africa. It has, indeed, been little beyond the means of enriching a few private individuals, and affords a striking proof of how little our colonial and home government are aware of the business, the means, and the men on whom hundreds of thousands of pounds are lavished, which have been wrung from the hard-won resources of our own population.

Our space will not permit us to go more at length into the varied and valuable contents of Mr. Martin's work. It embraces the Cape Mauritius, New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land, Western Australia, South Australia, the Falkland Islands, St. Helena, and the British Settlements on the shores of Western Africa. It is full of important details, told in perspicuous language, and given in a comprehensive form. It is the first history of our Colonies; and it is no small praise to say of it, that it is in every way worthy its subject. It displays throughout a very laudable spirit of impartiality, sound and enlarged views of commercial policy, an enlightened mind, and a Christian temper. We wait with some impatience for Mr. Martin's succeeding volume, which will contain a summary of our Colonial Policy, and which we trust is destined to work a change in the entire government of our immense external possessions.

ADAM AND EVE IN PARADISE.

(*Paraphrase from Milton.*)

BY P. GASKELL, ESQ.

Half-sitting, half-reclined, with love-born smiles,
Upon a verdant bank, damask'd with flowers,
The graceful pair repose; and amorous wiles
And youthful dalliance wing the fleeting hours;
While round and over-head each song-bird pours
Its own love-ditty to its nestling mate:
Cloudless the deep blue sky—no tempest lowers;
Peace brooding o'er the earth in gladness sate;
And innocence was there, and love—with looks elate.

In sportive play—creatures since then all wild
Came frisking round—the Lion and the Bear
Dandled the kid; and as the kid were mild.
Tigers and Leopards with the Lamb made lair:
And the huge Elephant wreath'd high in air
His lithe proboscis; and the Serpent sly
Glided with easy curves, in beauty rare—
Or coil'd his braided train, with glittering eye,
Giving unheeded proofs of guile and subtlety.

Thus pass'd the day; and in the glowing west
Slowly the Sun declined, and evening came:
Then spoke our Sire—" Fair Eve! my own, my best!
How poor these joys without thee! and how tame!
How cold, how passionless, and without aim!
Gracious must be the power, and great his might
That framed this happy world! Bless'd be his name!
He form'd thee, Eve! sole crown of my delight:
Without thee all were dead—and day the darkest night!

" He placed us here, with this one easy charge—
To shun the Tree of Knowledge, and its fruit:
All else is ours—dominion high and large.
Easy obedience!—how can we pollute
Our happy world, or bring life's substitute,
Dread Death—some fearful thing by Him foretold—
By Him our gracious God—should we dispute
His sacred will, or sin its snares unfold!—
How can we fail, sweet Eve, our simple faith to hold!

"Let us not think this hard—to us is given
A world within ourselves, surcharged with love
And manifold delights—a second Heaven!
Let us extol God's bounty—let us prove
How grateful is our task—to trim this grove,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers:
Ev'n were this hard, thy presence would remove
All sense of toil and pain, and gild the hours
With happy thoughts, and give me never-tiring powers."

Thus answer'd Eve, in low and tuneful voice:—
"O thou, for whom I live!—in whom I'm bless'd!
My head! my guide! doubly may I rejoice,
Since I have God and thee above the rest!
Thou nobly gifted, and with power impress'd,
Canst worship God alone—I Him and thee.
Thanks, praises, prayers, are swelling in my breast:
Low thus I bend—and thus on suppliant knee
Pour out my thanks to God—my soul to thee!"

THE YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

CHAPTER I.—THE RECTOR.

"Tell me, on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found?"
COLERIDGE.

THE exceeding beauty of many of our old country parsonage-houses, with their tall chimnies, cool porches, various-sized windows, pointed gables, slanting roofs, and irregular structure, joined to their solemn repose and their extreme neatness, give them an air almost devotional, and they are in admirable keeping with the life and character of a christian pastor. It is these houses, together with the neighbouring primitive and antiquated churches, that give one great charm to the rural districts of our favoured country. Many soothing and delightful trains of feeling are always excited by them, and their pure repose comes closely home to those religious sensibilities which are implanted in all our hearts.

In one of these mansions, James Edwards had taken up his abode, when about fifty years of age. Upwards of twenty years he had lived as a Fellow in one of our most noted colleges; and when he had been presented with the living, he had at once exchanged his locality and his state of celibacy,—and a love-engagement, of a standing as old as his Fellowship, had been at last fulfilled.

Mr. Edwards entered on his new vocations as a parish priest, and as a married man, with a full and sincere determination to fulfil their various duties; but he was in some respects unfitted for their due performance. Naturally good-humoured and convivial, and having obtained his Fellowship almost as soon as his degree, he had never had an opportunity of acquiring practical knowledge of the ordinary affairs of the every-day world. Of the value of money he knew nothing, and was consequently ignorant of that economy, without which income is valueless, as a provision beyond the supply of our immediate wants.

The good, easy man had therefore husbanded no part of his resources, so that, when he commenced his career of housekeeping, he was nearly pennyless. Credit and high prices were of course the order of the day, joined to great peculation from want of punctuality. Thus he had a constant difficulty in meeting his expenditure, which was attended by its customary shifts and sacrifices; and these altogether swallowed up the entire proceeds of his benefice beforehand. So long as no pressing demands were made upon him, he believed every thing to be going on right—sat comfortably in his carved oaken chair, and superintended his parochial affairs with dignity, tempered by humour and liveliness.

His life thus glided on happily and placidly, and three children were born to him in his old age. His wife as well as himself possessed an equanimity of temper that guarded them from embittering present enjoyment by useless calculations upon futurity. Satisfied with the plenty of the day, they sailed smoothly along the stream of existence, never dreaming, in the simplicity and singleness of their hearts, that storms or shipwrecks could come athwart their passage. Now and then, indeed, Mrs. Edwards, who was several years younger than her husband, would remind him of the uncertainty of life, and of the circumstance, that should any thing happen to him, herself and his infant family would be plunged at once into poverty.

His long-continued habits rendered him unable to profit, or even feel these admonitions. Not that he was selfish, or unwilling to deprive himself of certain comforts and indulgences which he now enjoyed, but that an habitual indifference, joined to a deep though erring sense of the goodness of his Divine Master, made him incapable of understanding his proper position. Hence, in reply to his wife, he would urge that the Great Being, to whose service his life was devoted, would never desert the upright man, nor leave the children of his servant to perish for want. " Besides," he went on to say, " we are, my dear, stewards, placed by a bountiful God to administer our wealth to the poor. We are sent as beacons by which all classes of society may shape their course. Sociability, a free participation of our enjoyments, and unbounded charity, I consider as essential parts of our duties. It will be vain to preach doctrines of love to our neighbour, and of peace and good-will to all mankind, if our example does not coincide with our precepts."

These were the opinions of this worthy man as to the duties of a gospel minister; and they were not suffered to slumber idly in his own breast. To the poor amongst his flock, he was a liberal patron; to the fatherless and to the orphan, he was a father; to the sick he was a physician; to the afflicted a comforter; whilst to the rich he was a confidential friend and adviser; and to the dying, of all classes, he was a guide and monitor to the narrow path which leads over that bourn "from whence no traveller returns."

Well educated, of gentlemanly manners, and of cheerful and amiable disposition, Mr. Edwards was a welcome and honoured guest in a wide circle of wealthy and aristocratic families; and this led to a style of living certainly incompatible with his condition, considered only in a pecuniary and prudential point of view.

His youngest and most darling child, a fair girl, was seized with sickness in her tenth year; and, after several weeks of great suffering, was removed. Death found them even in their beautiful and sanctified home. The minister mourned, but not as one without hope. The Dispenser of life had taken to himself the fairest of his gifts; but the deprivation was doubtless for some wise and beneficent purpose: and the bereaved father followed his innocent child to the grave, murmuring "Thy will be done!"

His son, who was named after himself, was now sixteen. His education, which had proceeded under his own inspection, had made him master of most of the common departments of youthful learning. James inherited his father's disposition—he was cheerful, good-tempered, and had a heart stored with home affections. He was most fondly attached to his mother and to his surviving sister, and was moreover a general favourite. The time was approaching when it was intended he should leave his paternal roof for the university, in the hope and expectation that he would become a worthy successor to his father in the rectory.

Few incidents diversify the life of individuals thus moving in a limited and well-defined circle. The day came, and it found them happy and contented; and the night was passed in the unbroken and dreamless sleep of innocence. Mr. Edwards began to show evident signs that age was stealing over him. It had blanched his hair, and furrowed his cheeks, and made his eye and his ear somewhat dimmer than had been their wont. But, on the whole, the hand of Time had pressed lightly upon him. His faculties were unimpaired, and his cheerfulness and usual gaiety were his constant companions. He was no richer than when he first entered on the duties of his ministerial office; and, so far, he had been a faithful steward. He had, however, neglected to take precautions for the future welfare of his family; and, in doing this, he had neglected an important moral duty.

CHAPTER II.—THE COLLEGIAN.

> "She that hath a heart of that fine frame,
> To pay the debt of love————
> How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
> Hath struck all the affections that in her dwell!"

THERE are epochs in the lives of individuals, as well as in the history of nations. Some event, often fortuitous, gives a tone to succeeding occurrences, till it is in time displaced by another, which in like manner impresses itself, to be again removed at some future period.

When James Edwards was eighteen, and from youth had attained the threshold of manhood, the first great moral epoch of his existence developed itself. This was a first and passionate love, which now, when all was prepared for his removal to the university, came to add pangs to the pain of separation.

Mrs. Jennings had inhabited a sweet little cottage, abutting upon the burial-ground of the church of R—— for many years. When she first settled herself amongst the parishioners of Mr. Edwards, nothing whatever was known of her; but she came in widow's weeds, accompanied by a little girl, her daughter, and the good rector had made her an especial object of his kindness.

He soon learnt her brief history. Her husband had held some minor office under government, and, in consequence of an accident sustained in the course of his duties, had been so severely injured that he did not long survive it. He had left her a young widow, with the little Mary, and a very small annuity, which barely sufficed to support them.

The propriety of Mrs. Jennings's conduct, the excellent education she had received and profited by, and the air of respectability which she still retained, secured an introduction into the family of the parsonage. By and bye a very close intimacy grew up, which was not a little cemented and fostered by the fondness the rector's children showed for her own darling and beautiful child. Indeed she passed more time in the spacious nursery of the rectory, than in her own humble and contracted apartment.

The children became therefore members of the same household in a great measure. The same studies were pursued by little Mary, as she was called, as by the young Edwards's; and they shared equally the same amusements and the same childish griefs. It was however soon observed that James attached himself more closely to the stranger than to his own sister. He was her ready and resolute champion in all their infantine quarrels, and her intercessor when graver faults required it. He also preferred her company in his boyish rambles, sometimes greatly to the annoyance and jealousy of his sister; and at all times the brightest flower and fairest fruit were hoarded for little Mary. The child in return loved him with her whole heart: she bore with his petulance, and, when old enough, heard him repeat his lessons, seated in the low and ivy-covered porch of the church.

This love of their infancy "grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength;" but when James had reached his eighteenth year, and Mary her sixteenth, a marked change came over their intercourse. Hitherto they had romped together as children, had rambled far away into the recesses of the neighbouring forest, laughing, or kissing, or quarrelling. Now, though they were quite as much together, there was no longer the same familiarity; on the contrary, they exhibited obvious marks, that a very painful embarrassment interposed between them; and yet, anomalous as it may appear, they sought each other with more than accustomed eagerness. Never did Mary proceed far on her customary walks before James was at her side, and never did she sit long in her quiet and beautiful cottage in the long summer evenings, when her mother was absent, before his soft knock and his eager step were heard.

Little was said at these interviews; but their souls drank deeply at the fountain of love; and when twilight had rendered all dim and indistinct,—when the breeze had died away—when the twittering of the "household bird" was hushed, the whispered good-night, the trembling pressure faintly given and returned, betrayed an intensity of emotion, that can be felt only in the sunny period of youth and in the impulses of a first love.

An attachment of the most ardent character thus bound together the hearts of James Edwards and Mary Jennings; and on the eve of his departure for the university, vows of the purest affection were exchanged between them.

Brought up as James had been under the eye of his excellent father, and with the constant example of pure and holy living before him, his mind was deeply imbued with a sense of religion; for he had seen its truths and its precepts daily illustrated.

This was however far from damping his natural cheerfulness. The faith of Christ taught him neither stoicism nor fanaticism; but it enabled him to live in society, and to escape its vices; to mingle freely in college-life, yet to retain the purity of his principles, and to share the amusements and sports of his companions without diverging from the path of duty to himself or to his Creator. He was a pattern of sobriety, of diligent and careful study, and in consequence made rapid progress and proficiency.

In little more than four years, his friends had the pride and satisfaction of seeing him obtain distinguished honours. His love for Mary Jennings still reigned in his heart with all its original enthusiasm. The purity and holiness of a first affection had materially aided him in escaping the snares of his passions. An early attachment, indeed, when properly placed, is of the utmost value to a young man on commencing his career of independent existence; and poor is the philosophy and the prudence that would strive to deaden or destroy the first impulses of young and pure minds. To James, the love for Mary Jennings served as a shield of asbestos against all temptations; and its purifying influence shed around him a halo of quiet happiness, that soothed and cheered him on in his course of study.

During these years he had frequently visited home, and, as may be supposed, a warm welcome ever awaited him at the Parsonage. His father viewed him with pride, and prayed only that his life might be prolonged till he saw James settled in a living when "he should depart in peace." His attachment to Mary was avowed, and sanctioned. The high reputation which he enjoyed for talents, joined to his excellent moral character, made Mrs. Jennings's heart glad within her, and most cordially did she approve of Mary's choice. She looked forward to their union in the fond hope that her old age would be passed with them; and she blessed the "Giver of all good things" for this, which she esteemed a special mark of His favour.

The intercourse of Mary and James was thus encouraged on all hands, and no restriction was placed upon their association. Poor Mary heard the highest praises lavished upon the chosen object of her wishes; but these could not enlarge the extent of her love, for already this had swallowed up all her earthly hopes and desires. Placid and sweet in her manners, she had a heart which was the abode of the most enthusiastic feelings; and kept alive as these constantly were, they began to prey upon a constitution far too delicate for the struggle. She would have vowed her vows at the altar at this time, and have been a happy wife; nay, she would have been a "crown of glory" to her husband. But this was thought impossible. Marriage would have been incompatible with James's present mode of subsistence, and might prove fatal to his farther prospects of preferment, dependent as this was on his college.

The havoc of over-excitement in a temperament like Mary's soon became visible. During his transitory visits, indeed, her eyes sparkled, and her cheek glowed, as in the first burst of their happiness; but throughout his long absences, she pined and drooped, with hope deferred, that "maketh the heart sick;" and like the lily, which in all its bravery has exposed itself to the scorching mid-day sun—the first symptoms of decay only rendered her still more touchingly beautiful.

CHAPTER III.—THE CURATE.

"A heart that, having once laid hold,
Closely adheres, and but in death drops off."

"How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!" Beautiful, indeed, is the death of that man, who has, through life, fulfilled with an upright mind the various duties of his station, and who sinks into forgetfulness, in the calm hope of a Christian, and full of trust in God! Such was the death of the Reverend James Edwards, who was gathered to his fathers when his son was about to enter upon the sacred duties of his profession. He died full of affection for his family and for his people, and in the confident hope that He who had watched over him would watch over his family.

This was the second epoch in the life of James Edwards, and it came fraught with melancholy consequences. The death of his father at once laid open the effects of his profuse and unlimited generosity, and of his ignorance and disregard of regularity and economy in his ordinary transactions. He had come to the rectory well nigh pennyless, and so he had died.

The blow came heavily upon his family; and their condition was rendered still more cruelly severe, by the new incumbent rigorously exacting the utmost that could be claimed for dilapidations. Bowed down by sorrow and by unexpected misfortunes, they found a welcome shelter beneath the roof of Mrs. Jennings; and their entire support now devolved upon the exertions and the success of James.

This untimely event wrung his heart bitterly, as he felt that it placed another obstacle in the way of an union on which his happiness was so mainly dependent. The best and wisest amongst us murmur occasionally at the dispensations and trials which beset our paths, although we have a firm conviction that they are but chastenings from the hand of Almighty God. The essence of Divinity within us is so mingled with our earthly tabernacle, that we cannot wholly free ourselves from this weakness; and it can excite no surprise that James fought hard and desperately to overcome his scruples, and to determine at once to espouse Mary Jennings. But his sense of his duties as a son prevailed; and he yielded to the paramount necessity of maintaining his otherwise destitute and helpless mother and sister.

It was said by our Saviour, that " a good man, out of the good treasure of the heart, bringeth forth good things:" and James Edwards, feeling that his resolution coincided with his duties as a sincere and devout Christian, calmed his impatience. The first great command, " Honour thy father and thy mother," had been deeply impressed upon his mind, and never in thought or deed had he hitherto violated it; and he knew, that if now he should marry, he would plunge them into extreme poverty. He longed, indeed, as the wearied infant longs for the lap of its mother, to repose on the bosom of his beloved Mary; but he struggled nobly with his wishes, and, blessing God for having placed within his reach the means of providing a home for his mother, he tore himself away, and proceeded to take possession of a curacy in a remote part of Yorkshire, to which he had been preferred by his college.

The income arising from this did not exceed £60 per annum, and would have been utterly insufficient to provide for their wants, even in their most limited form, had he not derived some farther assistance from certain collegiate honours which he enjoyed. These extraneous resources would fail at once, were he to marry; and thus he felt bound by his duty as a son and as a Christian, to defer the fulfilment of his engagement with Mary; and in this resolution he was sustained and fortified by the pure-minded girl, though she felt that her own existence was at stake.

It is rarely that the mind and the affections of women are correctly understood. To her, indeed, life is but a history of the affections: her heart is her whole world; and as her life is often a secluded, and therefore a meditative one, she becomes the constant companion of her own thoughts and feelings. In her, love acquires a power and a pre-eminence, such as man but seldom or never can experience. His avocations lead him abroad into the bustle and excitement of the world; and the attrition to which his feelings and his affections are subjected, soon blunts their finer and more sensible portions.

It was thus with Mary Jennings. She had so long and so completely given way before her love for James Edwards, that the idea of it continually occupied her mind, and slowly but certainly undermined her health. Had James been fully aware that the canker-worm was destroying all that he held dear, nothing could have restrained him from making her his own; but judging of her by himself, and believing that no love, not even that of woman, could surpass his own, he knew nothing of the ravages which were going on in Mary. Her letters to him were at once frank and affectionate, but never contained a single allusion to her own decaying health.

She was, however, fully sensible of it; and sometimes the very knowledge gave her a feeling of exquisite happiness, as to her excited imagination it seemed that she was sacrificing her life, for the sake of him who was so unutterably dear to her. Of his truth, of his unspotted honour, she never for a moment had a doubt; and knowing as she did the circumstances that formed the barrier to the fulfilment of their plighted vows, not a single murmur or repining thought disturbed the conviction that James was performing his duty. Mrs. Jennings, with a mind as finely endowed as that of her daughter, aided her resolution; and, though she grieved for her daughter's failing health, she did not permit a syllable to escape her lips.

Meantime, James was striving to make such additions to his means, as would enable him to marry with some prospect of supporting a wife. He opened a school, and sought far and near for pupils; but the district in which he was placed was a remote one, and peopled scantily, and he made little progress. Early and late he was at work, and nobly did he strive to earn his happiness. The simple and unostentatious duties of his cure, he performed with exemplary fidelity, and with a sincerity and earnestness that soon secured him the love and respect of his flock: sustained by the approbation of his own mind, by the contemplation of his aged mother and sister, by the soothing knowledge that he was labouring not in vain, in the vineyard of his sacred calling, and by letters filled with devotion and untiring affection from Mary, a holy calm came over his mind, and he tasted the fruits of righteous and Christian living. "Hope," indeed, "springs eternal in the human breast;" and it is rare in the early part of life, that misfortune or disappointment so far depresses the spirit, as to shut out this comforter; and when this is encouraged and supported by a firm reliance upon Providence, it calls into action "whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, and whatsoever things are lovely."

CHAPTER IV.—THE HUSBAND.

"Yet for each ravaged charm of earth, some pitying power had giv'n
Beauty of more than mortal birth—a spell that breath'd of Heav'n;
And as she bent, resign'd and meek, beneath the chastening blow,
With all a martyr's fervid faith her features seem'd to glow."

For nearly two years James Edwards devoted himself to his duties, without venturing to abstract himself from the sphere of his utility. His curacy, though affording so scanty a remuneration, was extensive, and inhabited principally by store-farmers and shepherds. The dwellings of his people were thinly scattered over a wide hilly country; and though the simple and primitive manners of the inhabitants removed them from many sources of vice, still this very circumstance rendered his duties the more onerous. No family event of importance could take place, even in the humblest cot of his parishioners, but the minister was either a witness or an adviser. With them, deaths, burials, marriages, and christenings were looked upon as seasons particularly requiring the assiduous attention of him who had the care of their spiritual welfare; and the bed of sickness, and the house of misfortune, derived their principal consolation from his visits and exhortations.

Thus occupied, his thoughts were prevented from dwelling so exclusively, as they otherwise would have done, upon Mary. Still, there were times and seasons when the philosophy of his religion, and the philosophy of reason, were insufficient to hinder him from feeling acutely on the subject. Her goodness, her purity, her forgetfulness of self, filled him with admiration, and kept alive his most strenuous efforts to enlarge his means. Placed however as he was, there appeared but little prospect of this; and at the beginning of the third year of his absence, he resolved to visit his betrothed, though his determination had long been made not to venture into her presence, until he could hold out some immediate prospect of sharing with her his joys and his sorrows.

It was at the close of a magnificent day, about Midsummer, that James again trod the precincts of the rectory of R——, which had been the home of his youth, and the scene of his day-dream of happiness. Every thing appeared precisely in the same state as when he had left it—the rectory, the church, the ancient turnstile, the winding field-road, and a crowd of happy yet sorrowful reminiscences filled his mind. Not a spot but which was endeared to him by the remembrance of his venerable father or of Mary Jennings; and so powerful were the associations which came over him, that he expected at every step to hear the light foot-fall that had once been the constant attendant of his own in the walk he was now pursuing.

The evening was splendidly lovely, and the rich twilight had enshrouded the landscape, as he reached the narrow lane leading to Mrs. Jennings's cottage. His heart beat fast, as every well-remembered copse, hedge-row, and tree was seen in the dim and quiet light. Not a sound was abroad, save the rustle of the dying breeze in the elm-grove; and an undefinable feeling of uneasiness came over him, as he stood before the low paling in the front of the house. Every thing around him, however, had its well-remembered appearance of order and neatness; and encouraged by this, he opened the low wicket, and, before proceeding to the door, approached a latticed window half-hidden by jasmine and honeysuckle. It was at this window that he had been accustomed to sit with Mary during the first burst and glow of his young love, and a host of happy memories filled his breast as he leaned against it. The gloom of early evening made objects in the interior of the cottage somewhat indistinct; but as with cautious hand he pushed back the intervening foliage, he could see his betrothed bride and her aged and venerable mother, at an opposite window, both silently engaged in reading—Mary a letter, probably one of his own, and Mrs. Jennings, her Bible. A light tap, which he gave on the glass, made Mary scream—well did she remember it, and, as James opened the door, he found himself in the arms of the weeping maiden.

His greeting was most affectionately cordial, and several hours were passed in mingled smiles and tears. Edwards was sensible of the decay in the person of Mary; but as his presence flushed and agitated her, it remained for the following morning to betray the ravages, which "hope deferred," and a woman's passionate love, had worked in the once blooming Mary Jennings. At an early hour they were pursuing one of their favourite walks; and as James gazed upon her face, and felt her tottering weight, he inquired anxiously and eagerly after her health. Formerly, the stile over which he was now compelled almost to lift her had been lightly sprung over; and the pace, now feeble and trembling, had then resembled that of the young roe: and as one by one these evidences of destroyed health became visible to James, the truth flashed on his mind, that the loving and beloved object of his most treasured affections had been pining and withering, whilst he, utterly unconscious of it, had been the cause of the blight which had come over her young beauty. With a burst of passionate sensibility, he alternately deplored and blamed her, till both, equally overcome by past and present recollections, sat down, and a gush of tears came to relieve Mary's over-weighted heart. Her simple tale of suffering was soon told—how that day after day she had become weaker and weaker, and how that she had wished only to see him once again before she should die.

"Yes," she continued, "I know I must die, and I shall die happy, because I die for you. Oh that it might have been different! that I might have been yours, my own love! to have called you mine, and have lived to lavish upon you all—all I had to bestow,—my heart, my soul, my very existence!" and she buried her face in his breast, as her maidenly blushes overcame for a moment the hectic tinge of her worn and pallid cheek.

With what emotions James heard these details may be better conceived than described. She who had been the idol of his earthly adoration,—she whose love had been intertwined with all his hopes and plans of happiness, thus—thus to be bowed down and broken, and all for him, without one murmur, without one complaint—it was more than even his Christian philosophy could support; and he wept like a child, as he vowed that his she should be, that he would carry her back as his wife, and that He whose faithful though humble servant he had been, would spare her to his heart.

"It must be so, Mary! it shall be so! fear not, love! my mother shall be your nurse, and I will be your physician! Oh! why—why not tell me! Cruel, and yet noble girl! but mine you shall be, and we will yet be happy. Smile, my love, as was your wont, and we will hasten back, and all will be well!"

And Mary did smile as she leaned fondly upon him; but it was the smile of satisfied faith, not the rapturous look that would have hailed the announcement at an earlier period. Indeed so long had she been in the habit of considering herself doomed to an early and Vestal grave, that now when James in a burst of tenderness clasped her to his heart, and called her his, her emotions were of a holier and loftier character than those excited by merely earthly love. It seemed as if she had won the temple of her wishes, but that her sole hope was to lay down her life as a sacrifice before its shrine.

On their way homewards Mary's debilitated condition was still more apparent: once and again had she to pause and rest,—but James's arm was a grateful support; and these symptoms of weakness increased ten-fold his anxious desire to put an end to the exhausting conflict of love and prudence, which had already nearly overwhelmed her. Mrs. Jennings, on being consulted, gave her assent to their immediate union; and James hastened to the rectory to make preparations for his nuptials, which he was determined should be celebrated on the following day.

Every consideration had given way before Mary's drooping figure and pale and angel-like countenance. Though not labouring under any specific disease, the withering touch of over-excitement had greatly weakened the springs of life; and the effect of this upon her outward form had been to give her a delicacy of expression—a look so fragile, and yet so lovely, that his heart must have been hard indeed who could have gazed on her unmoved. James, indeed, was sensible only of the decay; for to him she had been from boyhood pre-eminently beautiful. On retiring for the night, with his uneasiness in some degree quelled by the decisive steps which he had taken, he began to think over the consequences. Much he could see would have to be endured—self mingled not in his reflections; but as these embraced his mother, sister, his wife, and her mother, there was abundance of scope for unquiet thought. He had, however, the consoling thought that he should save the perishing girl, and gratify his long and patiently endured love.

Morning came, and Mary Jennings became the wife of James Edwards; and in a few days, by easy journeys, they reached his home, where they were welcomed by his mother and sisters. Mrs. Jennings had accompanied them, so that they were again one family. Love and cheerfulness were diffused through their household; and all believed, even Mary herself, that her long-anticipated doom had been averted. For some weeks, indeed, she was obviously better: she was happy; idolised by her husband, loved by all around her, and her life one of unmixed delight. This roused her energies, and nature struggled to free herself from the pressure which had been so long weighing her down. But the very excitement to which she was subjected, although it counteracted for a time the mischief already done, soon began to prey upon her small remains of strength; and again she grew feeble and drooping, and again the conviction rose within her mind, that her removal from all she held dear was not very remote.

Meanwhile, the diminution of the curate's income had made itself felt; but the privations necessarily arising from this had been borne cheerfully, nay pleasantly. Mrs. Jennings's mite had been added to the common stock; and thus contented, religious, and fulfilling all their duties, the curate's family was, what such families ought to be, a model of Christian living.

The first chill breezes of Autumn produced a very unfavourable change in Mary's health, and rapid consumption was now fully developed. James saw the approaching bereavement with a heart torn with anguish, grief, and remorse. He blamed himself for having been the unconscious destroyer of his sainted wife; and this feeling aggravated ten-fold his sorrow. For her, she bore her painless illness with a meek and cheerful spirit, that served only to increase the love of those who were about to lose her. Day after day her cheek became thinner and thinner, and her frame more attenuate: but still her eye beamed brightly, and her low and soft voice seemed to be more and more musical. For hours together would Edwards bend over her, and, in impassioned accents of most pure and holy affection, lavish upon her the treasured horde of the love which had so long been his anchor and his hope: and Mary loved him, perhaps, even more intensely than in the height of her young imaginings; the 'waking bliss,' which she had briefly enjoyed, had served to show her how worthy was the object of her regard: and though she knew she must leave him, she gazed upon and caressed him, without a murmur that this delight was fast fleeting.

The 'poisoned arrow' had, indeed, too truly done its work; and Mary Edwards now presented one of the most painful, and yet one of the most beautiful aspects under which humanity can be contemplated,—a young and lovely bride, slowly dying of consumption. The picture is not an unusual one; for to finely and delicately organised systems, the expectations previous to and the excitement following marriage, especially where the affections are deeply engrossed, often prove the grave of blooming womanhood. Mary had long been pining; and, had her union with James taken place at an earlier date, the 'canker-worm' might have been resisted. But it was too late; and her husband, when that

> "Food of the mind—the sweet intercourse
> Of looks and smiles,"

had still more closely woven his heart to her, had the agony of watching her death-bed. He was a Christian, but he was also a man; and when he threw himself beside her lifeless body, he deemed that he had made too great a sacrifice to his duties.

P. G.

THE STAR-ENAMOURED.

"Who dwells among the stars, mamma—so mild, so fair, and bright?
As o'er us, in the dusky sky, they shed their lovely light:
Methinks a gently-beaming eye in every ray I see,
A host of heavenly watchers set to guide and counsel me!

"This earth has many a flower, mamma, and many a valley sweet,
To balm the sense with fragrance pure, and rest the weary feet;
And many a kindly face, mamma, we meet, as here we roam,
The kindest and the dearest still, the nearer to our home.

"But oh! mamma, I long to be a creature of the sky,
To shine and shine for ever more in yon bright place on high.
I long to be away—away!—from this pale prison free,
To look a long long tearless look of endless love on thee!

"They say that angel-forms, mamma, amongst those stars are seen
In everlasting whiteness clad, in never-dying sheen;
And kindly looks they send to all whose hearts with grief are riven,
A foretaste sweet of Faith's reward, when call'd to dwell in heaven!

"And might not I—a child, mamma,—become a little star,
And shed my looks of light and love from yonder fields afar?
You might not know my beams, mamma, but they would ever be
Directed, with a fervent glance, upon thy home and thee!

"Then let me go and pray, mamma, that I may soar away,
And never lift my eyes again upon another day!
I long to be among the stars—to feel their balmy light—
Oh! let me go and pray, mamma; good night, a long good night!"

The mother clasped her little child, and tenderly she said,
"Thou canst not be a star as yet, my gentle little maid!
But when thy lovely life is o'er, and God shall call his own,
I trust that thou *wilt* be a star,—the brightest round his throne!

"Thou canst not be a star as yet, for there is many a one
To whom thou art a light, my love, still shining softly on;
And if thy lustre from this life should suddenly depart,
'Twould quench thy mother's hopes on earth,—'twould break thy mother's heart!"

But still the little lady pined, and none might say her nay—
Her soul was with the stars by night—her heart the livelong day;
And on her infant pillow, cold, they found the little maid,
In holy sleep, like angels' rest,—all beautifully laid!

Oh! who could see her as she lay in her mild beauty dress'd,
Nor feel a wish to share with her that deep unbroken rest—
That faultless loveliness which speaks a gentle seraph's birth—
A star, if ever star there were, upon the dewy earth!

And now the mother looks for her, whene'er the silent night
Is gemm'd with countless stars serene, intensely, purely bright;
But to the eye of Faith alone, that vision fair is given—
That mother may not see her child, until they meet in heaven!

W. G. T.

LECTURES AND LEARNING AMONG THE HIGHEST CLASSES IN GREAT BRITAIN.—REMARKS ON EDUCATING THE POOR.

From the MS. Letters of a Distinguished Foreigner.

Being greatly lionized during my sojourn in Great Britain, the ranks of the highest classes of society eagerly received me. My object is not to describe manners, but to speak of the education and of the peculiar style of literature most in repute among the different grades of the community. I shall not therefore say one word on any other point, except in so far as my subject may demand.

I found it very fashionable to attend *conversaziones*, amongst the ladies, where the parties were sufficiently exclusive; and, amongst the gentlemen, lectures and scientific meetings, when *distingué*, were much followed. My presence was courted by the getters up of these affairs; and I found myself not unfrequently in contact with men celebrated both from their rank and their talents. It may be objected to my account of these literary reunions, that my being a stranger to the peculiar genius of the country must incapacitate me from giving a fair estimate of their value: it may be so, but as I am unprejudiced, and had every facility afforded me for understanding them, I feel that my sentiments are in accordance with common sense—a moral quality of equal growth in many nations.

The first meeting I attended was in consequence of one of my noble friends earnestly requesting me to accompany him, as a matter of singular interest was that evening to occupy the attention of his learned brethren. The society, so far as I was able to comprehend its aim, was meant to preserve old buildings, old stones, old names, and other antique things from being lost; for which laudable purpose, a kind of journal was published, in which their existence was recorded, and a museum established, into which such as were portable were safely placed. The rooms were large and splendid; there was a noble library, and the company assembled of the most imposing character.

After some time spent in preliminaries, during which my curiosity was alive as to the cause which had brought together men of great reputation, a venerable and highly intelligent-looking man seated himself at the table; and the secretary, with great ceremony, placed before him a piece of broken mouldy stone, scored evidently, at least to my unpractised eye, by the pickaxe of the labourer who dug it from its original bed. It had, however, been found in the middle of a waste common, and was currently reported either to have fallen from the moon, or been part of an altar erected by a savage people, who were supposed to have had a settlement here some centuries before the common era. The objects of the lecturer were, in the first place, to settle the dispute as to its origin; and in the second, to demonstrate the degree of civilisation indicated by it. After four hours of prosy nonsense, having neither head nor tail, he declared that the stone had fallen from the moon; that from the specimen before him, it was quite clear the inhabitants of that planet had a written language, and an alphabet of eighty-four letters; and that they had printing-presses of a strange construction, and eat their victuals uncooked. The meeting applauded loudly, and I left it, muttering to myself—"Prodigious! what a singular people!"

My next attendance was upon a meeting of the members of a sort of medical society; and as the lecture was announced to be upon a very curious and interesting topic, and to be delivered by a fashionable doctor, I found a large assemblage, including many ladies of rank and fashion. The discourse was to be in Latin, which gave me, at first, a high notion of the learning of the attenders, both male and female; but this gave way to surprise, when the lecturer began his oration, as he had very skilfully contrived to coin a language so nearly resembling the vernacular, that there was no difficulty in understanding him. This struck me as a piece of most ingenious refinement, as every body seemed pleased with the idea of comprehending so readily a foreign and classical language. His lecture consisted of a long string of prettinesses of and concerning certain secretions of the human body; and of other subjects, which, I confess, not a little surprised me. He was, however, listened to with profound attention, and was frequently loudly applauded. Three distinct cheers followed the conclusion; and I left the place, half-suffocated by the heat and pressure, exclaiming to myself—"What a singular people! how nice in their ideas! how learned and ingenious in their views!"

A few days after this lecture, I attended a meeting of a very distinguished society, established, as I was told, for the advancement and encouragement of the arts and sciences in general, and of chemistry in particular. As this was the first meeting of the season, it was got up to give great éclat, and a large theatre was filled with a fashionable collection of both sexes. Many foreigners of eminent reputation were also present. After all these pompous announcements, I heard nothing but a string of tremendously hard words, which I was told was a description of the atmosphere of a new star which had just been discovered. As it was only of the sixth magnitude, great praise was given to the lecturer for his exact observations; and I felt disappointed, as I had fully anticipated a luminous account of the existing state of the arts and sciences.

On the following evening, in pursuance of an invitation by which I had been honoured three months previously, I was admitted to a very *recherché conversazione*, at the house of a noble lady celebrated for her rank and talent, and at which the whole world was expected to be present. A magnificent suite of rooms was most inconveniently crowded, and it was not without a great deal of elbowing and shouldering that I succeeded in reaching the circle. Here was our hostess herself, in the midst of a galaxy of beauty and wisdom. She was expatiating with considerable fluency on the particular qualities of a new metal, of which a few grains only had been produced by some chemical process, all subsequent attempts having failed. She was followed by a gentleman who exhibited a small cameo, which had been found in the stomach of an eel; from which circumstance, he endeavoured to prove that this species of fish migrates over land, and that the one which had yielded the cameo he held in his hand, must have travelled here from a country several thousand miles distant, where such ornaments were commonly worn some hundreds of years ago—a fact too which proved its longevity. This plausible inference gave great satisfaction, and I ventured to ask if this remarkable fish had the soles of its shoes worn, when it was caught? or, if barefoot, if its feet were callous, and showed travel? "Why, what a question — it is a fish, man, and has neither legs nor feet, only some short fins." I of course apologised for having made so *mal-ápropos* an inquiry, and pleaded ignorance, merely observing that in my simplicity I had imagined that if an animal had performed so long a journey, it must have had some means of progression. I was heartily laughed at, and the meeting broke up.

For several weeks I diligently prosecuted my inquiries: every literary or scientific reunion found me amongst its members, till I was wearied out and disgusted. Shallow foppery and learned folly met me at every step; and not only did I learn nothing useful, but I began to fear that what little common sense and information I possessed, would be driven out of my head by listening to such continued trifling. Sky, air, earth, and sea were ransacked for the sole purpose of finding curiosities; and if these could not be found, the most barefaced and absurd fancies were palmed upon the noble, the learned, and the wealthy, by any one who had sufficient ingenuity to conjure up a theory—the more improbable the better. Here a man picked up a dog's tooth, and lo! a new species of animal was found out to have inhabited the country at some unknown period: there another breathed upon a heap of dust, and straightway the dust was alive, and drawings made of its organs: here a third had his house shook by a gust of wind, and the course of an earthquake was traced: then a fourth coined a new mode of swearing, and was declared to speak the language of heaven: here a fifth produced a bit of coal bearing a faint impression of a reed or a fern-leaf, and built upon this isolated and dubious foundation a complete system of antediluvian botany: there a sixth framed a new plan for universal government upon no foundation whatever but his own shallow brain; and so on. All was unsound and extravagant hypothesis; all these geniuses shut their eyes to the multitude of facts that beset them on all sides. I asked a senator the details of an important government measure, and he referred me to the Record-Office, assuring me that he was engaged upon a plan for regenerating the nation, and that he attended the senate merely to vote for his party. I inquired from a noble lady the best mode of conducting a household, and she called up her housekeeper. I asked an extensive landed proprietor the rate of wages, and the average of rents—he sent me to his steward. I asked a noted financier as to the fluctuations of capital, and he referred me to his book; and thus I soon found that information was held cheap, or rather as something too mean for attention by the very parties who, in the natural order of things, ought to have been the best-informed. Amongst all the lectures and discussions, nothing bearing upon the actual springs of society was ever broached; nothing calculated to teach men how to live, so as to benefit themselves or their kind; nothing which could make them wiser men or better citizens. I was thoroughly tired, and resolved to make a tour through the provinces, and see with my own eyes the state of literature and education amongst the middle and lower classes, and was told that I should find much to admire from the impulse which both these had recently undergone.

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE EDUCATION OF THE LOWER ORDERS.

The question which I asked of every body likely either from station or intelligence to answer it, was, "Is your population becoming moral, religious, contented, and consequently happy, by means of the education and literature you afford it?"

The only answer I received to my numerous queries was, that men must surely be benefited by being able to read, and by having literature brought within their reach:—very true, but surely you would ascertain that this literature reached them at least, and had not its place usurped by immorality; you would never forget to find them such reading as might prove acceptable, and which bore strongly and designedly upon their position: to teach men to read and to think, without directing their reading and thinking into proper channels, is to put arms into their hands without explaining their proper use, and turning them out upon society to do good or evil as it may chance. So far is your inferior order of population from being satisfied and contented, that I find it, both manufacturing and agricultural, burning with desire to change the existing order of things; and as "the hewers of wood, and the drawers of water" must constitute in all countries the numerical majority, it does appear to me that you have signally failed in accomplishing the only true end of education,—that is, to make mankind wiser and better. It has been said with considerable truth,

"That just experience tells in every soul,
That they who think must govern they who toil."

But you are reversing this, and you would have the same parties both workers and thinkers. Be it so: I have no objection to the labouring man thinking, but I would have him think of something which might benefit him; I would have this thinking lead him to the performance of his social and relative duties. Is it so here? By no means; your different orders of society are separated from each other by lines of demarcation as distinct and arbitrary as the castes of India. Your aristocracy shut themselves up in their own circles, and take no heed of the interests of those below them, and are in fact completely ignorant of their peculiarities, moral, social, and political. The upper division of your middle ranks are in the same condition, a similar spirit of exclusivism characterising both: the shop-keepers and others of similar grade are too busy getting a living, to mind any thing but their own immediate interests; and thus the basis, the groundwork upon which all your social and political institutions rest, is left to heave and struggle as it will. So long as this was broken into numerous bodies, having little or no coherence or sameness of interest,—or so long as it saw itself forming a part of the general chain of society, and its interests cared for by the higher classes showing a sympathy for its joys and sufferings,—and so long as it thought of nothing beyond making itself comfortable, it was excusable that you had not a national literature for it. But now, when this people are congregated together into dense masses, closely leagued in interest and feeling—when they are discontented—when your manufacturers are cursing their employers—the agriculturist in a great measure pauperised, and destroying the property of the farmers,—you turn round and say, 'you have given, and are giving, it education;' that is, you have taught it to read and to think. The whole is idle twaddle. I go abroad on the sabbath-day in your rural districts adjoining your great towns, and find their numerous places of worship almost deserted; and although the population has doubled, trebled, and even quadrupled itself within the last forty years, the grey-haired fathers of the hamlets assure me that in their younger days these places were crowded with devout and pious hearers, who venerated their pastors and received their exhortations as the "words of glad tidings;" and yet the majority of these congregations could not read, and few indeed could write. Where is the population now, and how is it engaged on these days set apart of rest and devotion?—Idling away its time in filth at home, reading cheap tracts if you will, or assembled in brutal hordes in beer-houses, or listening to the fanatical ravings of some ignorant enthusiast or political quack, who, in place of sending it from their presence with humbled hearts and in charity with all mankind, dismiss it with muttered ejaculations of mistaken zeal, or its mouth filled with curses and its mind boiling with sedition!—but it can read, you say—folly! worse than folly! Call you this education, which covers the poor man's bread with gall instead of honey, and makes him immoral and irreligious? It is no such thing. Education ought to be beneficial to man's present and immortal welfare: morality is its basis—happiness and contentment its fruit. You have begun at the wrong end: instead of arming your people against mischief, you have armed them to turn their swords against your own breast; and if you will have it that cheap literature must be supplied them, my opinion is, that in the crusade which they will shortly commence against you and against themselves, they will do well to carry the broadside for a banner, and their primers and spelling-books as shields.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say that my opinions have been coldly received, and excited the ire of many of the champions of the existing order of things. I trust, however, that these pages will serve as beacons to my own countrymen; and when they are resolved to educate the working classes, they will begin and prosecute the noble purpose in a way that it may attain its legitimate ends. No sound knowledge can be acquired by thrusting a succession of detached facts upon the attention of the learner; and this is one strong objection to the system of getting up tracts. The Latin adage "cave ab homine unius libri," shows that the ancients were well aware of this fact; and I remember to have heard that the hand-loom weavers of Lancashire, men of sedentary habits and stinted means, have produced some of the profoundest mathematicians and the best practical botanists of the day: and it is also well known that those who have distinguished themselves by literary and scientific attainments in every inferior station, have been men of "one book." What good can result by crowding upon the artisan a rapid series of loose sheets full of diversified and opposite information, experience must decide; but I do not hesitate to say that no substantial knowledge will be derived from them. One book is sufficient for the life of a common labouring man; and he will derive more advantage from its daily perusal, than from an ocean of picture-books,—and let that book be the Bible, or some other containing a code of morals; but first teach him the use of it, and then he will love it—"cave ab homine unius libri!"

NATIONAL SONG.

When Sir John Barleycorn was free.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PILGRIMS OF WALSINGHAM."

THEY were merry days for England,
In cottage and in hall,
When Sir John Barleycorn was free,
And paid no tax at all.
When Sir John Barleycorn was free,
We 'd neither want nor woe;
For he fill'd each manly heart with glee,
And cheer'd both high and low.

They were merry days for England,
When peasants brew'd good beer,
And Sir John Barleycorn was free
To glad them all the year.
When Sir John Barleycorn was free,
Our peasants were content,
Nor envied men of high degree
Their wealth and proud descent.

They were happy days for England,
As we read in song and tale,
When we 'd neither Whigs nor Tories,
But the merry nut-brown ale.
When Sir John Barleycorn was free,
He cheer'd both high and low;
And, instead of sickly pale-faced tea,
We 'd the drink that makes hearts glow.

We 'd have merry days in England,
In spite of care and toil,
If Sir John Barleycorn were free,
For the men who till the soil.
When Sir John Barleycorn is free,
We 'll fear no foreign foe;
Nor sip slow death in poison'd lee,
For the malt's pure juice shall flow.

They 'll be merry days in England
For the farmer and his man,
When Sir John Barleycorn is free
To fill the earthen can.
When Sir John Barleycorn is free,
And pays no tax at all,
Then merry will our counties be,
From the cottage to the hall.*

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* The music of this song, by J. Blewitt, will be published by T. E. Purday, 50, St. Paul's Churchyard.

GOVERNMENT—NO GOVERNMENT.

SHOULD the time ever arrive for giving a secret history of European Cabinets, that chapter of it, in which is detailed the re-construction of the Melbourne Government, will be at once the most curious and the most painful. It is true, that it has been unattended by foreign or domestic excitement,—that it has no record beyond itself to mark its existence,—that its course must be brief,—and that its closing scene will be equally peaceable and inglorious as its advent; but, notwithstanding these elements of forgetfulness, it is destined to mark an era in the science of Government, and thus to become immortalised.

It is not needful that we recall to the memories of our readers the character of the former Melbourne Cabinet, or rather that we should remind them that it had no character at all:—that it was the mere emasculated remains of the Grey and Stanley Government, kept in existence by the subservience of a House of Commons to the candour and well-meaning blunders of one man, the present Earl Spencer—that it was a political nonentity, a thing of fragments, without purpose or principle—a skeleton without life or soul, a congeries of nothingnesses, without even the merit of a connecting link, *except place*—a Cabinet laughed at by its friends, despised by its enemies, and powerless of every thing beyond the capability of doing harm—a shuttlecock, first handled by the Tories, then by the Whigs, and then by the Radicals—a Government deserted by public opinion, sneered at by the press—a mere straw upon the current of events, showing which way the stream tended, but without mind or power to direct it.

Such was the Melbourne Cabinet; and what is it now? The same "lean anatomy," only robbed of its two most respectable limbs, Lord Brougham and Mr. Ellice,—and presenting the ludicrous yet pitiable appearance of palsied impotence, seated in the place of strength.

So far as the common details of Government are concerned, it is a matter of the most perfect indifference to us, whether Lord Melbourne or any other man is prime minister, and whether schoolboys or superannuated antiquities fill the different departments of state. The Duke of Wellington was universal minister for some weeks; and never were the official duties of the different Government offices more efficiently performed: so that it cannot signify much, who the people are, who are the nominal heads of the departments—the business will go on as usual.

But are these the sole purposes which, at the present time, should occupy a ministry? Is this an age and a period, when mighty social revolutions are at work, that the destiny of the first country in the world should be wielded by Lord Melbourne and his colleagues? That a Cabinet without one master-mind in it should be entrusted with the re-modelling of our institutions? That a body of men, without aim, and without guide, should preside over an epoch pregnant with important events? These are questions that it behoves every patriot to ask himself, and the answer must be—NO.

Well might Lord Melbourne remark in the House of Lords, that the re-construction of his Cabinet had been attended by vexations and mortifications peculiarly trying and severe; and well might more than one lip be turned up in scorn at the simple observation. Yes,—compelled by a power which he dared not brave, he was humiliated into the necessity of confining himself to his former colleagues, and by the sternest command to leave out the Chancellor. A moderate Government might have been formed; but the fiat was gone forth, and a sounder policy could not have been adopted, and the victims were installed in their places.

What will be the consequence?—a Government absolutely useless,—a session or two absolutely wasted. They have demanded a trial, and we rejoice that it has been granted them—rejoice, solely because the trial will be definitive. But if we rejoice on this account, we deeply deplore it on others. We shall lose half a century of just and rational reform, and shall reduce our executive from the proud eminence of sound and enlightened statesmanship, to party intrigue—and this at a time when the dearest interests of the country are at stake. Parties taken in the mass are so equally balanced, that in point of fact we are without Government, as far as the capability of carrying important measures through the House of

Commons is concerned; and as for the Lords, they are placed in the most hostile position with the Commons, by the wilfulness of the latter. Thus the Liberals and the Conservatives divide the Government; and as every question will assume a party-colouring, nothing will be done. But farther than this, the Liberals are made up of clusters of dissonant and repulsive materials; and although they have worked together, hot from elections, and foolish from inexperience and the childish ambition of ousting the "King's Government," there is no common tie to bind them together,—there is no leading mind to control and overawe the separate "cliques,"—every man is great in his own way; and therefore the Commons majority is as loose as a sand-bed, and is ready to fall into pieces, from its own inherent want of amalgamation. But how stand the Conservatives, consisting of Tories of various shades, of the pure Whigs, and the Liberal men, who are too wise to bind themselves to any extreme party? These, to a man, are united;—the extreme Ultra-Tories, from an insane fear of all change; the Whigs, from principle; and the independent men, from good sense. Here then is a phalanx nearly equal in number to the discordant majority, which agrees in one point only,—namely, to go on, pull to pieces, and trust to Providence for the rest.

Well, but it is urged, this is the majority; and what is to be done? So long as they are opposed *en masse* to every measure, whether good or bad it signifies nothing, no opponent Government can carry on the business of the state, or, in other words, there is an absolute want of all honourable and honest feeling in the largest section of the house. What signifies it, whether Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Lord John Russell, or Mr. Hume, propounds a measure: is that measure, if good and expedient, to be damned, simply because it emanates from a particular quarter? Yes, says party; No, says common sense. But party has just now the master hand, and common sense is not listened to. And this is the evil of an extreme Government: it is utterly powerless to begin with, and therefore has to live by shifts; now accommodating one party, then another, and taking what it can get for itself. Meanwhile, every branch of state policy is neglected; the precipice on which Government stands requires every nerve to be strained, to keep its footing; and instead of looking abroad,—instead of taking wide and comprehensive views of our home and foreign interests, its eyes are riveted upon its slippery support: its mind knows no pause of quiet, its judgment soars not above its position; and it thus becomes the blind instrument, not only of its own destruction, but of the destruction of social order and of political existence.

Whatever Government at this moment holds office, must be a reforming Government; whether the Government be Tory, or Whig, or Radical, the *animus* presiding in it must be Reform. The pressure from without, the intelligence of a great people, and the force of circumstances, lead to this. This word Reform has become a sort of political shibboleth; all men pronounce it, and yet few pronounce in the same tone, and still fewer put the same signification upon it. However varied its meaning may be, as used by different parties, its real interpretation is—the accommodating our institutions to the existing state of things. Human laws and rules, and distributions of property, and religious regulations, could never have been intended to be immutable, inasmuch as they are intended to govern mankind; and thus in their very nature must be moulded and modified as mankind progresses or retrogrades in the scale of civilisation. A law applicable to the social institutions of the age of the Seventh Henry, and beneficial in its operation, can hardly be supposed to be equally applicable to our present social institutions, when the character of the entire people has been changed; and when we are, in point of fact, a new race, having different wants, different feelings, and widely different connexions from our forefathers. Reform then is the adaptation of existing laws or customs to the exigencies of the present generation and its immediate successors, when such laws or customs are capable of being so modified,—and if not, by the acknowledgment of new ones, of a fit character and purpose.

It matters not, as we have before said, what may be the abstract opinions of a government—*it must progress*, but it ought to progress safely and cautiously. However healthy may be the basis of our Constitution, many portions of its superstructure are ruinous, and equally unsightly and troublesome. To know that there are such portions, however, is not the only knowledge a political architect should be possessed of. It is one thing to rush forward like a madman in the midst of dangers,—it is another to proceed with the prudence and circumspection of wisdom,—and it is still another, to stand still in the midst of the *mêlée*, determined to retain our *status in quo*, come what will. Destruction must inevitably await the first and the last courses; the middle one has at least a chance of salvation.

The Melbourne Cabinet cannot give us efficient and temperate reforms. It is without moral force in the House, and has not the support of public opinion. What! it is exclaimed, no moral force in the House of Commons, when it has its tenure from a series of votes from the House? The present Cabinet is in no shape indebted to the House, beyond the House having ousted the Tory Government; and had it for a moment been supposed that the present Administration would have resulted from that expulsion, it would never have taken place. But the tactics of the Liberals were unequal to the crisis; they succeeded, by the most ridiculous and childish means, in displacing Sir Robert Peel, and lo!—horror on horrors!—the very Cabinet which had been denounced by every Liberal organ throughout the country was flung into their teeth! Well might there be an immediate and dismayed squandering of the victorious bands! and it is quite certain they will never rally again.

Precisely the same objections exist against a Tory Government as against the Melbourne. It would be equally powerless, equally useless, although it would have one merit, denied to the latter,—namely, of being composed of men familiar with official details, and who would not have to beg a fortnight's grace in order to be initiated into the "art and mystery" of doing nothing.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Road-Book from London to Naples. By **William Brockedon**, F.R.S. Illustrated with twenty-five views from Drawings by Stanfield, Prout, and Brockedon. Engraved by W. and E. Finden. John Murray, London.

Under this unpretending title we have presented to us one of the most beautiful books which ever issued from the press, and which, even in these days of illustrations, places far in the background all its compeers. The fine taste shown by Mr. Brockedon, in his selection of views, has added greatly to his reputation; and from the "Falls of Terni," on the title-page, to a view of Naples, the concluding plate, we have a series of gems, every one perfect in its kind, and every one affording a specimen of pictorial and graphic skill of the highest order, and of the most elaborate finish. With many of the localities we are intimately acquainted, and can vouch for the accuracy of their detail; and many a pleasant reminiscence has the volume opened to us.

Who having the means, and whose head and whose heart have been cultivated, has not visited Italy? Now, indeed, the journey is robbed so completely of difficulties, that it is quite as comfortable and easy a matter, as a jaunt from one extremity of Great Britain to another. The long continuance of peace has smoothed away many of the national prejudices, which now and then proved sources of annoyance; and if a party set out with a right temper, and knowing what they are about, they will suffer no inconvenience whatever. Mr. Brockedon's work becomes, in this respect, a standard authority. We know him to be familiar with the routes he recommends; and his observations are marked by good sense, by a fine perception of natural beauties, by correct historical information, and by very careful and accurate notices of all the little minute points on which travellers are more especially tormented.

The splendid illustrations we cannot place before our readers, or we would gladly give them—Lanslebourg, from the ascent to the Mont Cenis, as the very best and most characteristic bit of Alpine scenery we have ever seen on paper, and, as a contrast, the rich and glowing softness of the Place Louis XVI.: both are most beautiful and pre-eminently graphic. Mr. Brockedon's text is a worthy accompaniment—plain, but polished—and, above all, *useful*. His advice as to passports we should especially recommend to attention—a vast deal of time is wasted, and an infinity of vexation is caused by negligence on this subject. Another point too, which we would exhort young male travellers to attend to, is the following:—"At Pont Beauvoisin, on crossing a river called Guiers Vif, the traveller leaves France, and enters Savoy, a duchy of the state of Sardinia, where the Custom-house officers of the respective countries subject him to the ordeal of an examination of his passport, trunk, and person. This is generally conducted with courtesy, unless the thoughtless traveller provoke a rigorous and annoying examination, by his ill-temper and abuse of the officers, whose duty is disagreeable enough without a display of the hatred which young English travellers in particular feel against the police and fiscal regulations of other countries. The Author again presses the value of civil submission to these annoyances. Civility is a currency which is generally returned ten-fold to the first that offers it; and if an examination and detention can be avoided by a small gratuity, it will be well spent in the purchase of despatch." It is rather curious how obstinate some people are on these points, and what a world of anger and contumely they cause to themselves. We have known more than one journey absolutely rendered miserable by most foolish and ridiculous conduct at barriers. We have no right surely to dispute these regulations; they are part of the social and political observances of other people, and if we don't like them, we should stay away. No doubt we would rather it were different, and we trust that before very long it will be so; but till then, we add our advice to Mr. Brockedon's—"to be merry and wise" on every occasion when subjected to police inspection. We also add our testimony to his recommendation of Herries' bills of exchange, for safety and convenience as to money-matters.

Travellers will get well enough into Italy, but here difficulties often arise. We give the following, as to the mode of travelling:—"Some parties hire the horses of a vetturino: these continue throughout the journey travelling at the rate of about forty-five miles a day. The usual terms are about twelve or fourteen francs a day per horse, when engaged to draw the traveller's carriage; but if the traveller hire the voiture as well as the horses, the expense is less, because the vetturino has a greater chance of employment upon his return. Where one or two persons take places in a voiture, in common with others travelling on the same line of road, much expense is saved compared with the cost of posting; and it gives occasional opportunities for looking about and examining places, which cannot be done when travelling by diligence; but often these voitures rest at the end of the day's journey of forty or fifty miles, in some miserable village or uninteresting place: each morning the traveller must start before daylight; and however he may economise his money, he will find it a sad waste of time. To many, however, who travel without any knowledge of the language of the country they pass through, the advantage of proceeding *en voiturier* is great; for they can, by making an agreement with the vetturino, pay a moderate sum, which will include all charges upon the road, for breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed; thus avoiding all dispute and difficulty. Such travellers may be left to employ their eyes where their ears are useless; but it is quite necessary to draw up a specific agreement on *stamped* paper, describing the journey from day to day, specifying the number of covers at each meal, and taking care always to be something in debt to the vetturino until the end of the journey."

Travelling *en voiturier* in Italy will satisfy those who set out determined, come what will, not to be annoyed by *désagrémens*: but post-travelling, though more expensive, is the only pleasant and independent method; and it is what we should earnestly advise.

The "Road-Book to Italy," both as regards the surpassing beauty of its illustrations, and the utility of its text, may be pronounced *perfect*. Mr. Brockedon's remarks concerning scenery, works of art, the antiquities, and the *sights* of the various places through which he conducts his reader, are pertinent and judicious—in short, what we might have expected they would be.

Narrative of a Second Voyage in search of a North-West Passage, &c. By Sir John Ross, C. B., &c. &c. with the Discovery of the Northern Magnetic Pole. 4to. Webster, London.

In common with other subscribers to this work, we had it lately placed in our hands. It has rather surprised us to see the lengthy reviews of this Narrative; the excuse for which we presume must be, that it is a quarto book,—a *rara avis* in these days, and that the public is curious about Sir John Ross and about the North Pole. We of course have no objection to the curiosity of the public being gratified; but we think the easiest plan would have been to have told the public briefly, that the volume contained little or nothing but what it already knew; and that as far as the North Pole is concerned, Captain Ross left the matter as he found it. We should have been much better pleased with the Author, had he employed his time in perfecting his book, rather than in raising subscriptions, making public amusements, and guarding his property from the German after-printers; for we find that after the long delay which has taken place in its publication, the scientific portions are as yet in abeyance.

The Student, in 2 vols. By the Author of "Eugene Aram," &c. Saunders and Otley, London.

THE plan of republishing, in a connected shape, tales, essays, sketches, or papers of other kinds, which have appeared in periodicals, and have there been stamped with public approbation, is, we think, a very good one,—and this for several reasons. One of these is, that the reputation of an article in a Magazine is exceedingly ephemeral: it is read, praised, and forgotten, and is then lost; it does not meet a man in looking over his shelves; he does not find it in his catalogue, and it is gone for ever. Now this is and has been a misfortune to many sons of genius, to whom the pages of a periodical were the sole introduction to the public. They have written successfully there; and, pleased with that success, have toiled on, and have found they have been pursuing a shadow—or something more unsubstantial than even a shadow. Another reason is, that for want of republications of this kind, a multitude of the most brilliant gems from the pens of our talented men are, in a great measure, lost to themselves and to posterity.

These remarks naturally flow from looking over Mr. Bulwer's "Student:" most of the articles are old acquaintances, with whom we are delighted to meet again—mixed with some others, in every way worthy the companionship. Mr. Bulwer is about the most popular writer of the day, and certainly the most copious; and this because he has chosen for himself a field nearly boundless—the human heart in all its phases. He is the prince of minor metaphysics, and displays admirable skill and command of his subject, in depicting our passions and sentiments. There is also considerable subtlety of thought in his writings; and if he lacks now and then the close reasoning of the logician, we forget it in his easy style and in his power of fixing attention. He glides so gracefully over his difficulties, that we are apt to overlook them.

It would be idle to select any particular portion of these volumes for particular comment. The differences between Authors and the impressions produced by their works, on the knowledge of the world in men and books, are full of truth. There are some points about others—On "The Health and its Consolations"—for instance, where there is room for cavil, were we in the temper. "Monos and Diàmonos" is a sketch of great force, and is equal to the best productions of the German school of metaphysical writings. We give a portion of it, and, had we room, we would give the whole:—

"So two days passed, and I was *alone*. On the third I went after my prey—the noon was hot, and I was wearied when I returned. I entered my cavern, and behold! the man lay stretched on my bed. 'Ha, ha!' said he, 'here I am; I was so lonely at home, that I have come to live with you again.'

"I frowned on the man with a dark brow, and I said, 'So sure as the sea murmurs, and the bird flies, I will slay you!' I seized him in my arms; I plucked him from my bed; I took him into the open air, and we stood together on the smooth sand, and by the great sea. A fear came suddenly upon me—I was struck with the awe of the still spirit which reigns over solitude. Had a thousand been around us, I would have slain him before them all. I feared now because we were alone in the desert, with Silence and GOD! I relaxed my hold: 'Swear,' I said, 'never to molest me again; swear to preserve unpassed the boundary of our several homes,—I will *not* kill you!' 'I cannot swear,' answered the man; 'I would sooner die than forswear the blessed human face, even though that face be my enemy's.'

"At these words my rage returned: I dashed the man to the ground, and I put my foot upon his breast, and my hand upon his neck, and he struggled for a moment—and was dead! I was startled; and as I looked upon his face, I thought it seemed to revive: I thought the cold blue eye fixed on me, and the vile grin returned to the livid mouth, and the hands, which in the death-pang had grasped the sand, stretched themselves out to me. So I stamped on the breast again, and I dug a hole in the shore, and I buried the body. 'And now,' said I, 'I am alone at last!' *And then the* TRUE *sense of loneliness*—the vague, comfortless, objectless sense of desolation passed into me; and I shook—shook in every limb of my giant frame, as if I had been a child that trembles in the dark: and my hair rose, and my blood crept, and I would not have stayed in that spot a moment more, as if I had been made young again for it. I turned away and fled—fled round the Island; and gnashed my teeth when I came to the sea, and longed to be cast into some illimitable desert that I might flee on for ever. At sunset I returned to my cave: I sat myself down on one corner of my bed, and I covered my face with my hands: I thought I heard a noise; I raised my eyes, and, as I live, I saw on the other end of the bed the man whom I had slain and buried. There he sat six feet from me, and looked at me with his wan eyes, and laughed. I rushed from the cave—I entered a wood—I threw myself down: there opposite to me, six feet from my face, was the face of that man again! And my courage rose, and I spoke; but he answered not. I attempted to seize him, but he glided from my grasp, and was still opposite, six feet from me as before. I flung myself on the ground, and pressed my face on the sod, and would not look up till the night came on, and darkness was over the earth. I then rose, and returned to the cave; I lay down on the bed, and the man lay down by me: and I frowned and tried to seize him as before, but I could not, *and the man lay by me*. Day followed day, and it was the same. At board, at bed,—at home and abroad,—in my up-rising and my down-sitting,—by day and by night,—by my bed-side six feet from me, and no more, was that ghastly and dead thing. And I said as I looked upon the beautiful land and the still heavens, and then turned to that fearful comrade, 'I shall never be alone again!' and the man laughed."

And so on with equally fearful power. The moral is splendid, and the figure of its being traced by the feet of the dead man is peculiarly graphic: "*Solitude is only for the guiltless—evil thoughts are companions for a time—evil deeds are companions through eternity.*"

Two-thirds of the second volume are filled with "Conversations with an Ambitious Student," which appeared some time ago in the "New Monthly Magazine." We are pleased to see them in a body, but we wish the title given to them, "the Modern Phædo," had been otherwise. It excites comparison, and invites a species of criticism for which the papers are by no means fitted. The "honied lips" of Plato, the "divine," died with him.

Pierce Falcon, the Outcast. By EMMA WHITEHEAD. 3 vols. Bentley, London.

We are to the present day lovers of novels. We have grieved deeply to witness their decay; and we rejoice at seeing a few scattered gleams, which appear to us to be the forerunners of a higher and better race of them. The influence produced by this species of literature is much more durable, and much more extensive, than many people imagine. A glowing picture of fictitious life binds itself firmly upon the mind and imagination of young readers, and has powerful influence, whether for good or for evil, upon character. Fortunately, the mass of these productions, which have issued like a Lethean torrent from the press, have been destitute of the necessaries for making them popular: they are dead and gone, and no man will sigh a requiem over their departure. It is well remarked by Mr. Bulwer, in the work we have just been noticing—"It is remarkable that there is scarcely any very *popular author* of great imaginative powers, in whose works we do not recognise that common sense which is knowledge of the world, and which is generally supposed by the superficial to be in direct opposition to the imaginative faculty. When an author does not possess it eminently, he is never eminently popular, whatever be his fame. For what is knowledge of mankind, but the knowledge of their feelings, their humours, their caprices, their passions? Touch these, and you gain attention; develope these, and you have conquered your audience." This remark is strictly true, and accounts sufficiently for the ephemeral existence or rather non-existence of multitudes of modern novels. There is neither knowledge of human nature, nor truth of observation in them; and from the crowds which come before us, we turn for relief to a boy-thumbed and somewhat dilapidated copy of the "Children of the Abbey" and the "Mysteries of Udolpho."

We have said above, that we look upon novels as having considerable influence upon character; and this we know to be the fact. For ourselves, we are not yet old enough to have forgotten that noble and virtuous wishes were fanned into activity by novel-reading. We have mingled largely with the world—have had our share of its joys and its sorrows; and if these have differed widely from the impressions we received in early life, they have not yet quite spoilt us for enjoying idealities. It is, however, in a moral point of view, that novels are of the chief importance: they form, and ever will form, no small portion of the attractive reading of the young of both sexes,—of ladies in particular; and hence we carefully scrutinise the *morale* of a work before it is placed on our own family shelf, and before it is sent from us, recommended to the public.

"Pierce Falcon" has many merits,—dashed, however, with some considerable demerits. The character of Constance Maravel is very delicately shaded—true to nature, except that the Authoress has endowed her with scarcely enough of womanly tact. The worst part of the work is, decidedly, the unredeemed villany of the Outcast—an absolute rascal, without even a shade of generous or chivalrous feeling. And what shall we say of Jessy Maravel? why, that she to some extent redeems her strange coquettish follies by finally renouncing a scoundrel; but the wonder to us is, how she ever loved him, for there is no one loveable quality developed in his entire portraiture. Huntly the Tutor, an abstracted book-man, and the favoured lover of Mary Freeling, is pretty tolerably brought out. The following is a soliloquy of his on the art and science of love-making —"The Tutor stood still to ponder the question once more."

"'And—and I approach her,' he at last began, speaking aloud, as if to persuade himself of his position,—'and I bow,' and he bent in admiring salutation,—and I take her hand—she—she is of course all dignity.

'Madam,' I begin—these things are better cut short—'Madam, I love you,'—here she frowns—and I—I push the advantage, and continue. The source of human feelings is impossible to be traced, nor either its final termination; and why therefore, or for what cause, no reason may decide; but, true it is, I love you.' She seats herself with majestic self-possession, and, with the cunning of her wit, commences a refined dissertation on the theory of first causes: she poses me—I yield—resign the debate; but now we are again lost in the mazes of sophistry. What can be done? Let's see—we argue upon primal causes. Ah! I have it! 'Madam'—I touch her hand with a kiss, it must subdue her—'Madam,' I repeat, 'you are the evidence of your own argument—the original cause of my passion—the proof of it is my love for you.' She hears—consents. I dare not venture farther—perhaps press her fingers, and leave her. The Tutor closed this scene of his love-suit with another profound salutation, and, driven by some internal ecstasy, he fairly turned round and round like a blind horse in a mill."

Moreton of the Grange, Basil Forde the hero, the profligate Colonel Maravel, and others, are drawn with considerable force—indeed, overdrawn, and do not seize upon our sympathies with sufficient power to interest us deeply.

Notices of the Holy Land, and other places mentioned in Scripture, visited in 1832, 1833. By the Rev. SPENCE HARDY. Smith, Elder, and Co., London.

This is a work much wanted, and one which will be gladly received by the public. Indeed, it has been a source of surprise, that amongst the many travellers who have been traversing every known part of the globe, either for the purposes of science, or for the observation of men, manners, and places, nobody should, pilgrim-like, have visited the various Scriptural sites, and conveyed to us an account of their present condition. We are, however, pleased that it has remained undone till Mr. Hardy undertook the task, as he is eminently qualified for it, and hence has produced a very profitable, as well as a very pleasant, book.

The account given by the Author of his journey from India, along the Red Sea, and through Egypt, will be read with interest at this juncture, when efforts are making to establish an over-land passage to our Eastern possessions. But we proceed to the immediate purposes of the work. He thus describes the descendants of Ishmael, the son of Abraham, and their country:—

"I was not able to penetrate far into the desert; but a single glance into its wastes may almost tell the tale of a thousand miles as to distance, and three thousand years as to time. It is here alone that the Arab is seen in his primitive simplicity, free as the gazelle; and both as swift in his speed, and as unsettled in his dwelling, as this beautiful wanderer upon the same plains. We are carried back at once to the age of the earliest patriarchs. The forms we see present us with a picture of those ancient fathers, with scarcely a single alteration. We may listen to their language, number their possessions, partake of their food, attend the ceremonies of their marriage-festivals, and present ourselves before the prince,—and still all is the same. At the well, they water their flocks—they sit at the door of the tent, in the cool of the day—they take 'butter and milk, and the calf which they have dressed,' and set it before the stranger: they move onward to some distant place, and pitch their tent near richer pasturage; and all the treasures they possess are in camels, kine, sheep, and goats, men-servants and women-servants, and changes of raiment. We may stand near one of their encampments; and as the aged men sit in dignity, and the young men and maidens drive past us their flocks, we are almost ready to ask, if such a one be not Abraham, or Lot, or Jacob, or Job, or Bildad, or Rebekah, or Rachel, or the daughter of Jethro the Midianite—we seem to know them all. The mountains, and vallies, and streams, partake of the same unchangeableness; not a stone has been removed, not a barrier has been raised, not a tree been planted, not a village been collected together. The founder of the race might come to the earth, and he would recognise without effort his own people and his own land."

There is no place on earth calculated to fill the mind of the observer with such profound emotions of awe, as Jerusalem. As the chosen place for the revealed glories of the Almighty, its very dust becomes hallowed in our imagination; and we trace the workings of Omnipotent Power, as the apparent indicia of the truth of Revelation.

"The scite of Jerusalem," says Mr. Gray, "is peculiarly adapted to have appeared in beauty, when its hills were terraced after the manner of the East, and were verdant with olive, the fig-tree, and the vine; but that which was then its beauty, now adds to its deformity; and the bare and blasted rocks seem to say, that God, in his anger, has passed by and cursed the city for its sins. There are rocks, but they have no sublimity; hills, but they have no beauty; fields and gardens, but they have no richness; vallies, but they have no fertility; a distant sea, but it is the Dead Sea. No sound is now heard but that of the passing wind, where the audible voice of Jehovah once spoke in thunder; the sky is now cloudless and serene, where the angel of the Lord was once seen in glory; the paths are now deserted, where the tribes once approached from the most distant parts to the festivals of the temple—the old man, and the venerable matron, the beloved son, and the beautiful daughter, weeping for very gladness as they came: and in that city where once was the monarch, his brow encircled with the golden diadem, and in his train the noble and the wise, there is now no higher power than a delegated governor, and its own people are the most despised of men."

Again, in speaking of the impressions produced on the mind by dwelling in this fated city, he says, "To the sincere Christian, a residence in Jerusalem is connected with many depressing circumstances. He looks abroad, and the only men who assume an independent carriage, or present a respectable appearance, are without exception enemies of Christ. The two extremes meet, for we may look away from the man who rushes past on his fiery steed, to the miserable being who crawls along in indigence—and he too cherishes an enmity, and an enmity still deeper towards the same Redeemer. The Christian may profess an outward love to the blessed name that the others reject as evil, but there is no communion with His Spirit, and the worship that they offer is offensive to His sight. We may try to shroud ourselves from these distressing scenes, but sounds will follow us into our retirement. There is a call to worship at the shrine of Christ, but it is not the tone of the cheerful bell—it is a dull stroke upon a plank of wood, an acknowledgment of degradation,—a voice that dares not to speak out, lest the infidel should be roused, and, as such, is more painful far than would be absolute silence. There is another call, professing to invite men to worship God, but it is from the minaret of a mosque, and the name of the false prophet mingles in its cry—at such a place, scarcely less startling than the sight of a spirit of darkness would be among the hierarchies of heaven. The cry of the muzzein is always affecting; but when heard in Zion, as it passes from minaret to minaret at the hour of prayer, and comes in loud accents through every part of the city, and is re-echoed from spots where He once taught who spoke as never man spake, there is no soul that can listen to it without tears."

We wish we had space for farther extracts. It is a work which has our cordial recommendation, and we would have it placed in every house in the kingdom. It breathes a very pure spirit, and with this also abounds in light and sparkling sketches, which render its reading quite delightful. The Author visited almost every spot mentioned in Scripture, and his accounts are at once interesting and affecting.

Journal of the Heart. Second Series. 1 vol. Edited by the Authoress of "Flirtation." Cochrane and Co., London.

There is great delicacy and purity pervading this work, which is, as its name purports, a Journal of the Heart, consisting of stories and poems illustrative of the affections. The greatest portion bears evident marks of having proceeded from the graceful pen of Lady Charlotte Bury—but why so tinged with melancholy? Pensiveness is, indeed, one of the most touching attributes of woman: its appeals to our sympathies are all potent; but not the less delightful is the free smile, and the joyous carol of beauty and innocence. How easy is it to colour all our passions with sadness,—to make the heart an abode for gentle sorrow? and yet it is quite as easy to fill it with pleasant and happy thoughts, "far too deep for tears." The following stanzas are appropriate to our remarks:—

"The pageant and the splendid show
Delight me not—the heartless crowd
Is all unmeet for tender woe;
I pine in grief that few can know,
Nor gay, nor great, nor proud.

"I seek the sympathy of those
Who tread life's path in quiet shade—
A touch that speaks, a look that glows,—
Whoe'er such sympathy bestows
Gives balm, that Heaven hath made.

"The glance of admiration cast,
The words of common flattery spoken,
How vapid when life's music past!
How tuneless then! they fall at last
Like touch on lute that's broken.

"Alone—I can recall the joy—
The only joy that ere was mine,—
Feed on the bliss which did not cloy,
And which despair could not destroy—
'Twas brief, but 'twas divine."

There is a well-written psychological tale by Galt, called "The Lovers." But to us the most attractive part of the book is the last. There is much truth in it, some correct sentiment, and it is well written. Altogether, the volume is an exceedingly pleasant and attractive one.

The Works of WILLIAM COWPER. His Life and Letters, now first completed by the introduction of his Private Correspondence. By the Rev. T. J. GRIMSHAWE, M. A. Vol. III. With Illustrations. Saunders and Otley, London.

In all respects a fitting companion for its predecessors. Beautifully and chastely got up, we open it with an impression, that we shall find the amiable but sometimes despairing Cowper, drawn as he lived. We have gone over Mr. Grimshawe's portion of the work, and no praise can be too high for its execution; the philosophy of Christianity is finely exhibited in it. We are somewhat at a loss for an extract, as there is scarcely one of Cowper's letters but would grace our pages, so full are they of simplicity, gentleness, and purity. There are also scattered through them many sound remarks of men and things, and many excellent criticisms. How naturally, and how pleasantly, and with what quiet humour, he speaks of his popularity!—"I have not the good fortune to meet with any of the fine things that you say are printed in my praise; but I learn from certain advertisements, that I make a conspicuous figure in the entertainments of Freemasons' Hall. But if I am not gratified with the sight of the odes composed to my honour and glory, I have at least been tickled with *douceurs* of a very flattering nature by post. A lady unknown addresses the best of men; an unknown gentleman has read my inimitable poems, and invites me to his seat in Hampshire; another incognito gives me hopes of a memorial in his garden; and a Welsh attorney sends me his verses to revise, and obligingly asks,

> 'Say shall my little bark, attendant, sail,
> Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale.'

If you find me a little vain hereafter, my dear friend, you must excuse it, in consideration of these powerful incentives,—especially the latter, for surely the poet, who can charm an attorney, particularly a Welsh one, must be at least an Orpheus, if not something greater."

The success of the "Task" was indeed great and immediate, and has been equally enduring. And for why? Because it amply merited it. "He was," says the Editor, "particularly indebted for his distinction to his inimitable production of the 'Task,' a work which every succeeding year has increasingly stamped with the seal of public approbation. If we inquire into the causes of this celebrity, they are to be found, not merely in the multitude of poetical beauties scattered throughout the poem—it is the faithful delineation of nature, and of the scenes of real life—it is the vein of pure and elevated morality—the exquisite sensibility of feeling, and the powerful appeals to the heart and conscience, which constitute its great charm and interest."

This edition of Cowper cannot fail to be highly appreciated: to the serious and devout reader, it will have especial charms, from the Author's peculiar morbid religious sensibilities, and from the touching way in which they are developed.

The illustrations from drawings by Harding, engraved by Finden, are exquisite.

On the Geography and Classification of Animals. By W. Swainson, Esq. Being the 66th vol. of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Longman and Co., London.

There is no man living better qualified for the task which he has undertaken, than Mr. Swainson. We have one objection, which we state *in limine*, which is,—the work is too scientific, or rather, that the technicalities of science are too closely adhered to. We regret this, as it will hinder numbers of readers from profiting by an excellent book; and there certainly is no need that it should be so.

The work is divided into four parts;—first, on the Geography of Animals; second, on the Growth, &c. of Systematic Zoology; third, on the first principles of Natural Classification; and fourth, a familiar explanation of the first principles of Practical and Scientific Zoology, &c. These separate portions are ably treated; the first has pleased us greatly. With

Mr. Swainson, had we space wherein to do justice to him and to ourselves, we might be disposed to break a lance with regard to the third. To the circular system of M'Leay, we are ready to afford the praise of great ingenuity, but we cannot go farther; and the same remark must be made of Mr. Swainson's exposition of types and groups: it is curious and instructive to those who will carefully read it, nevertheless. The fourth division is also very good, and cannot be too much studied by all who wish to become naturalists—as who does not? All who have opportunity should do so, as they will open for themselves a volume of never-ending amusement and instruction. In conclusion, we must again repeat, that the work is very valuable, and a library can hardly be complete without it, as it contains details and facts which will be sought for in vain elsewhere. We had marked several passages for extract, but we do not see the necessity for transcribing them, as they would afford no criterion for judging of the book.

Life of Mungo Park. 1 vol. Frazer and Son, Edinburgh. pp. 314.

Shakspeare said well, that

> "To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion."

Park is a proof of the correctness of this line. Amidst the many African explorers who have followed in his steps, there would have been a fair chance of their vestiges being worn out, had it not happened that the mystery of his fate afforded scope for the inquiries of his successors: and this would have been rank injustice; for to him, more than to any other man, are we indebted on this score.

Park seems to have been born purposely for travel. To an iron frame, which successfully resisted a noxious climate and unheard-of privations and sufferings, he joined a moral courage equally extraordinary, and a Christian temper that mingled finely with all his actions. The unfortunate termination of his career was an event deeply to be deplored, for the sake of the man, and for the sake of the country he had so urgently striven to make known.

The Life before us is well written, and is within a very small compass. It contains a much more full account of Park's early life than has been yet given; it does him justice, without doing injustice to any one else. It appears too at an opportune time: public attention and expectation seem irrepressible as to Africa, and the biography of Park is above all other works calculated to gratify it. The personal sacrifices and wonderful efforts he went through, are all but incredible. When his companions fell sick, and were burdens in place of aids, his biographer says, "Fortunately he was sufficient for all; his cheerfulness had never forsaken him, and, in the confidence of their leader, his helpless companions placed their only remaining hope." With the following summary of his character we entirely concur: "Perhaps no man of equally humble pretensions ever excited so general an interest among his countrymen, or more powerfully moved their sympathy. No doubt this is in a great measure to be ascribed to the character of the enterprise in which he was engaged, and to the mystery and uncertainty which long hung over his fate: but much may be fairly set down also to a feeling purely personal to himself. His character, taken in connexion with the history of his life, was admirably calculated to make that sort of impression on the public mind, which mankind has ever shown the greatest desire to cherish. He blended the virtues of a hero of romance, ardour of enterprise, generosity, and contempt of danger, with the more sober but still more valuable qualities of sagacity, calmness, and good sense. It is the rare union of these qualities, in themselves so admirable, but which are seldom found united in the same person, which renders the character of Park so truly great, and which makes the record of his life in the highest degree interesting, not merely to those who care abont Africa, or the great schemes to his zeal for which he fell a martyr, but to all who take delight in the spectacle of unbounded courage and heroic ardour, unalloyed with any taint of ferocity, selfishness, or bigotry."

The book is a very suitable one for family reading, and, as such, we strongly recommend it.

Free and Safe Government. By a Cumberland Land-Owner. 1 vol. Ridgway and Sons, London.

Mr. Rooke, the Cumberland Land-owner, is a man of strong and shrewd sense, holding some ultra opinions regarding the trade in corn. An able pamphlet, of which the second edition is before us, on this subject, has been, he says, in his preface, " insufficient to convince the landed interest that Corn Laws are sure to lower the price of corn in the home-market, withdraw profitable employment, augment poor-rates, and multiply crime." He now attacks them in the heavier shape of a book of some 300 pages, in which he proposes to show what freedom and safe government really are, and how they are attained by the British Constitution. This is a laudable undertaking; and if we think the Author has not altogether fulfilled his intention, he has nevertheless given us a good book, and one well worth careful perusal. In the limits to which we are confined, it would be a waste of time to enter into an analysis of the theory and practice of Free and Safe Government, and we are therefore compelled to confine ourselves to extracts, picked out to show the writer's style, and some of his opinions:—

" The form of our Constitution, therefore, as it engages all the probity and talents of the nation, in upholding and preserving a pure administration in the public service, so have we a patriot King, able Ministers of State, learned, sagacious, and upright judges, supported by a train of minor officials unmatched in any other nation; because the public service is constantly watched over, checked and directed by so many national trustees, each of whom is vested with an efficient power in the exercise of his sacred duties, as an organ of freedom." There is something like optimism here, which also strongly marks many portions of the work. What is meant by trustees in the above passage is, parliament, magistrates, vestries, &c.

Again,—" We are sorry to admit, yet constrained to acknowledge the fact, that the sacred duties of the ministers of the church, which call for the highest official purity, cannot claim comparative excellence with those offices immediately under the control of the unpaid trustees of the people. The reason is obvious: were an uncomprising monitor ever at hand, in a constitutional form, uttering its warning voice, a moral dread of impropriety would teach them self-esteem and duty, like other public servants, and in the same commanding language. Such desideratum would seem capable of remedy, were those forms, on which effective and good government depend, carried into active operation—manifestly contributing to augment the respectability and utility of the church, and render its services more beneficial to the State by the tendencies of pure religion and morals."

Again, — " An intelligent and powerful middle rank as in London, when fully organised by an official head, ascending from parts to the whole, could accomplish a moral reform with ease, which would entirely baffle the strongest government, as such, which could be formed. Vigilant and omnipotent in the suppression of crime, they become the most loyal of subjects, devoted to public service, and ready to hunt out and to root out vice. When the citizens of a large town are so trained, influenced, and organised, they have not only a mighty force at command, but the most searching means of information at hand. Order, peace, and honesty pervade the whole ranks of the people; and, under such a system as of old, golden bracelets might be exposed in safety, in the streets of London. Such a people are invincible."

Mr. Rooke's object, as will be seen from the above extracts, is to engraft a kind of moral, social, and political Utopia on the British Constitution. We wish he may succeed, with all our hearts.

England; an Historical Poem. By JOHN WALKER ORD. Vol. II. Simpkin and Marshall, London.

This book is a poetical account of some of the main incidents which have marked our history. The design is not amiss; but to keep up attention—to weave into poesy well-known facts—and to do this in a way to charm as poetry, requires no ordinary imagination and power of description. Mr. Ord certainly does not possess these essential qualifications to any remarkable degree, although there are many excellent lines and some excellent verses in the Poems. The grand fault of the work, however, is its irrelevancy. Thus we are favoured with twenty-three pages of introductory stanzas, which have not the slightest reference to the subjects of the volume, and a somewhat equally lengthy conclusion, consisting of nothing on earth but a passionate appeal to some Margaret W——, of whom Mr. Ord writes:—

> " And thou hast silken eyebrows, lightly spread
> Upon thy snowy *chin*, and cheeks most fair,
> Matching the richest colour ever wed
> With Nature, or when morn and eve compare;
> As if a rose-leaf red, should with the snow-wreath pair:"

which we consider to be one of the most infelicitous descriptions of a lady's eyebrows we ever read. We have not the slightest objection to Mr. Ord's writing love-verses, but we beg to assure him that they will be far better confided to the fair lady herself, than forming a conclusion to "England, a Poem." The same failing runs through the work—the historical incident sometimes not occupying more than a few verses; and these helped out by allusions and descriptions not naturally springing from or in any way dependent on them.

The Poetical Works of SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq. Illustrated by 128 Vignettes. To be completed in 10 Monthly Parts. Parts I, II, and III. Edward Moxon, London.

It would be idle to criticise Rogers in so far as his poetical reputation is concerned. His position is well defined, and he may be proud of it: any praise or censure we could bestow, would neither add to, nor take from, his well-earned fame.

It is with the shape in which he comes before us, that we have to deal, and we make no pause in saying that it is most exquisitely beautiful. The pages glitter with gems, from the pencils of Stothard and Turner; splendidly engraved by the Findens, Good, Miller, Le Keux, and other notable Sons of Art; and the *consommé* is one of the most attractive works we have ever seen.

Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland, or the Traditional History of Cromarty. By HUGH MILLER. 1 vol. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh.

The plan of this work is excellent. It is not the first attempt that has been made to write the Legends and Traditions of peculiar localities: but the idea has never before been so completely worked out. A most interesting, and not interesting alone, but useful set of books might be written on this plan, as there are many places, rich in legendary associations, and having still within them traces of manners and feelings of other times, which are rapidly disappearing. Mr. Miller's work has immortalised Cromarty, and it does him infinite credit; indeed, we do not know when we were more pleased with a book. Its style is good, and its details easy and natural in their narration; and there is a store of thought developed in it, which shows a mind of no ordinary powers.

That extraordinary man, Sir Thomas Urquhart, very properly occupies a prominent place in the pages of a traditional history of Cromarty. A better subject Mr. Miller could not have had, and we trust his notice of him will bring out something more particular about one of the most remarkable characters that ever figured on the stage of human life. The subjoined extract will show one characteristic of the book:—

"On the summit of Knock-Farril, a steep hill, which rises a few miles to the west of Dingwall, there are the remains of one of those vitrified forts, which so puzzle and interest the antiqnary, and which was originally constructed, says tradition, by a gigantic tribe of *Fions*, for the protection of their wives and children, when they themselves were engaged in hunting. It chanced in one of these excursions, that a mean-spirited little fellow of the party, not much more than fifteen feet in height, was so distanced by his more active brethren, that leaving them to follow out the chase, he returned home, and throwing himself down on the side of the eminence, much fatigued. fell fast asleep. Garry, for so the unlucky hunter was called, was no favourite with the women of the tribe: he was spiritless, and diminutive, and ill-tempered; and as they could make little else of him that they cared for, they converted him into the butt of all their severer jokes and less agreeable humours. On seeing that he had fallen asleep, they stole out where he lay, and, after fastening his long hair with pegs to the grass, awakened him with their shouts and their laughter. He strove to extricate himself, but in vain,—until at length infuriated by their jibes, and the pain of his own exertions, he wrenched up his head, leaving half his locks behind him, and, hurrying after them, set fire to the stronghold into which they had rushed for shelter, and then fled away. When the males of the tribe returned, they found only a huge pile of embers, in which the very stones of the building were sputtering and bubbling with the intense heat, like the contents of a boiling cauldron. Wild with rage and astonishment, and yet collected enough to conclude that none but Garry could be the author of a deed so barbarous, they tracked him into a nameless Highland Glen, which has ever since been known as 'Glen-Garry,' and there tore him to pieces."

The Sultan Mahmoud and Mehemet Ali Pasha. By the Author of "England, France, Russia, and Turkey." Ridgway, London.

The opinions of the writer of this pamphlet are well worth attention. He advocates, with considerable knowledge of the affairs of the East, the cause of the Sultan against the Pasha of Egypt. We recommend his pages to careful perusal.

The Universities and the Dissenters. James Fraser, London.

A very able pamphlet, to which we may return ere long. The writer very successfully combats the positions of the Edinburgh Review, and places the Universities in their true light. It is about the best *brochure* which has appeared on the subject, and deserves a high place amongst the politico-theological works of the day.

Remarks on Steam-Navigation with India. Being the substance of Evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons. By LIEUTENANT MACDONALD, R.N. Smith, Elder and Co., London.

An exposition of the Author's views as to the practicability of facilitating the communication with our East India possessions. It consists of carefully drawn up details, and, as such, it merits attention. The attempt is one of importance, and we wish it may succeed.

Response de Lucien Bonaparte, prince de Canino, aux Mémoires du Général Lamarque. Schulze and Co., London.

A work from the pen of one of the most remarkable men of our times, and relative to his still more extraordinary brother, Napoleon Bonaparte. The prince thus speaks of his repeated refusal of thrones, in denying the idea that he wished to be the Regent of France:—" En refusant le pouvoir, je refusai ce qui me parut un funeste présent dans la situation politique où nous avait laissés le consulat. Dès mon enfance, je m'étais habitué à regarder le gouvernement à contre poids de l'Angleterre, comme la seule espèce de monarchie compatible avec la liberté publique : témoin et acteur de la Revolution Francaise, je ne pouvais pas ignorer que l'antipathie nationale en France avait pour but le pouvoir aristocratique : dès lors je ne jamais pus concevoir comment, après avoir proscrit les corps intermédiaire, on pouvait rêver une royauté constitutionelle. Sans patriciat, je ne jamais compris, et je ne comprends pas davantage aujourd'hui une monarchie tempérée : j'ai toujours pensé, et je pense encore, que la France ne voulant pas se réconcilier avec un patriciat héréditaire et indépendant par sa fortune et sa position, elle ne pouvait pas espérer une liberté à l'Anglaise ; et qu'elle ne pouvait pas par conséquent s'asseoir que sur une base républicaine." There is no small amount of truth in the foregoing remark ; and from what is going on in France, the prince has shown very considerable sagacity.

England, France, Russia and Turkey.—England, Ireland and America. By a Manchester Manufacturer. Ridgways, London.

We place these works in juxta-position : certainly not on account of their equality of merits, but because they are the direct Antipodes of each other, in style, in value, and in opinion. The first has already had our attention : suffice it to say, that it is written by a Statesman. The second is written by a Manufacturer : and though there is no earthly reason why a manufacturer should not have statesmanlike views, it somehow or other happens that the Manchester Manufacturer has not. As to his foreign policy,—if a nation will purchase what he himself manufactures, it is enough : it may kill and slay, and swallow other kingdoms,—' C'est tout égal." Thus Russia, because her commercial relations with us are extensive, may snap up Turkey, without exciting a single sigh in the breast of the Manchester Man; and this for the best of all possible reasons,—that Turkey does not buy so much from us. A man who starts with so sordid a theory, can hardly expect more than a brief notice of it from us.

Practical Observations on the Physiology and Diseases of the Teeth. By JOHN MALLAN, Surgeon-Dentist. Schloss, London.

A very sensible book. Mr. Mallan has written certainly the best family book on the subject which we have seen. It is simple and unpedantic; and albeit we think the aid of the Dentist is too strenuously insisted upon, it is a failing on the right side, both for Patient and Surgeon.

Melanie, and other Poems. By N. P. WILLIS. Edited by BARRY CORNWALL.

Mr. Cornwall speaks like a man of sense for his author, and for his country—America. The preface was however uncalled for, as the Poems are their own best recommendation. Some of them have been already before the public, and all of them exhibit considerable poetic powers. We regret that we have not room this month for a suitable extract.

Bucolics of Virgil; interlinearly translated, with a preliminary Dissertation on the Latin language and versification. By P. AUSTIN NUTTALL, LL.D. Simpkins, London.

We trust the time is not very remote, when this book of Dr. Nuttall's will be in the hand of every learner of the Latin tongue. The mode which has been for ages in vogue, for teaching this language, is in direct opposition to common sense, and is absolutely unsuited for the purposes of education at the present day. When men devoted their lives to the acquisition of languages—when the cloister and the college were the sole abodes of learning—when it was a luxury or a penalty to be used but by a few—the multitudinous rules composing a Latin Grammar were things of small moment. It is true, that these rules were, and are, inexplicable, and full of contrarieties—but what then? labour and research enabled men to become Latin scholars, spite of the obstacles placed in their way.

The best proof of the absurdity of continuing the monastic plan of instruction is to be found in the fact, that out of the thousands of boys who receive what is called a classical education, not one in fifty retains the slightest fragment of it in after-life. They have never felt the beauty of the authors who have passed through their hands; they have never understood them, and they look back upon their scholastic education as a thing hateful in itself and to be forgotten as fast as possible. The acquisition of prosodial rules, the loading the memory with words having no intelligible meaning, the attempts forced upon students to write Latin verses from staring at a Gradus, before they can read it, is the very essence of nonsense; and the continuance of the plan is a proof only, how difficult a matter it is to do away with prejudice and long-confirmed habit.

We are not singular in this opinion. The wisest and the most learned of men have uttered the same expressions: Locke and Milton have both in substance spoken the same language, and it remains for Dr. Nuttall to work out the system; by doing which he will confer a national benefit upon us. We would in every possible instance make boys acquainted with the beauties of the Latin language; but rather, as Milton observes in his Tract on Education, "than spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year," we would wish to see it entirely excluded from popular education.

Dr. Nuttall's interlinear translation of the Bucolics is at once grammatical and musical; and is so well and clearly given, that any boy having a knowledge of the simplest elements of the Latin language, will at once be able to read and to understand his author, with a very small amount of labour. Thus a boy on the first form of a public school, provided this plan is followed, will, in the course of one year, become a better scholar than if he had pored his way through the ordinary routine for half a dozen years. Mr. Hamilton, who had taken up the same idea, was to some extent highly successful: but then Mr. Hamilton had but a very limited knowledge of the classics; and hence the translations read by his pupils were often barbarous, and absolutely unintelligible, because he gave the words disconnectedly, just in the same way as a schoolboy would have translated them by the help merely of a dictionary. Not so, Dr. Nuttall; his translation takes in the sense and beauty of the original; and they are so easy and measured, that to some very considerable extent they read musically, like their context. Read and compare, for example, the following lines from the seventh Eclogue:—

> "Populus gratissima Alcidæ, Baccho vitis,
> The poplar is most grateful to Hercules, to Bacchus the vine.
> Myrtus formosæ Veneri, Phœbo sua laurea;
> The myrtle to lovely Venus, to Phœbus his own laurel.
> Phyllis corylos amat; dum Phyllis illas amabit,
> Phyllis the hazels loves; whilst Phyllis these shall love.
> Nec myrtus, nec Phœbi laurea, corylos vincet.
> Neither the myrtle nor Apollo's laurel shall the hazel-trees surpass.
> Fraxinus pulcherrima in silvis, pinus in hortis,
> The ash is the fairest in the woods, the pine in the gardens.
> Populus in fluviis, abies in altis montibus;
> The poplar by the rivers, the fir-tree on the lofty hills.
> At si, formose Lycida, sæpius revisas me,
> But if, my fairest Lycidas, you oftener visit me.
> Fraxinus in silvis, pinus in hortis, cedet tibi.
> The ash in the woods, the pine in the gardens, shall yield to you."

It is not, however, alone to junior learners that we should recommend this most able book as a guide and instructor. To individuals wishing to resume their knowledge, or to commence an acquaintance with the classics, it is invaluable, and will speedily enable them to reap the fruits of their labours—namely, the understanding the beauties of writers, whose works transcend all the compositions which have appeared since their date.

The "Treatise on Latin Versification" is exceedingly simple and lucid, and contains a mass of useful information, which will be sought for in vain in every grammar that has hitherto been published.

The Poems of EBENEZER ELLIOTT. Vol. III. Kerhonah, Win-Hill, &c. Steill, London.

This volume is marked by all Elliott's peculiarities; strong sense, vigorous and occasionally good poetry, and furious politics. We wish they were separated, in so far as the last item is concerned. The preface is singularly objectionable, and directly at variance with itself. Thus in speaking of the Reviewers, whom he enumerates separately, he very justly says, that they have treated him with brotherly kindness; and then adds, "This is indeed noble, and, it grieves me to add, *un-English* conduct." Towards the end, he again says, in contradiction to his first remark, "almost on the first publication of the "Corn Law Rhymes, the monthly reviewers, *in whom baseness seems to be an instinct or a fatality*," &c. For ourselves, we judge of books by their merit; but as to its being un-English to grasp a fellow-labourer in the field of literature, by the hand of brotherly kindness, we consider it to be decidedly English; and farther, for ourselves and our cotemporaries, we repudiate the assertion that baseness clings to us, either as an instinct or by fatality.

Pompeii, and other Poems. By the Rev. SAMUEL MIDDLETON. Smith, Elder and Co., London.

Mr. Middleton shows himself possessed of considerable poetic power. The subject he has chosen for his muse is also favourable for his religious and moral strain of feeling, and we have been much pleased in reading his Pompeii and Niobe. We give the following lines, as a proof of the correctness of our opinion, from the destruction of Pompeii:—

> "Meanwhile, the crowds again, in frantic wrath
> And desperate fury, urge their onward path;
> All social ties are lost,—no further stay—
> Self—self alone, impels the headlong way.
> State, rank or sex, no more their thoughts engage,—
> The helpless infant, or decrepid age.
> Despairing, crushing, trampling—on they go,
> Like bellowing ocean, in its wildest flow.
> Forward they press, 'midst groans, and oaths, and cries,
> While sudden shrieks and solemn prayers arise."

A new Picturesque Steam-Boat Companion, in an Excursion to Greenhithe, Northfleet, Gravesend, the Nore, and Herne-Bay, &c. Effingham Wilson, London.

A very acceptable work, particularly at this season. It is excellently illustated, and so cheap that every body, who wishes to know all and every thing which comes under notice, in the jaunts down the River, should put it in their pocket.

Arboretum Britannicum. No. V.—Encyclopædia of Gardening. Part XVIII.—Architectural Magazine. No. XV.—Longmans, London.

Mr. Loudon has owing to him a debt of gratitude from his country, which we trust the success of his works, in some respects, repays. The Parts before us are, like their fore-runners, absolute authorities on the different subjects of and concerning which they treat.

A Manual of Entomology. Translated from Burmeister. With Original Notes and Plates. Part IV. Churton, London.

A cheap and excellent manual. One much wanted in this country, where the study of Entomology is daily gaining ground, and where there was no sufficient authority within common reach.

Spiritual Food for the Spiritual Mind. pp. 114. Smith, Elder and Co., London.

A little work of a finely devotional cast, to be taken up in those quiet hours, when the mind is in a fit state for reflection and self-examination. It breathes a very devout Christian temper.

Emigrant and Traveller's Guide to and through Canada. By JOHN MURRAY. pp. 64. Smith, Elder and Co., London.

"To a man in humble life," says Mr. Murray, "who is about making up his mind to leave his country, in the hope of finding a more fruitful and happy retreat in Canada, as well as to the man of easy fortune, contemplating a move, these pages will perhaps be found particularly interesting; for it is with a desire of something more than an hour's amusement, that the man who is pondering on a purpose, which is to fix his future prospects in life, seeks from the observation of others information which is then so highly necessary: he, unlike the general reader, finds little to amuse in glowing description; what he wants is plain matter-of-fact, in plain language—what he is to find on his arrival, how he is to get on, and what it is to cost him; in order that he may be enabled, by bringing his own circumstances and feelings to the test, to come to a decision himself, rather than trust to the conclusions of others, on such an important subject." With this end in view the Author goes step by step along an Emigrant's journey, affording him, on every occasion, plain, sensible, and practical advice. It is a little work which should be in the hands of every man preparing for Canada, and is the best Guide extant.

The Snuff-Box. No. I. Steill, London.

A very small affair, but a very pleasant one: there is also much pith in it. The Illustrations are capital: the imprisoned debtor with his keepers is the sublime of caricature.

THE FINE ARTS.

SOMERSET HOUSE EXHIBITION.

OUR engagements, since the opening of the Exhibition at Somerset House, have been so numerous, that we must entreat our readers to accept a short notice of the best collection that has graced the walls of the Royal Academy for many a long year. To enumerate all the clever pictures would occupy too much time and space; suffice it then to say, that Stanfield, Callcott, Jones, Roberts, and Daniell, have produced some splendid landscapes; that Turner has no less than five specimens of his magic colouring; our favourite Landseer, a charming picture, the scene of which is laid in the Grampians: Etty revels in his gorgeous and classic groupes, and has also quitted his usual path, in the production of a deeply interesting view of the "Bridge of Sighs." Mac Clise, we regret to see, has wasted both his time and talent, and evinced a want of pure taste, by selecting a well-known Exquisite as the hero of a chivalrous incident. Leslie's subjects are elaborately finished and admirably drawn. Amongst the finely painted and faithful portraits by Briggs, we must particularise those of the venerable "Lord Eldon," and the ever-blooming "Charles Kemble." We cannot compliment Wilkie on the likeness of the "Great Captain," but we are charmed with his treatment of "Columbus in the Convent of La Rabida." Hart fully sustains his reputation—"Richard and the Saladin" is a sublime composition. Words of ours cannot do justice to Eastlake's "Italian Pilgrims;" it is the poetry of painting. Descend we now to the Marbles. Baily's group of "Mother and Child" would please us more if the mattress on which they repose was not so much insisted on. Wyatt's "Nymph of Diana" is worthy of Phidias. Joseph has produced a very striking bust of His Majesty.

We remember having experienced considerable gratification at seeing, in the Louvre, a head of "La Place," the celebrated Astronomer, which we found was the work of an Englishman, pupil of the well-known Cartelliet. Mr. Haskoll is now residing in his native land, and has given strong evidence of his talent in the bust of Mr. Benson Hill: we have frequently seen this gentleman at the English Opera, and pronounce the likeness perfect. We shall close our remarks by saying, that Gibson's "Sleeping Shepherd Boy" deserves attention, and recommend our readers to go and judge for themselves.

BYRON BEAUTIES. A Series of ideal Portraits of the principal Female Characters in Lord Byron's Poems. W. and E. FINDEN. Part VI. Charles Tilt, London.

"Angiolina," the first plate in this part, is a fine and pure impersonification of the character; equal praise is also due to the "Maid of Saragossa;" albeit we opine, that the face and attitude of Augustina are a little too pensive. "Aurora Raby" does not please us; it fails in conveying his Lordship's beautiful sketch.

The Napoleon Gallery, or Illustrations of the Life and Times of the Emperor of France, engraved by REVEIL and others, from the most celebrated pictures. Part I. Charles Tilt, London.

This is an excellent idea; and the "Napoleon Gallery" cannot fail to be eminently popular. The wonderful man, whose most remarkable actions are here represented, left a fame and a glory behind him, which appear to increase in intensity, the farther he is removed from us. The engravings in this first number are exceedingly spirited, and delineate forcibly and accurately the incidents they commemorate. The most striking are the "Crossing of Pont d'Arcole," and "Napoleon at the Tomb of Frederic II." The *ensemble* of the last plate is particularly touching: the figure and position of the Emperor forcibly remind us of him. The work is wonderfully cheap.

WINKLES' CATHEDRALS. No. V. E. Wilson, London.

This work is continued with unabated excellence.

Picturesque Views in the Island of Ascension. By Lieutenant WILLIAM ALLEN, R. N. Smith, Elder and Co., London.

Mr. Allen remarks somewhat *naïve*ly that these are picturesque views of a *cinder*—it is true it is a cinder upon a large scale, but it nevertheless is a cinder. The Island of Ascension is in fact a volcanic rock, apparently to be not of very remote elevation from the bottom of the ocean; and the power which threw it up, has broken it into the most extraordinary and precipitous forms. Its surface is as yet scarcely relieved by vegetation, and thus in its dark and wild sublimity it offers a fine field for pictorial illustration. The views are lithographed with considerable effect, especially the "Black Rock" and the "Bay of Pillars," by J. Picken, who gives a finish and distinctness to his productions, which augurs for the art and for himself. The accompanying text contains much curious information concerning the island. We shall be glad to see Mr. Allen's labours followed up by his brother-officers in their different locations.

History of British Fishes. By WILLIAM YARRELL, F.L.S. No. II. John Van Voorst, London.

The First Part of this work, we said, was worthy to rank beside Bewick; we say the same of the Second Part. Our old friends the Sticklebacks—or, as we used to call them in the most glorious time of fishing we ever enjoyed, "Jack Sharps,"—figure in this number. The illustrations are excellent. We must again press upon Mr. Yarrell the necessity for keeping down, as much as possible, his technicalities, as we should rejoice to see his work more widely circulated than amongst men of science merely. This part is somewhat lighter than its precursor, and is improved to that extent.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LADY RAFFLES is preparing for publication an 8vo Edition of the Memoirs of Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles.

Preparing, uniform with "Old Maids," Old Bachelors; their Varieties, Characters, and Conditions. By the Author of "Old Maids."

Memoirs of John Selden, and of the Political Struggle during the reigns of the first Two Monarchs of the House of Stuart. By GEORGE W. JOHNSON, F. L. S. In one volume, demy 8vo., with a Portrait.

Latin Grammar; with Notes for those who have made some progress in the language. By R. VALPY, D.D. F.A.S. Twenty-First Edition.

MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE has in the press three new volumes of Dramas on the Passions, and Miscellaneous Dramas.

The Nineteenth Part of Views in England and Wales, from drawings by J. M. W. TURNER, Esq., R. A., with descriptive and historic Illustrations, by H. E. LLOYD, Esq., in 4to., will be published shortly.

Valpy's History of England, Vol. XVI., being the Third Volume of the Continuation of Hume and Smollett; by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, will be published on the first of July.

The Second Part of Practical Observations on the immediate treatment of the principal Emergencies that occur in Surgery and Midwifery, systematically arranged by W. S. Oke, M.D., is nearly ready.

The Autobiography of an Irish Traveller, in 3 vols., post 8vo.

The Life and Times of William III., King of England and Stadtholder of Holland. By the Hon. Arthur Trevor, M. P., M. A., &c. Christ Church, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo.

Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir William Temple. By the Right Hon. Thomas Peregrine Courtenay. With a Portrait.

The Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon. By T. H. Lister, Esq., Author of "Granby," &c.

The Life of Edward the Black Prince. By G. P. R. James, Esq., Author of "Darnley," "Richelieu," the "Gipsey," &c.

Lectures on Diseases of the Chest. By Thomas Davies, M. D.

Boyhood; a poem. With other Poems and Translations. By Charles A. Elton, Author of a "Translation of Hesiod." With a frontispiece by Lightfoot from an original picture by Rippingille.

The Third Volume of the Works of Alexander Pope, with a Life, Notes, and Critical Remarks on each Poem, by the Rev. G. Croly, LL.D., will be ready on the first of July.

IN THE PRESS.

Chronological Charts, illustrative of Ancient History and Geography. By John Drew.

Lectures on Moral Philosophy. By R. D. Hampden, D.D. Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford.

Letters on the Philosophy of Unbelief. By the Rev. James Wills.

A Volume of Sermons, adapted to the Mechanical and Agricultural Population. By E. W. Clarke, Rector of Great Yeldham, Essex.

Statement of the Provision for the Poor, and the Condition of the Labouring Classes, in a considerable portion of America and Europe. By Nassau W. Senior, Esq. Being the Preface to the Foreign Communications contained in the Appendix to the Poor Law Report.

Sunday. A Poem, in 3 cantos. By the Author of "The Mechanic's Saturday Night."

Woman; As She Is, and As She Should Be. In 2 vols. post 8vo.

Sir Arthur Wilmot. An Historical Tale. In 2 vols. post 8vo.

Bosworth Field; or, the Fate of Plantagenet. An Historical Tale. By the Author of "Arthur of Britany," &c. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

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